

THE *Atlantic*

NOEL MARTIN

THE PRESIDENT AND NATIONAL SECURITY

by *Dillon Anderson*
Special Assistant to the President
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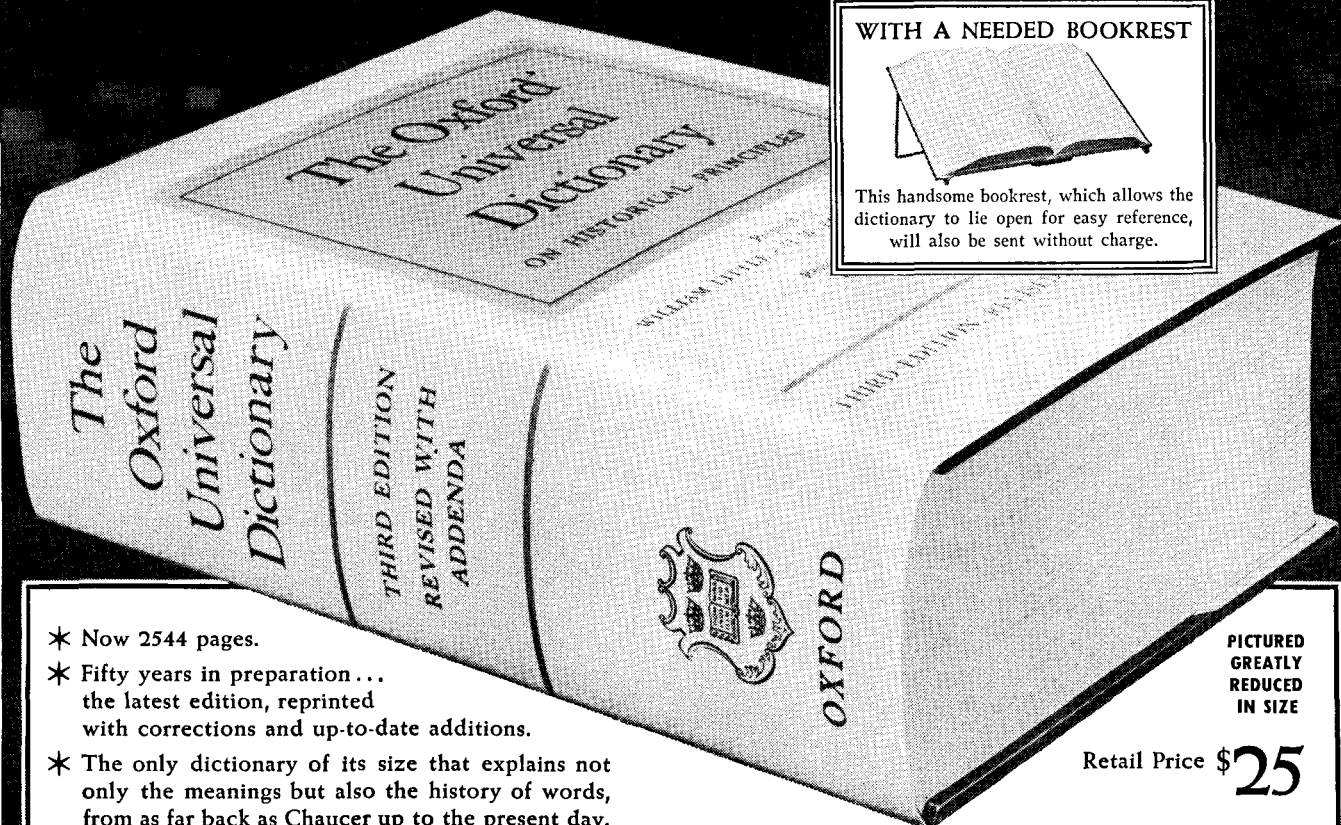
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, January, 1956, Vol. 197, No. 1. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1955, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

The Kremlin

ATOP five of the Kremlin's sixteen wall towers illuminated stars glow red these chill gray Moscow winter evenings. Erected by Stalin in pre-war days to symbolize the eventual triumph of Communism in all five continents (apparently he considered Australia a part of Asia), they still represent the Kremlin's theoretical goal.

But the important news concerns the new strategy and tactics adopted by today's collective leadership in Moscow to reach that goal. When every piece of available evidence is put together, jigsaw-puzzle fashion, there emerges a picture which explains the Kremlin's performance at the July Summit Conference and at the October-November Foreign Ministers Meeting at Geneva, as well as such manifestations of Russian policy as the Czech arms deal with Egypt and the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to India.

Here is evidence the West can neglect only at its peril. For if the picture to be drawn is correct, Moscow has embarked on a new line challenging into the indefinite future every free nation — and, above all, the United States.

It may be stated this way: Moscow has decided that it has a tacit agreement with Washington on the prime fact that a clash of arms between the great powers would bring only mutual annihilation; hence there must be no clash. As one diplomat in Moscow put it, the Kremlin agrees that there is no such thing as "a class-conscious hydrogen bomb." A Soviet official, in fact, has remarked that Marx could not have foreseen the weapons of the nuclear age. Moscow has largely abandoned the old Communist conspiratorial techniques of Comintern and Cominform days, and now Russia is

challenging the West through diplomatic channels for dominance in the vast weak or uncommitted areas of the Middle East, Africa, and Asia.

In the past, Russian belligerence has served to alarm the free world and drive it together. But the new Soviet tactic is not directly belligerent. It remains, therefore, to be seen whether free men will respond to overt Soviet expansionism without resort to arms.

The meaning of the Bomb

There have been substantial signs that the change in Russian policy has not come about easily. The Molotov recantation of an ideological error can only be explained as part of an internal struggle over the change. Only last February, when Malenkov was ousted as Premier, Molotov was the one who declared that the Bomb would destroy only the capitalist world. His recantation involved a sentence in that same speech.

But sometime in March, Molotov's evaluation of the Bomb began to be revised. On May 10, Moscow put forward an arms control proposal based on a judgment very close to that of the West. The Bomb was described as "the most destructive means of annihilation of people."

In June, Marshal Zhukov told a Western diplomat in Moscow that some people, unnamed, in the Soviet government still did not understand the meaning of the new weapons. He said he had written an article for *Pravda* about their meaning but that it had been toned down before publication.

Zhukov's comments were at once dispatched to President Eisenhower, with whom the Marshal had

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The Atlantic Report on the Kremlin



already opened correspondence. At the Summit Conference in July the President, in his talks with Zhukov, concentrated on the meaning of the Bomb, and he addressed himself directly to Khrushchev and Bulganin when he proposed mutual aerial inspection and an exchange of military blueprints by the two great nuclear powers.

Both Eisenhower and the Russians knew how close America had been only a few months earlier to nuclear war with Russia's ally, Communist China. "The spirit of Geneva" was simply a tacit understanding by Moscow and Washington that nuclear war or moves likely to lead to nuclear war had to be avoided in mutual self-interest.

"Live and let live"

In Russia, every move must be properly wrapped in a dialectical overcoat. Last fall in *Kommunist*, the party publication in which Molotov had recanted a month earlier, the "main issue of our epoch" was stated to be "how to live and let live." In fact, in the number which carried Molotov's letter, there was a call for a "creative approach to the theory" of Marxism-Leninism and a statement that the Khrushchev-Bulganin leadership had "skillfully combined principle with flexibility in international policy" and that such a policy had "resulted in the enormous successes . . . recently achieved," presumably at the Summit meeting.

Then, in late October, *Kommunist* expounded the doctrine that "Communism, like any new social order, cannot be imposed on people by force of arms. From this follows the profound conviction of the Communist Party that the question of further development of world society will be determined in the final analysis not by means of war but by economic competition" — a statement reverting to Marx's original theory of economic determinism.

But what of Molotov? At the Summit meeting he said little and appeared to be almost sulking in his tent. Foreign diplomats in Moscow surmise that he still argued for the Stalinist line and opposed Khrushchev, Bulganin & Co. for reaching a tacit understanding on the Bomb with Eisenhower. Had his opposition been that of a single man — even of the Old Bolshevik, who, after all, was waiting at the Finland station when Lenin arrived in St. Petersburg to take charge of the Revolution — he could have been dealt with.

Hence diplomats surmise that Molotov has, or had, a considerable following among those at the top of the Soviet power pyramid who make or in-

fluence policy. One European socialist leader who talked last fall with two other Presidium members, Suslov and Pervukhin, came away with the conclusion that they were fanatical Marxist theorists. Thus the majority had to force from Molotov a confession of error and a confession in ideological terms so that his Stalinist followers could be torn away and made to accept the new course.

That the "live and let live" doctrine is immensely popular in Russia is amply demonstrated by even the most casual contact between Westerners here and Soviet citizens. Everywhere one talks with Russians, one finds a feeling of immense relief that there is not going to be a Russian-American war because the Summit Conference somehow, they feel, ended that hideous prospect. In a way, this sense of relief matches that so vividly exhibited in America when Eisenhower returned from Geneva.

Geneva, July-November

When the Foreign Ministers met to carry out the Summit directives, however, the West found that "the spirit of Geneva" had evaporated. Yet, if the evidence is correct, the West will make a great, even a tragic, mistake if it assumes that the substance has altered. For there is no reason to think that it has.

The Foreign Ministers Meeting only served to illuminate the new Soviet course based on the tacit understanding of last July. On that basis, Moscow has decided to stand fast in Europe and await the passing of Adenauer. If there is no American nuclear threat, Moscow could reason, there is no need to do business now over Germany. Instead, why not exploit the soft spots of the Middle East, Africa, and Asia? The Czech arms deal marked a first major step to penetrate the Middle East and outflank NATO in Africa. More steps will surely follow.

There will be more visitors to Russia from these areas of the world. And traveling in Russia brings home to an American a vivid impression, an understanding, of how those who come here from such lands are affected.

To the American eye, Russia presents a picture of vast urban slums interspersed with new apartment and office buildings of bad design, atrocious taste, and poor construction. But to those who come from lands where slums are all about them, Soviet cities must give an impression of great movement, of action, of things being accomplished — as they are so often not back home. Such a visitor's eye is

Some Sober Facts Behind the Search for Oil

by Former Ambassador to Great Britain,

LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

IN recent times some people have expressed the view that the oil industry has been enjoying a favorable tax position by reason of the provision for depletion. Yet, drilling for oil has always been one of the riskiest businesses in the world and is becoming more hazardous. Here are a few sober facts that face the man who drills for oil today:

He must invest about \$123,000—on the average—in every exploration well he drills; yet *only 1 out of every 9* of these “wildcat” wells ever produces oil.

And only 1 out of 44 wells finds an oil field big enough to supply America for just 4 hours. The odds against finding a 50,000,000 barrel field—enough to supply the U. S. for about a week—are incredible—966 to 1.

But this is not all. To a great extent the obvious shallow sands where oil might be found easily have already been tested. Consequently today's wells must be drilled to much greater depth at much greater cost to reach productive oil sands. Drilling and exploration costs are about 400% higher than 25 years ago and the odds of finding even marginal production are far more adverse.

And unlike a factory which can produce at a constant rate for many years, an oil well dies a little each day. Finally it stops producing altogether—in other words, it

becomes “depleted.”

As early as 1918 Congress recognized that, with America increasingly dependent on oil, it had to create an incentive so that men would take the unusually hazardous financial risks involved in the search for oil.

Therefore, Congress wrote a depletion provision into the tax law—permitting oil producers to exclude 27½% of the gross income from their oil or gas property in arriving at a taxable income basis for tax purposes. This deduction, however, cannot exceed 50% of



Lewis W. Douglas has won distinction in virtually every phase of American life. Prior to serving as Ambassador to Great Britain, he was a Congressman, Director of the U. S. Budget, and a college president. Mr. Douglas is now Chairman of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York and is the principal owner of the Southern Arizona Bank and Trust Company.

the property's net income. And, of course, it applies *only* to oil and gas *production*. Other activities of the industry, such as refining, are *not* subject to depletion.

Coal and metal mining—in fact, all “natural resource” industries—have similar tax provisions. Actually, the depletion provision is designed to make up for the inevitable exhaustion of the natural resources man has discovered. And it encourages the costly search for new deposits—needed to replace those that are exhausted. Yet, the provision for depletion is often misunderstood and unfairly indicted.

Experience demonstrates that the national interest has been properly guarded and well served by provisions for depletion. With the depletion provision in effect, America has become the world's largest producer and user of petroleum. Yet we pay *less* for most oil products than most other nations. And, despite record usage, we keep finding more oil than America uses. In a world of wings and wheels, this could well provide the balance of power. Certainly it is the necessary support for an economy that runs largely on petroleum products.

We can be thankful for the incentives that have encouraged men to brave the heavy risks of loss and to continue the increasingly difficult search for new oil fields which alone can replace the old fields that are being used to power our country.

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The Atlantic Report on the Kremlin



drawn to the skyline dominated by giant cranes hoisting prefabricated concrete slabs into place. Here is dynamism, not the immobility which afflicts so much of the world. It matters not the cost, or that what is being done is far short of American standards, and few care to discover that new housing, for example, probably does not even keep up with the birth rate.

The Kremlin's China policy

Russia's relation to Communist China plays a major role in the new course but it is the hardest to assess. Yet there are some guideposts. Perhaps the key date was the October, 1953, visit of Khrushchev and Bulganin to Peiping. From Stalin's death six months earlier up to this visit, Malenkov was espousing his domestic consumers' goods line. His relations with the Chinese were so poor that when Chou En-lai stopped off in Moscow en route from the Geneva Indochina conference, Malenkov failed even to offer a toast to Mao Tse-tung; and Chou, in turn, upbraided the Russians for failing to learn the Chinese language.

But when Khrushchev returned from Peiping he was heard to remark: "If China is strong, we are strong. If China is weak, we are weak." And he began to use the Chinese phrase about building up the socialist bloc of 900 million souls. Four months later Malenkov "resigned" and the consumers' goods program was shelved.

Curiously, though, Malenkov's view on the Bomb — he had been the first Russian to say that it would destroy all civilization, not just the capitalists — has now prevailed.

What can the West expect?

What, then, can the West expect from Moscow now that a new course has been set? *Kommunist* itself has explained it best of all. What Russia wants, it says, is "peaceful co-existence and competition between the socialist and capitalist systems" — in other words, competition short of nuclear war. And what kind of competition? *Kommunist* has listed four tenets which, when translated from Communist dialectics into English, seem to give the answer: —

1. Moscow assumes "the further hardening of capitalism's overall crisis." That is, it will do all it can to provoke economic controversy between free nations, such as the drive at the Foreign Ministers Meeting to break down the West's strategic trade ban by holding out promises of profitable business with Russia.

2. Moscow will further "the formation of the great commonwealth of socialist states." That is, it will work not only with its Chinese and satellite allies but with Yugoslavia, with whom it has made peace, and with socialist forces in Western Europe and elsewhere where it can talk them into variants of the united front idea.

3. Moscow will play upon "the disintegration that has set in of imperialism's colonial system." That is, it will stir up those nations still chaffing under ties to the West. The Middle East is a prime example.

4. Moscow will make use of "the mighty popular movement for the strengthening of peace." That is, it will make use of every dupe, fellow traveler, discontented politician, and nationalist to further its policy in every nation possible.

If, indeed, all the pieces described here of the Russian jigsaw puzzle do in fact fit together as they seem to, the West at least should know what it faces. Perhaps when the scientists change today's balance of nuclear power, Moscow's line will again change. In the meantime, however, it is up to the West to determine how to meet the Russian challenge already well in motion around the globe.

Washington reaction

The failure of the second Geneva conference to solve any of the hard problems has given Democratic orators a foreign policy issue, or so some of them appear to think. Governor Harriman has gone so far as to declare that the Summit Conference was "a great Communist victory." And Secretary of State Dulles has been on the defensive since his return from Geneva.

Foreign policy is, of course, a proper subject for discussion in a presidential campaign. The GOP knows the Administration is open to attack on how it has handled foreign policy. But it would be very surprising to Washington observers who are not primarily interested in the outcome of next November's election if the Democrats find much pay dirt in the foreign policy issue.

The danger would seem to lie, however, in terms of the national interest — in the possibility that the Administration might bow in some way before charges that it had gone "soft" on the Communists. But the expectation is that President Eisenhower, convinced of the soundness of what he did though he has never adequately explained it to the public, will refuse to bend to political winds.

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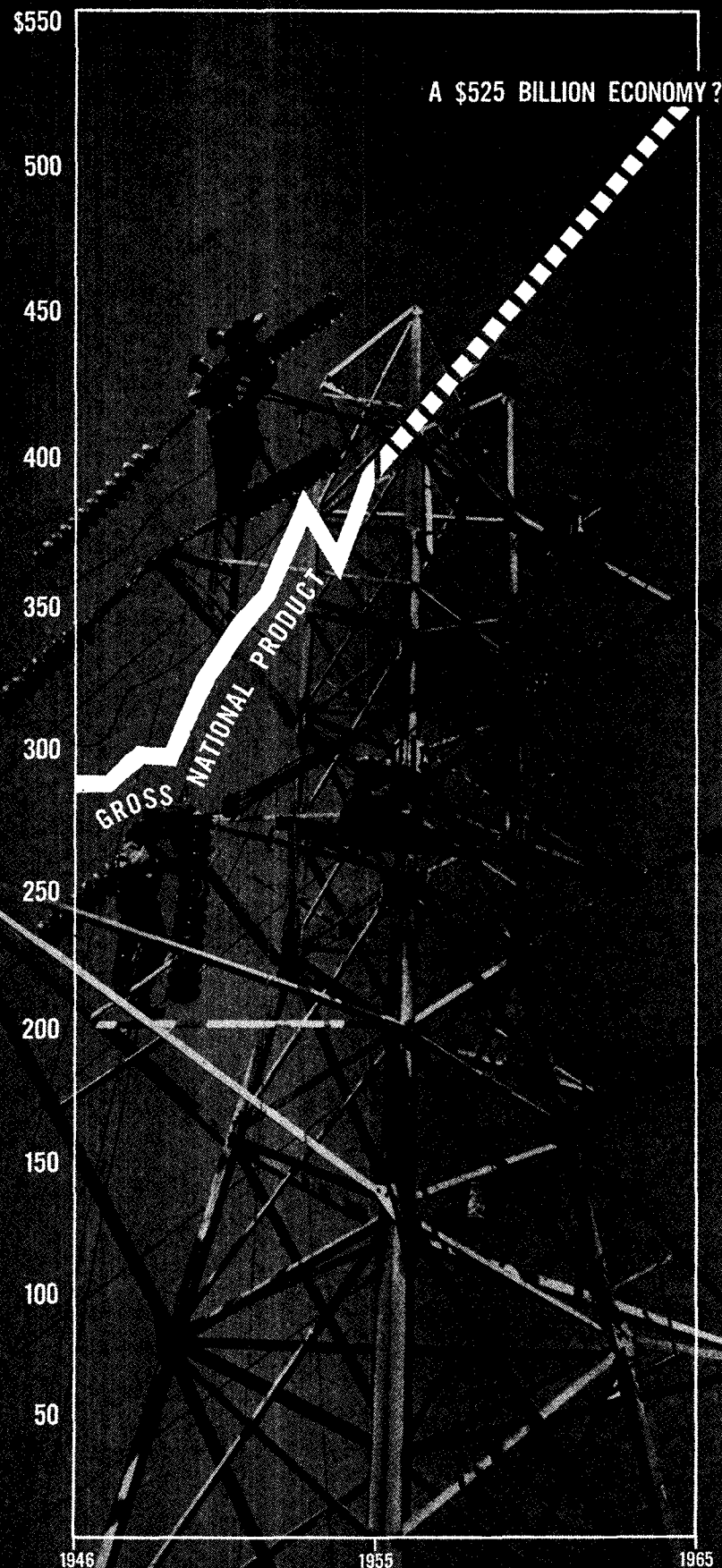
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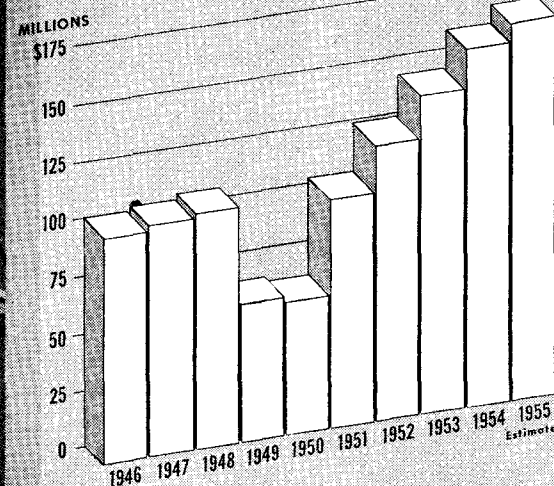
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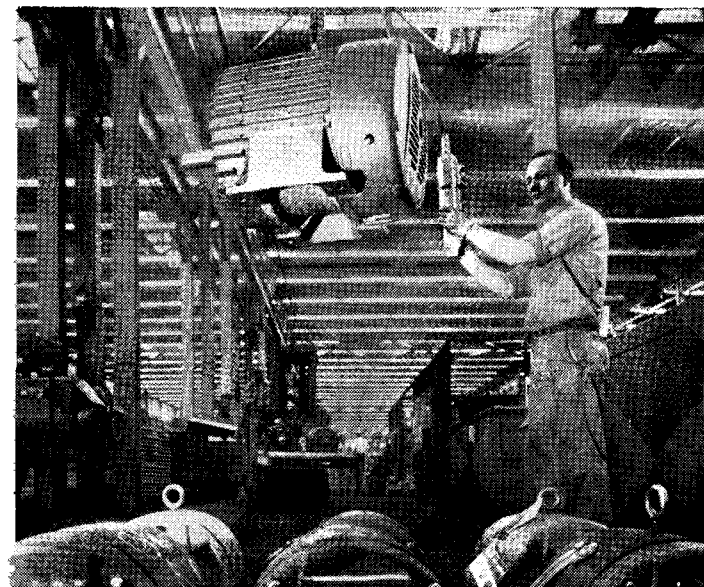
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Kenya

KENYA has turned the corner in its three-year war against anti-white Mau Mau terrorism. In this military war, British troops have virtually shattered Mau Mau's might and now are tracking down in the bamboo jungle the last 3000 disorganized terrorists. But the underlying struggle is only beginning. The government of this British colony hopes to win the cooperation and loyalty of the country's 5.5 million Africans by a program of political, economic, and social reforms.

The outcome will be closely observed in many parts of Africa. For the drama of Africa lies in the impact of a highly developed Western civilization upon a pagan, primitive people just a step or two from the Stone Age. And the future of the continent, which is shrugging off the sleep of centuries, lies in the ability of its races to get along together. Kenya's suffering has been a somber warning of what happens when black and white fail to forge such harmony. Now this East African country is trying again to work out a peaceful existence between the two races. Its success is of interest to many more countries than those which lie within Africa itself. For peace in this continent is important to the West. In broad terms, Africa is needed because of its integral part in Western strategic planning.

Until now the firm pro-Western European colonial powers that rule five sixths of Africa have held a tight grip. But African nationalism and the drive for self-government are snowballing. With the increasing independence which they are acquiring, Africans will be free to choose for themselves.

Already the grounds on which Communism breeds are abundant in Africa — poverty and frustration. If black and white cannot come to terms now, the African may find a new ally in the Kremlin or may add his country to the neutral bloc, unresponsive to the West.

A better deal for the African

Kenya, after its appallingly emphatic lesson of the past three years, thinks its best chance of peace lies in a better deal for the African. There are about 5.5 million Africans in the country, and 1.5

million of these belong to the Mau Mau tribes of the Kikuyu, Meru, and Embu. Of these tribesmen, perhaps 70,000 are active pro-government loyalists, and about the same number are terrorists behind bars or still at large. The vast bulk in between have taken the Mau Mau oaths and maintain an uneasy neutrality now that the war has gone against them.

The terrorism which caused a total of 1500 white and African deaths was basically a reaction against the white man. The African had little. The white man was generally wealthy. Whatever the rights or wrongs of the case, the African wanted what the white man had, and that is how the trouble started.

The African still has little. So in order to avoid more of the same trouble, the government has to buy his good will by raising his standard of living. As most Africans are peasants, this is being done principally by agricultural reform. Land consolidation, research, expert aid, irrigation, terracing and conservation measures, and the general inculcation of a system of better farming are planned to boost production, in some cases by 1000 per cent. Agricultural officers are trying to replace sustenance crops like maize and potatoes with quick-turnover, cash crops like coffee, to increase African income.

Kenya's record in the field of African education was an abysmal one. Only a handful of children ever got more than four years of primary instruction, if that much. Today the Education Ministry has been exploded into vigorous action, as has the Housing Ministry, which is busy clearing some shocking urban slums as quickly as possible.

The greatest revolution has taken place in the political field. Now one African and two Asians sit as ministers in the government of their country on a sixteen-man Council of Ministers — unprecedented representation for non-whites at this level in any mixed-race state in Africa. This is multi-racial government, under which non-white participation will increase. The principle will get its first test at a general election in 1956.

In the clubs of the capital of Nairobi there are still the legendary characters of an old British im-

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The Atlantic Report on Kenya



perialism, long forgotten by Britain itself, who hold fiercely to the belief that the African is forever inferior. But they are growing fewer. Today non-whites run the trains, cash your checks, sell you postage stamps, direct traffic. Anyone presentable who has the money can frequent Nairobi's swank New Stanley and Norfolk hotels irrespective of color.

Reforms cost money

All this is genuinely impressive. But there are some snags to be taken into account. First of all, the material reforms cost money. With the emergency, Kenya's budget has zoomed from £20 million to £40 million a year. Now this emergency spending is being absorbed as part of the regular budget for reconstruction and reforms.

But Kenya's economy, which is chiefly agricultural, has not kept pace with the doubled spending rate. Despite £11 million worth of aid from Britain, Kenya was an estimated £15 million in the red for 1955. A credit squeeze is restricting London loan capital, and private investors are steering clear until more settled times. An industrial revolution would be the answer to many of the problems, but Kenya has no prime industrial mover like coal or oil. A rich mineral strike would be an invaluable asset; therefore priority is going to geological exploration.

Police brutality

Another factor hampering success of the reform program is continued ill-treatment of the African. At top governmental level this is deplored. But the policy of a better deal for the African does not seem to have filtered down to the lowest ranks.

State of Emergency powers often give military and police forces widespread control over the African. At the height of the emergency these were undoubtedly gravely misused. In view of the outcry mainly from the British public, there has been an improvement, but far too many administrative and police officials still appear in court in connection with the ill-treatment, sometimes fatal, of Africans. The church has charged widespread abuses in the recruitment of forced labor and in the extortion of information by beating and torture.

Injustice is inevitable in war. And the unbelievable cruelty and savagery of Mau Mau gave many a Kenya boy a revenge complex. But today many of the offenders are Britons on short-term two-year contracts with the police force, who, because of the shortage of men, have never been

schooled in police procedure. They are without any knowledge of the language or of local affairs, and they administer their own brand of justice in isolated police posts.

Such actions are building a resentment among the Africans which can scarcely be afforded. Relaxation of the emergency powers would bring the police under stricter control. But many such powers are still required to maintain military vigilance in the last-ditch terrorist areas.

Seventy thousand prisoners

And those powers permitting detention without trial are still needed to cope with the rehabilitation of 70,000 Mau Mau captives in prison camps across the country. These men cannot be imprisoned indefinitely; for with a population one-tenth the size of Britain's, Kenya simply cannot afford a prison population ten times Britain's. Yet to return them to their homes while they are still such ardent believers in the Mau Mau faith would be to invite another wave of terrorism.

So they are undergoing a voluntary and fairly democratic sort of "brainwashing" in which they learn to read and write (most are illiterate) and are told what is being done for them, how their taxes are spent, and so on. The success of this undertaking lies with the Christian church, upon which the Kenya government has called to reform these terrorists. So far as can be judged, the church is doing a reasonably good job in consolidating its hold on a community perhaps one tenth of which had, before the emergency, accepted Christianity at least on a nominal basis because it provided prized education at the church missions. Every month about a thousand former terrorists, carefully screened and pronounced reformed, are leaving the camps for freedom.

The Commonwealth fades

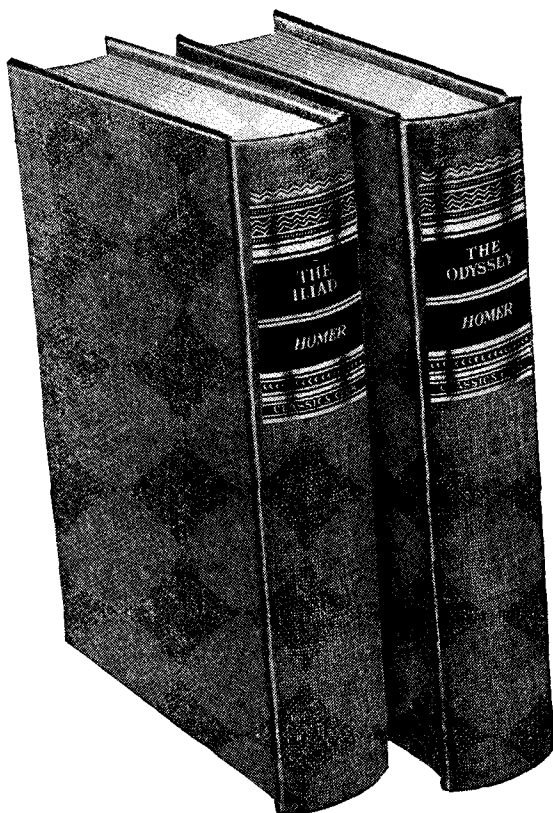
One effect of the Mau Mau outbreak in Kenya has been to stifle hopes, in some British quarters, of an African map painted British red from Capetown to Cairo. This was the old dream of Cecil Rhodes — that African pioneer, millionaire, and imperialist who founded the Rhodes scholarships.

Federation of the three British territories of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland in 1953 fanned the hopes anew. Proponents of the scheme argued for federation of the three British East African territories of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, and their linkage with the federated Rhodesias. If the Commonwealth country of South

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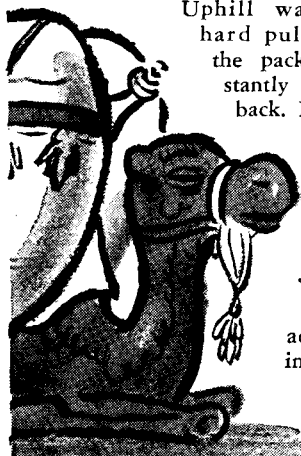
The Arab and the Camel

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Africa were to be tacked on to one end, and possibly an independent Sudan on the other, British influence would extend from the Cape to the borders of Egypt.

But East African federation is the biggest factor in the scheme, and the crisis in Kenya has ruled it out of the question, for neither of the black states of Uganda or Tanganyika wants to be saddled with Kenya's troubles. And with Afrikaner (Dutch-descended) Nationalists firmly in power in South Africa, a break with the Commonwealth, rather than closer British ties, is likeliest there.

With the foundering of hopes for such a solid British bloc comes the foundering of hopes for a United States of Africa. The color policies of the colonial rulers—France, Belgium, Portugal, and Britain—have now become so divergent as to render such a union highly unlikely.

The need for American aid

America's personal stake in Kenya's progress lies in a recent \$4,161,700 FOA grant, of which \$3,887,300 went to Kenya. It will go a long way toward financing that reform plan which will raise the agricultural income of several million Africans.

But when the Africans see the millions of dollars which the United States is pouring into Asia, some of them wonder why America does not spend a few more preventive millions to buttress Africa against Communism or neutralism. United States aid to Africa—British East Africa and Liberia, Libya and Ethiopia—totaled approximately \$10 million in 1955. The opinion most freely aired is that if this amount were only doubled, the dividend to the United States in good will and coöperation would be a gilt-edged return.

All this, then, is the picture of Kenya today. The war as a full-scale tactical war is virtually over. Half the British troops were gone by the end of December, and the terrorists have been pinned down in two clearly defined areas in the Aberdare Forest and on the foothills of Mount Kenya north of Nairobi.

In the capital itself, the problems are still too great to warrant concern with much other than politics or the emergency; nevertheless Kenya's col-

orful settlers are a lively crowd with a great confidence in their country's future.

One minor problem is that the big game which is Kenya's feature (British troops are in fact suffering more casualties from the rhinoceros and the elephant in the forests than from terrorists) is being shot out by African poachers while nobody has time to protect it. Despite this, Kenya's tourist trade, which did not actually drop off much during the emergency, is now on the upgrade.

What Kenya really needs is a breathing space—which it isn't likely to get. The country needs time to find money for its ambitious reform plans, time to find minerals, time to eradicate the resentment which has been building up as the result of ill-treatment, time to woo back investors, time to find out whether its former terrorists are really converted or simply awaiting a better opportunity to strike again.

Africa on the march

But time is the one thing the African is not giving the European in Africa today. The African is on the march—unbelievably fast. He is learning the white man's secrets and powers far quicker than many people imagine.

The tragedy in many places—as it was in Kenya—is that when he has assimilated some of this education and knowledge he is not given the outlet necessary for him to use it and improve himself still further. However primitive the bulk of Africans still may be, the number knocking on the white man's door and demanding an increased share of responsibility and better conditions is formidable.

Kenya has found that its reform plans are now seen by the African for what they are—concessions under duress. Had the Kenya government spent the same amount of money before violence forced its hand, it would probably have bought twice or three times the amount of coöperation and good will with it. The need for African advancement is an immediate one and must be met before an explosion forces the governmental hand. If 5 million whites are to find harmony with 200 million Africans in this great continent, the world should heed Kenya's lesson.



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France

IN dissolving the French Assembly early in December, Premier Edgar Faure achieved what he had tried to maneuver the deputies into agreeing to: the holding of national elections in January instead of June. Back of this move was the desire to pull the rug out from under the feet of his dynamic rival, Pierre Mendès-France, by not giving him a chance to organize a springtime electoral offensive aimed at sweeping the country with a left-wing majority of Socialists and Radicals.

In trying to engineer this difficult feat, Faure was once again proving himself to be — behind a smoke-screen of “reformist” and “clean sweep” slogans — an arch-champion of the *status quo* and a cynical judge of French political realities. For no one knew better than this 47-year-old deputy from the Jura that precipitated elections in France would almost certainly bring back the old familiar faces, and that most of the new ones would be spouting the same glittering platitudes with which the deputies of France like to butter their parliamentary bread.

This ability to take a disabused view of French political realities is one of the secrets of the phenomenal rise to power of a man who became Premier just five years after first being elected to the Assembly. With uncanny skill he has managed to place himself at the exact dead center of the seesaw of French politics. The result has been that for the last three years — serving in three successive cabinets, as Finance Minister, Foreign Minister, and Premier — Faure has enjoyed a greater measure of political power than any other man in the country.

The explanation of his success lies in his extraordinary intelligence. Faure’s memory is so prodigious that he rarely has to ask his secretary for a telephone number. He is capable of reading a magazine article through once and then reciting it word for word. It was this phenomenal gift which permitted him to memorize the 2000 provisions of the French fiscal code several months after being named Minister of the Budget in 1949. In a bureaucratic labyrinth where others have often been easily lost he has always been at home.

The most striking example that has yet been offered of Faure’s political virtuosity was his recent tour de force in keeping an utterly disunited cabinet going for months when many Parisians doubted that it could last more than a couple of weeks. The Faure ministry of 1955 would more properly be called the Faure-Pinay ministry, for from the outset it was a two-headed monster.

It is not, of course, uncommon for French cabinets to have more than one head. If anything, it is the rule; for to keep a coalition of mutually suspicious parties together it is often easier to choose a nonentity to be its chairman than an aggressive party leader. The Laniel government of 1953–1954 was one of this type. With Bidault as Foreign Minister, Pleven as Minister of Defense, Faure as Finance Minister, and Reynaud as Deputy Premier, it had at least five heads, and even a couple of arms with independent nervous systems besides.

Two-headed government

The novelty of the Faure-Pinay government lay in the fact that its two-headed character was emphasized, rather than concealed, from the start. To counterbalance Faure, who is a middle-of-the-road Radical Socialist, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was given to Antoine Pinay, the champion of the conservatives and a man with about as much interest and experience in foreign affairs as the late Stanley Baldwin.

The result was one of those paradoxical situations which would be surprising in any country but France. For the first few months of this Janus-faced duumvirate it was Faure, nominally the Prime Minister, who was running the country’s foreign policy, and it was Pinay, nominally its Foreign Minister, who was keeping the parties in line and doing the fence-mending at home.

The terms underlying this shotgun wedding between the right-wing Independent and Peasant parties and the middle-of-the-road Radical Socialist and Popular Republican parties were simple. In return for making concessions on the home front to the sugar-beet producers, the alcohol distillers, the winegrowers, the small manufacturers, the

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grocers, the distributors, the exporters, the anti-tax *Poujadistes*, and all the other lobbyists that haunt the corridors of the Assembly, Faure was given a free hand to pursue a liberal policy abroad.

Morocco explodes

The trick of maintaining this elaborate piece of political camouflage might have worked for a number of months but for the Moroccan crisis, which exploded in June. What touched it off was the assassination of Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil, one of the leaders of liberal French opinion in Morocco and a personal friend of Edgar Faure. His murder at the hands of French "counter-terrorists" was a clear signal that something drastic had to be done to curb the systematic gangsterism which certain French businessmen, politicians, and police officials were sponsoring in Casablanca. Faure's answer was to dispatch an energetic new governor, Gilbert Grandval.

In purging the administration and preparing the ground for Sultan Ben Moulay Arafat's removal, Grandval faithfully fulfilled Faure's instructions; but at the same time he destroyed the delicate equilibrium of the Faure-Pinay machine. For the shake-up of the Moroccan administration directly threatened the privileges and powers of some of the groups which the government's hands-off policy at home was supposed to have appeased. It was no longer possible to keep the fields of colonial and domestic affairs separate, pursuing a liberal policy in one and a conservative policy in the other.

What followed was probably the most skillful piece of political juggling that France has seen since the war. The tortuous maneuvering that Edgar Faure had to undertake to push through his Moroccan "policy" against the resistance of rebellious officials, outraged ultra-nationalists, and embittered French generals, mobilized behind Antoine Pinay, was well illustrated this autumn in a Paris cartoon. In it a bespectacled snake-charmer called *Fakir Edgar* was depicted sitting cross-legged on a bed of nails playing a flute with which he was trying to charm a coiled snake labeled *Antoine et Compagnie*.

At the root of this intra-cabinet chaos is the fact that there is no visible majority opinion in the French

Chamber on colonial policy. While every deputy has his own particular opinion, only a handful have any real knowledge or experience of colonial matters. Right up until the day that El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh, threw his "bombshell" (by requesting Mohammed Ben Youssef's return to Morocco), a good quarter of the deputies of the Assembly were still obstinately claiming that Sultan Ben Moulay Arafat was the popular and legitimate Sultan of Morocco.

Algerians in the Assembly?

The same ignorance, not to say blindness, reigns today over the far more difficult problem of Algeria. Because Algeria is officially an integral part of France, the policy of the French government has been to further its political "integration." If this were carried out to the letter, it would mean that some eighty or ninety Algerian Moslems would be sitting as deputies in the French Assembly.

Such a sizable bloc could easily wield a commanding decision in votes on domestic, as well as overseas, questions, and if any of the Algerians were to fall under the pan-Islamic spell, it could even mean that Cairo could exercise a decisive influence over policy-making in Paris.

The proposition is obviously grotesque. But as it forms part of the official mythology of the "French union," few French politicians have dared to challenge it openly. Edgar Faure, for example, has been emphatic in proclaiming his support for the policy of "integration," and even as courageous a politician as Mendès-France has been significantly silent on the subject.

Will Mendès-France return?

Because the French find themselves boxed in here by the ironclad walls of their own rhetoric, the coming months promise to be dramatic, whatever the outcome of the elections, and whether or not Mendès-France comes back into power. This is a possibility that cannot be discounted, for if another crisis comparable to that of Indochina develops, it is certain that his fellow deputies will turn to him again in desperation.

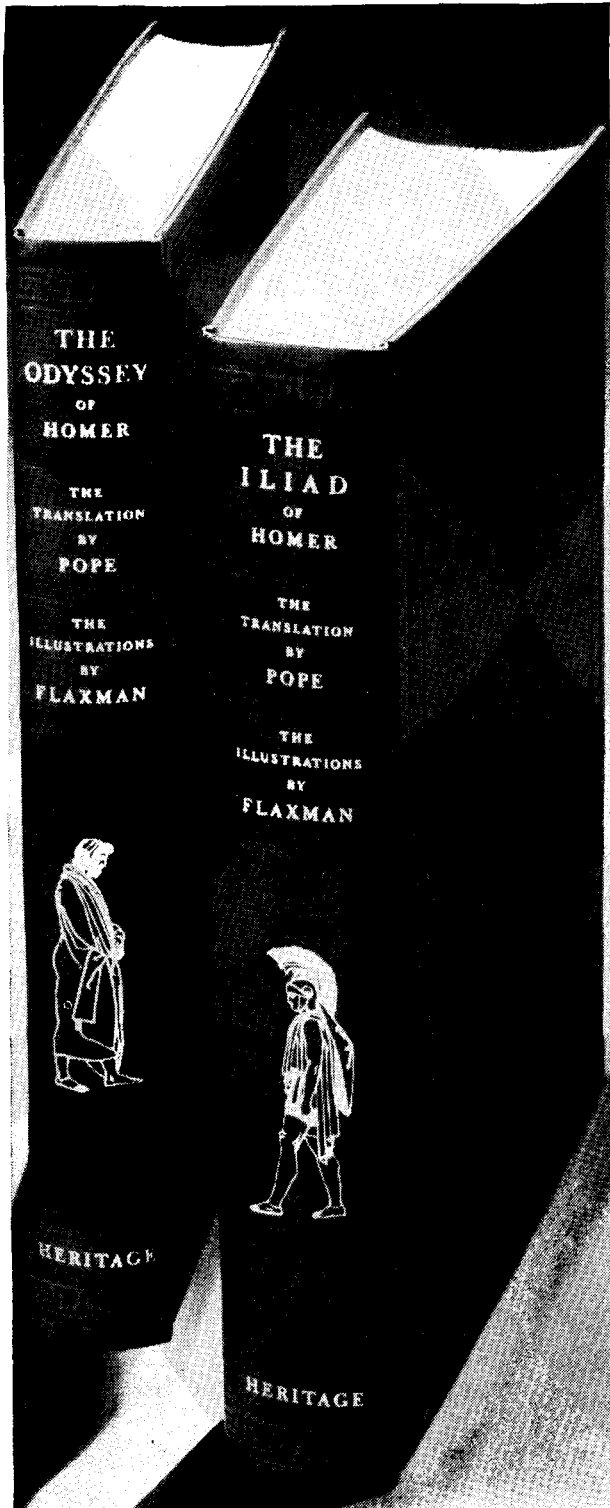
As it is, Mendès-France has had an uphill fight trying to prepare his return to power. This has been a boom year for France which has seen an

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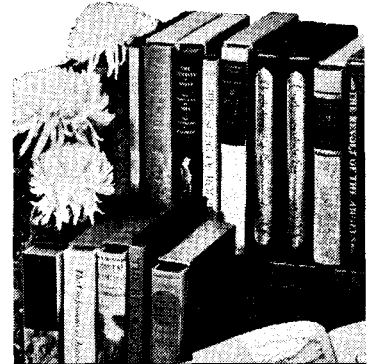
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increase of almost 10 per cent in the country's overall production, so that arguments about the imperative necessity of overhauling the country's antiquated economic apparatus have fallen on relatively deaf ears. And though there are signs that France's budgetary and balance-of-trade positions are likely to deteriorate next year, no amount of anticipatory warning can have the impact of an immediate crisis.

Mendès-France's one clear triumph so far was his seizure (the word is not too strong) of the secretariat of the Radical Socialist Party at its annual convention last May. This coup, which he pulled off with the blessing of Édouard Herriot, the party's Grand Old Man, has not endeared him to all of that seasoned party's seasoned politicians, or to Edgar Faure, not least among them.

Political duel with Faure

The open warfare that has recently broken out between these two brilliant men has already become the most dramatic political duel of post-war France — first of all, because they were once close friends. It was Men-

dès-France, in fact, who persuaded Faure to join the Radical Socialist Party and enter the political arena.

At bottom the difference between them revolves around a question of tactics as much as it does around one of political orientation. Mendès-France has always been a believer in movement, change, momentum. He is the advocate of the steam-roller attack, the frontal assault, and he might well be called the Guderian of French politics. Faure, on the other hand, has never believed in attacking on all fronts at once or in tackling obstacles head-on. His instinct has always been to circumvent obstacles, to proceed by subtle flank attacks, quick skirmishes, and strategic retreats in a campaign designed to confuse the enemy and wear down his resistance.

In the days when both were less prominent than they are now, Mendès-France was always trying to dissuade Faure from joining governments with which he was not in sympathy. In practice, this meant that Faure, like Mendès-France, could only join a government of which he himself was the head. Faure, on the

other hand, has always believed that it is better to operate from within, controlling the levers of power and patiently molding men and institutions to one's particular views. Acting on this principle, he has never refused the offer of a cabinet post.

This led directly to the first estrangement between them in 1953, when Faure agreed to join the Laniel government as Finance Minister. Subsequently they patched things up, and Mendès-France allowed Faure to keep his post as Finance Minister when he succeeded Laniel in July of 1954. But the rift between them broke out anew when Faure consented to head the government that succeeded Mendès-France's last February.

Until their clash over the date of the elections neither of them had openly attacked the other in public debate (they are after all members of the same party); but on several occasions Mendès-France had ostentatiously abstained from voting for his onetime friend, and in the corridors of the Palais Bourbon, where so many governments are made and unmade, he has often been busy agitating against him.

New newspaper in Paris

The aim of these maneuvers, it should be said in justice to Mendès-France, was less to bring down Faure's government than to set up another headed by Antoine Pinay or some other conservative leader who would offer him a good target for attacks in the steam-roller electoral campaign that he was planning. The failure of this maneuver is not the only one that Mendès-France has suffered in recent months. An even more striking one has been the fiasco surrounding the launching of a daily paper, *L'Express*, which he wanted to make the loud-speaker for his political views.

Up until last September *L'Express* was the youngest and in many ways the best political weekly in France. But it did not appear frequently enough to suit Mendès-France's impatient taste. So he persuaded its editor, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, to turn it into a daily. The metamorphosis took place in early October with one of those "events" that Parisians love to celebrate.

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demi-mondaines — who turned out on the Champs Élysées to witness the launching were a number of gloomy editors who were afraid that the new prodigy was going to drive their own papers off the newsstands. Their gloom turned to jubilation, however, when the first copies of the new paper appeared on the stroke of midnight. Though it could boast such editorial names as François Mauriac, Albert Camus, and Pierre Mendès-France, the new paper was no more than a four-page rag.

Since then *L'Express* has improved but slightly in bulk and quality. Lacking a staff experienced in the manifold complexities of putting out a daily paper, it has tried to fill its middle pages with a hodge-podge of "flashy" features, including everything from boulevard gossip about Paris celebrities to capsule-size love stories.

Even the quality of Mendès-France's editorials seems to have been diluted by the necessity of churning them out on a mass production basis. It is clear, in fact, that this first plunge into the cold, uncharted waters of daily journalism has not been a success. But the attempt is significant, for it marks the emergence of a new Mendès-France — one who has abandoned his previous Cato-like role of criticism from the sidelines for active intervention in party politics.

Much of the aura surrounding his name came from his nine years of political exile from 1945 to 1954, during which he could nourish a reputation for absolute integrity. But how will this legend stand up under this new treatment? As his recent electoral tours of France have shown, he is still the most popular politician in the country. But it is a popularity more associated with his record as a dynamic Premier than with his vigorous new advocacy of Radical Socialism.

The Saar plebiscite

Another thing that has tended to diminish Mendès-France's prestige has been the shock experienced by the French people by the crushing rejection of the Saar Statute in October. The fact that the plebiscite had been arranged when Mendès-France was Premier was promptly seized upon by his numerous opponents as further proof of what they have labeled his "policy of liquidation." The charges

were plausible enough to oblige Mendès-France to issue a statement making clear that the idea of a Saar plebiscite had become part of the Quai d'Orsay's official policy long before he came to power.

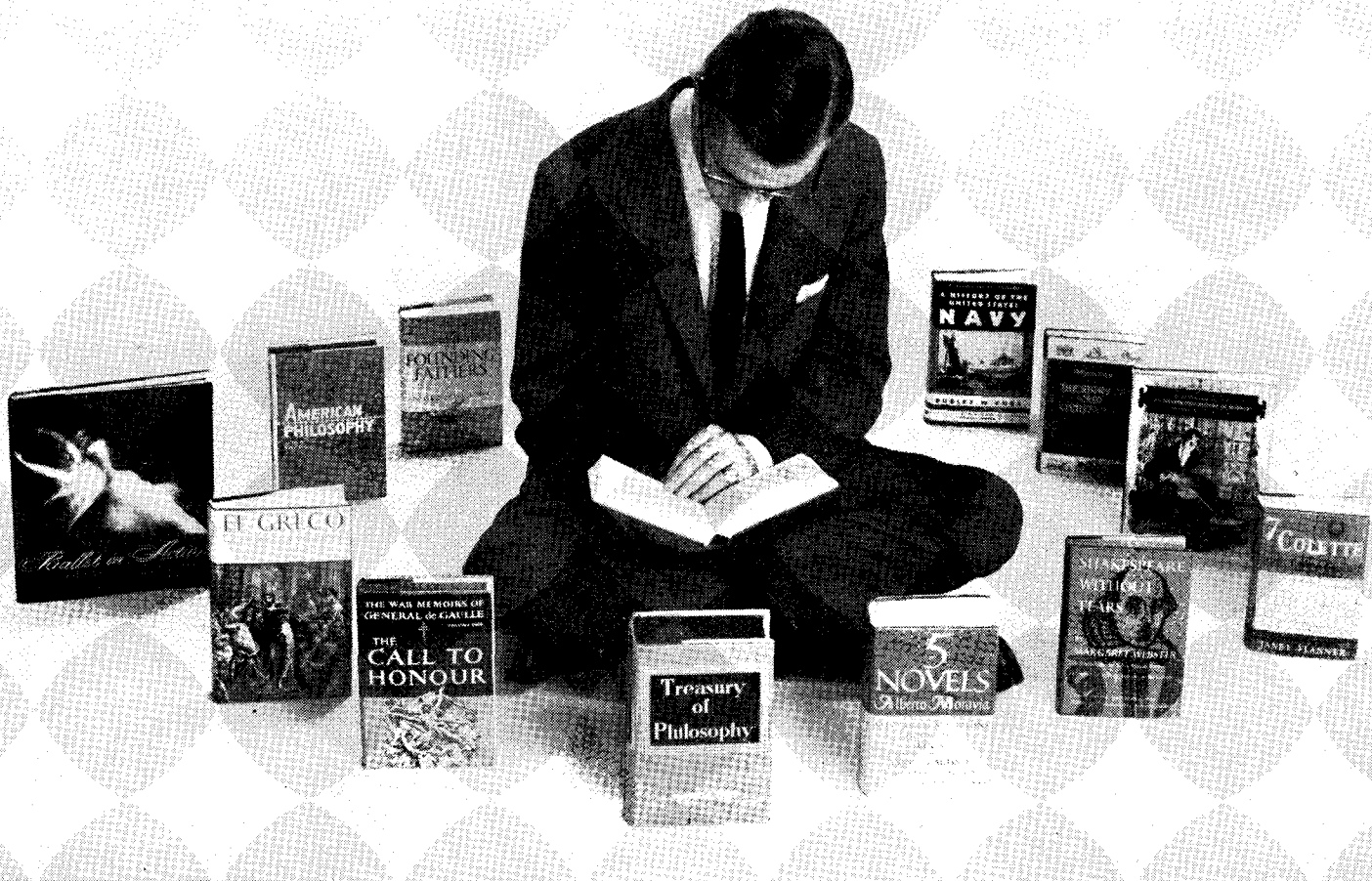
This is true as far as it goes, but the admission that he was no more far-sighted than the "European experts" of the French Foreign Ministry has not enhanced the myth of Mendès-France's international omniscience. In fact, of course, the error that underlay French hopes in the political wisdom of Saar voters much exceeds a question of personal miscalculation. The Saar vote proved once again that it is risky to believe that the best way to solve explosive national issues is to submit them to a popular referendum, where they are subject to all the fearful pressure of reckless demagoguery and blind emotions.

The Saar vote was, at bottom, another delayed consequence of the serious diplomatic blunder made by our State Department in the autumn of 1950, when it thought it could foist the idea of German rearmament on the French with no diplomatic preparation. Prior settlement of the Saar problem was bound to be the *sine qua non* for any such eventuality. Had the French governments of 1950 and 1951 had the backbone to insist on it, and had Washington had the foresight to agree to it, the whole question could have been settled then and there without having to make it a football for chauvinistic passions.

For such a solution two great precedents exist. The first was the agreement made in 1830 between Palmerston and Talleyrand to establish an independent Belgium. The second was the agreement reached by Clarendon and Bismarck in 1867 which recognized the independence of Luxembourg.

The Saar should logically have become another such buffer state. Had the problem been tackled in 1950 shortly after the establishment of the West German Republic and before it had become an industrial giant, not only the problem of the Saar but the whole question of the EDC might have been transformed. The failure to do so when the time was ripe may yet prove to be one of those great missed opportunities which can have such fateful consequences years later.

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ATLANTIC

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"British Cultural Fatigue"

SIR:

I found Kenneth Tynan's article in the November *Atlantic*, "British Cultural Fatigue," most stimulating.

I must explain that I came to America from Scotland filled, as Mr. Tynan puts it, with "a nagging desire to remove [myself] to a country of less fogged vision." Now, three and a half years later, I find myself longing to go home. This isn't a blind homesickness either — I was a canny enough Scot to go on a careful reconnaissance of Britain this spring, "just to make sure," before I started laying plans for my permanent return.

I do agree with many of the points Mr. Tynan makes; but, mindful of the editorial note informing us that he is "a frequent visitor to this country," I can't help feeling that perhaps his visits have not been of a long enough duration to make him completely familiar with everyday life in the United States.

The nostalgia for the past which he mentions is one of the more appealing things about Britain, for me. Often it is carried to excess, and one wonders sometimes *why* good design can't be cheap; *why* shops can't be made more attractive and convenient to shop in; *why* bright colors have generally to be frowned on; *why* central heating should still be considered a luxury when it is so obviously a necessity in such a climate. But has Mr. Tynan ever lived in a modern American apartment block?

I have, and I vow I never shall again — it *really* was like living in a goldfish bowl with everybody in the world a tiny courtyard away, and it was so depressing to know that all

fourteen apartments directly above and all ten apartments directly below were exactly like mine, to the small detail of cup-hook and coat rack. Even the most expensive New York apartment has as low a ceiling as an igloo, and I am convinced the cramped feeling must add to the cherished neurosis the inhabitants enjoy so much and so publicly.

French and American plays are captivating the British critic, but it is the British play which captivates the Broadway critic. *The Chalk Garden* is a good example; *The Boy Friend* (would anyone ever have believed it possible that a British *musical* could win such raves?), *Witness for the Prosecution*, and *Tiger at the Gates* are others.

As for colloquial speech, on stage or off, there are picturesque words and phrases indigenous to particular regions across the States; but many parts of Britain, also, are rich with colloquialisms. Mr. Tynan is probably so familiar with them by this time that they seem perfectly ordinary. It's only when they are used in everyday conversation and an American questions their meanings that one realizes how different the languages can be. But don't forget that most of the colloquialisms heard on the American stage are perfectly ordinary to the American ear. Only a Britisher might find them extraordinary.

LOIS DE BANZIE
New York City

SIR:

Kenneth Tynan's article has struck a sympathetic note. I could not agree with him more!

The sad part is that it is not only the arts which have fallen into a somnolent state, but every facet of life. I am a Canadian, brought up with close emotional ties to England. In fact, I've always thought, "If it is English it is perfect — why talk!"

I still love England and its people, but it breaks my heart to see how miserable are the lives of my cousins across the sea. Having kept house there for nine months and having talked to all types of people, I feel I have a slight knowledge of the situation. I am no economics expert, nor an authority on the arts, but I do understand the comforts and amenities of everyday living. It appalls and shocks me to see how people live.

I do not refer to Royalty and the peerage, but chiefly to the average professional class. Their homes are gracious and spacious, yet they freeze for three months of every year and even admit it. What do they do about it? Light another dirty little coal fire or make "a nice cup o' tea, love."

The food shops are prehistoric — muddy vegetables, smelly meat at the butcher's, and even smellier fish at the fishmonger's. I haven't seen such things, even in the wilds of Canada, for a quarter of a century. I thought and still try to believe this is the result of two shattering wars. It isn't, you know, for other European cities do not seem quite so grim.

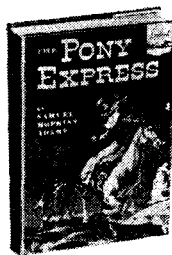
A general apathy seems to hang over the island, and few are willing to do much about it. Apathy, and a self-satisfaction which causes the British to ignore or look down upon the advances of other countries whether

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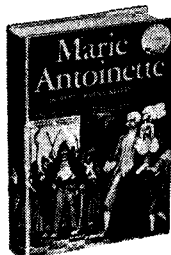
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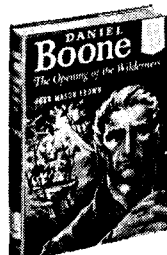
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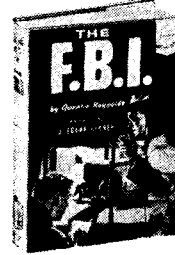
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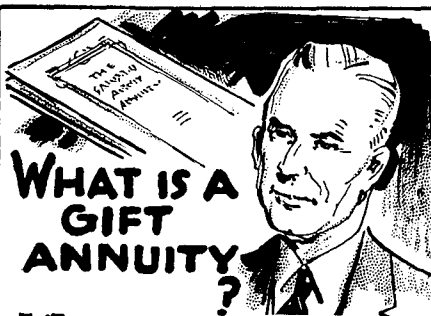
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Good luck to Mr. Tynan with his new broom; and if he knows any architects, let him tell them about this daring invention called central heating. It is cheaper and abolishes chilblains.

MRS. HANS GEGGIE
Wakefield, P.Q., Canada

SIR:

I was both saddened and delighted by "British Cultural Fatigue"—saddened by the tone of the article and delighted with its charm. Mr. Tynan states that he and other British writers are depressed and frustrated by their sense of identity with a nation that is suffering from relative economic decline and diminishing world prestige.

One might suggest that wealth or membership in an expanding economic community does not always and necessarily condition literary success. A successful writer requires sensitivity, keenness of observation, intensity of conviction, and a command of the resources of language, all of which Mr. Tynan possesses. Intensity of feeling is a requisite, but it may be disappointment, resentment, or revulsion as well as the sense that everything's coming our way. Hamlin Garland, Mark Twain, John Steinbeck, were not inspired by contemplation of economic triumphs.

I suspect that Mr. Tynan and millions of other people throughout the world are suffering from an ingrown nationalism at a time when the sophisticated world is rather tending to outgrow it. A man has many loyalties. We are a loyal citizen of Grapefruit Heights, Orange County, Florida, The Southeast, the United States, The English Speaking Union, the United Nations, and the Free World. Why not seek emotional stimulus from concentration on the larger loyalty?

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(See preceding page for more school announcements)

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Is his future any business of mine? Should I be concerned with cripples and the needs and suffering of others? When I have enough to eat should I be worried because others don't, including little children? Should I care, when I was lucky enough to be born in America instead of India, where the majority of people do not get enough to eat and some are actually starving? What is the reason I was not born in Korea, like Sang Gi? There are still 35,000 homeless children in Korea. Why don't I live in a hut made of rubble, old tin cans and half rotten scraps of wood in Southern Italy, Hong Kong or in a crowded Austrian refugee camp? Why don't I happen to be a man with a job in Calcutta, working steady every day for long hours, who sleeps in the streets every night because my job does not pay me enough to share even a single room with a dozen other persons—a room without a stitch of furniture or protection from flies, swarming with bed bugs and without any sanitary arrangements whatever?

I am a Christian. Does that make me my brother's keeper? When my stomach is full must I be concerned about others, whose stomachs are empty? Must I? Am I *compelled* to think about these others? Or is it just, God helping me, that I *want* to think about them and because I have a heart, desire to help them?

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"Other Worlds Than Ours"

SIR:

Donald H. Menzel's article, "Other Worlds Than Ours" (November *Atlantic*), is both ingenious and plausible. It has the further merit of reconciling usable parts of the theories of Kant and Laplace, of Chamberlain and Moulton, of Jeans and Jeffreys, of Berlage, Alfvén, and Hoyle. In addition, it has an innocent-looking sentence full of dynamite:—

"... the world must have had built into it, from the *very start*, the potentiality not only for the building of planets but also for the building of men" (italics supplied).

So, there *was* a start, was there? Has Dr. Menzel spent any of his ingenuity and plausibility in the building of a hypothesis as to when, how, or why there was a "start"?

Or is "from everlasting to everlasting" still the best we can do?

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

SIR:

There is a certain irony in the fact that in the very heyday of practical scientific achievement, pure science is going into bankruptcy on a number of fronts. By bankruptcy I mean a situation in which scientific laws deny what in fact exists. Thus, biological study of hereditary processes has shown that there is no road leading from one animal species to another, and consequently a biological origin of species is impossible: but we have the species.

Similarly, no law of physics is more securely guaranteed than the one which says that nothing moves without being pushed. Yet we have around us a universe containing countless billions of stars, all of which, presumably — it is known of many of them — are in motion of extremely high velocity and enormous power. Where did that motion come from? Mr. Menzel does not say, nor does physical science have any answer.

Now there is one exception to the physical law just cited: if I will to lift a heavy weight I lift it.

To me the conclusion is inescapable that it was mind which set the universe in motion; but if that is so, then the argument from and for design becomes integral.

It seems to me that the exact scientists, in self-defense, are going to have to rediscover mind, perhaps even God.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN
Stanford, Calif.

The Wheat Surplus

SIR:

The Washington Report in your November issue states truly, respecting the wheat surplus, that "rigid parity [is] no answer." But perhaps the answer was contained in an article in the July *Atlantic* by our maligned and unappreciated Secretary Benson, to which too few people gave proper consideration, and least of all political farmers and some supposed statesmen who know only how to cry for "90 per cent parity." In brief, what Mr. Benson said was that if we Americans would eat one additional slice of bread daily, there would be no surplus and hence no problem.

Whatever the cause, consumption of wheat flour has been dropping steadily for twenty years, from 157 pounds per capita in 1935 to only 127 pounds in 1954.

Is it not high time that we made an end to the agitation for "90 per cent parity" at the expense of the hard-pressed taxpayer, and gave some thought to the improvement of the American loaf and its return to the table as man's best and cheapest food? If the eminent statesmen who know only how to cry "90 per cent" could be persuaded to direct their fire, not upon the unfortunate Mr. Benson, but upon the millers and bakers who have seen their trade decline about 20 per cent in as many years while doing nothing to arrest it, some useful results might ensue.

ROBERT P. SKINNER
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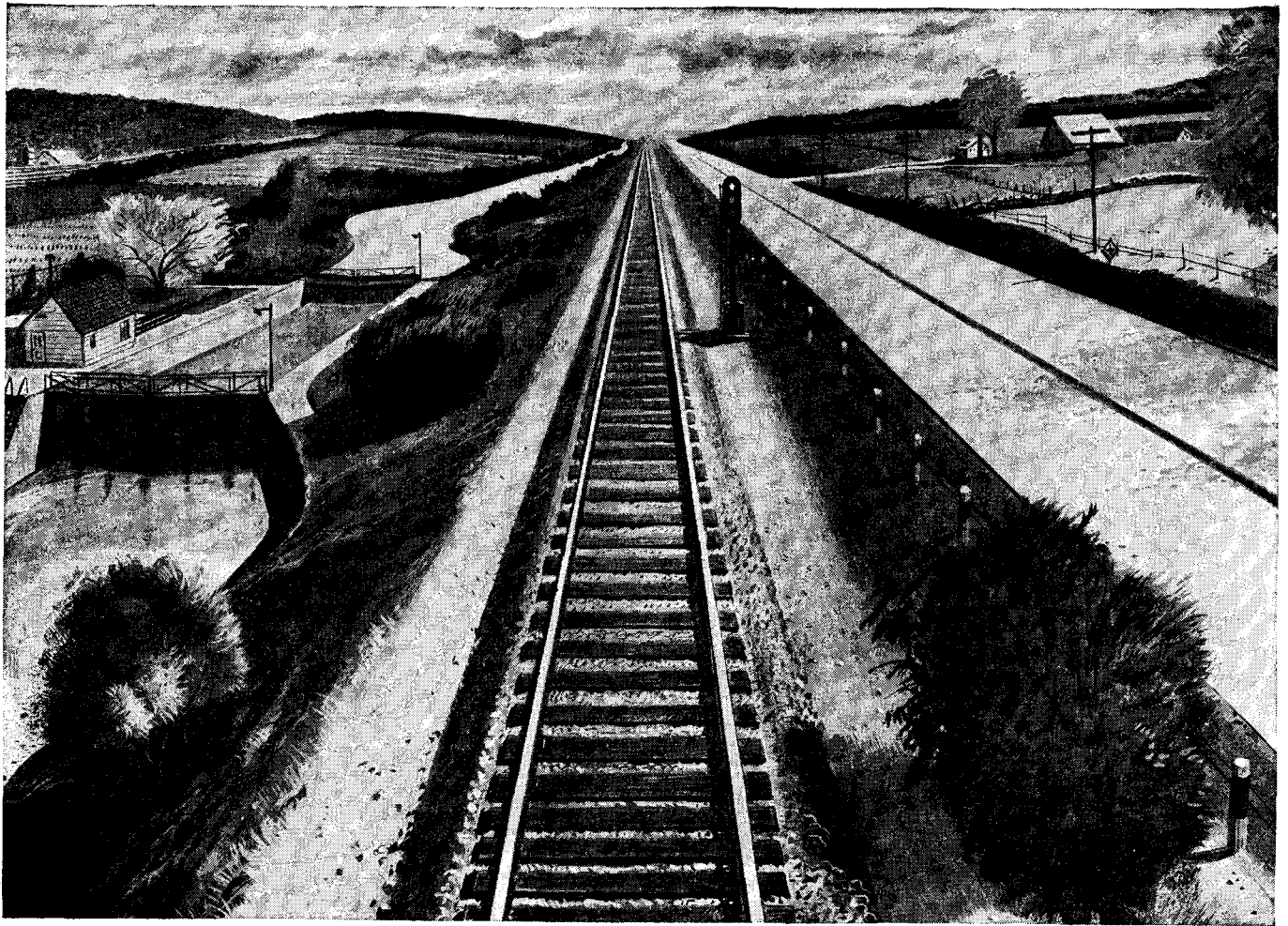
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*An Englishman whose family has lived in India for four generations, JOHN MASTERS was born in Calcutta and observed the family tradition by serving for fourteen years in the British Army, in the course of which he was awarded the DSO. In 1948 he moved to this country and made his first appearance in the Atlantic — “a success,” he says, “which encouraged me to persevere.” With his first novel, *Nightrunners of Bengal*, he took command of a large audience, and each new book thereafter has added to his popularity. This is the second installment from *Bugles and a Tiger*, which Viking will publish this month, an autobiography showing as never before the kinship between the British officer and his Gurkha troops.*

WITH THE GURKHAS

Adventure on India's Frontier

by JOHN MASTERS

MY FIRST summons to action came at eleven o'clock at night. The brigadier ordered our battalion to move at once to cut off a large party of Pathans said to be escaping from the Damdil battle area. At midnight, after a cup of tea, I went out to find my company. The moon was well past full and the night cold. The company stood bunched and shivering, equipment creaking, bayonets gleaming in the faint green light. The Gurkha officers were explaining the orders to the NCOs. B Company edged slowly past us in the dark. At the gate the sentries threw back the rolls of barbed wire, and I led A Company out behind B onto the metaled road. Our heavy, nailed sandals were in the haversacks slung high on our shoulders, but even the shuffle of our sneakers sounded very loud.

Once we were on the road the pace quickened, and we swung past the dark bulk of Miranshah Fort at four miles an hour. I saw no light and heard no sound from there, though inside the Scouts were getting ready to send a strong patrol across the river. The miles passed, and though the tension in the column never completely disappeared, it eased appreciably after we had moved for an hour and had our first rest, sitting down in the drainage ditch

beside the road and holding up our feet to let the blood flow away from the congested soles.

The advance guard was strung out in double file a hundred yards ahead, rifles at the ready. The men moved fast and yet found time to search the little gullies beside the road and the narrow culverts that dived under it. Danger at night on the Frontier was great, but against an enemy who had no tripod-mounted weapons it was from close quarters. The risk we faced was from the silent group that might be right in the ditch, two yards away and unsuspected in the dirty light until they acted.

Twenty minutes before first light we were strung along the north bank of the Tochi River, crouched under a steep black bulk of hill. The colonel sent my company and the mountain battery up the hill and spread the others out to left and right on smaller features, or tucked them away in a ravine as reserve.

We started quickly on the climb, as the light began to etch in the jagged skyline across the Tochi behind us. There was no path, and we worked our way up among boulders and scrub. I spread my leading platoon across the hillside ahead, and kept two more close at my side. Two hundred yards down the hill behind me stones clattered and rolled

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as the artillery mules heaved their own bulk and their 350-pound loads up the cliff.

We did not know whether there would be anyone waiting for us on top. It was not likely, but it was possible, and we never took avoidable risks. The leading platoon went through the full battle drill of attack. In the hardening steel light, the men near the center of it crouched for half a minute below the last outcrop line of rock beneath the crest, while the outer horns of the platoon curved on and round the summit. There was a pause while all gathered themselves together and carried out the professional check — rifle, bayonet, ammunition pouches. On the extreme right the light-automatic gunner and his No. 2 ran forward and dropped down, ready to fire across the front. A hand waved, a voice whispered "Charge!" Each man drove strongly from bunched thighs, and all across the slope the bayonets flickered up and over the crest.

Silence.

Full dawn had hardly reached the valley when my glasses picked up movement across the Tochi. For a moment I found it difficult to focus in my sudden excitement. This was the first enemy I had ever seen. Then I got them. A group of nearly thirty men, less than a mile away, were moving down to the river across the stony ridges on the far bank. They came on unconcernedly, confident of their own safety, confident that no one would be in this place. They were already just within range of my light automatics.

It is a strange feeling to open fire for the first time on a living human being with intent to kill him. No one had tried to kill me yet, and I had not seen anyone in the moment of being killed or torn by bullets. The men down there were armed tribesmen, and they had come from the Damdil battle. Perhaps one of them had fired the dumdum that blew off Peter Nicholson's leg. I had positive orders to fire on such people. Yet they were human and unsuspecting. It is an emptiness in the stomach to kill. . . .

It seemed I had wasted half a day thinking, hesitating. In other circumstances that might have been true, and a fleeting opportunity would long since have gone. But this time, militarily, I should have waited even longer before I screwed up my will, broke loose from indecision, and said, "Fire!" But perhaps if I had waited any longer I would never have given that order. My company's light automatics stammered furiously, but it was really too soon. The tribesmen were nearly eight hundred yards away on the edge of the low cliffs across the Tochi. We did not know the exact range, and light automatics are not suitable for such a target. Over there the sudden bullets smacked around them. In a flash the group broke up; men darted to left and right, disappeared among the rocks; they were gone.

Nothing else happened; no one else appeared; no one fired a shot in our direction. The ambush had been complete and, had I not sprung it too soon, might have been more successful. But then again a mule might have brayed and warned off the enemy before we had fired a shot. The colonel mildly reprimanded me for overimpatience — a form of correction that was at this time almost my staple food — and congratulated me on being so quick into position and so quick to spot the enemy at all.

We wound back to Miranshah late that afternoon more cautiously than we had come out — but still nothing happened. The Political Agent's informers passed the word that between us we had killed eight of a party of twenty-seven tribesmen that morning. I did not believe it. Informers have to live, but I doubt if any Pathan got more than a severe fright — unless from the wonderful shooting of the mountain guns — in that unsung, exciting, and very minor engagement near Boya, where Lieutenant J. Masters first tried to kill someone.

2

FIFTY miles to the south the Mahsuds ambushed a truck convoy in a savage gorge called the Shahur Tangi. The escort of armored cars got sandwiched on the narrow road so that they could use neither their weapons nor their mobility. Seventy-two officers and soldiers were killed or wounded. The government decided that the time had come to take the offensive. Our brigade, hovering in reserve off the north of the storm center, was ordered into battle.

We marched on May 5, 1937, and spent that night at Tal-in-Tochi. The camp site was on a bare ridge above the Tochi River, and no matter how carefully a commander sited his camp picquets it was impossible to prevent the enemy from sniping onto the face of the slope at night. The crawling-sweet smell of death pervaded the place when we arrived, and as I marched in I passed three mules rotting in open graves at the foot of the camp. It was late and we had not sufficient time to dig properly, but there were some shallow holes there already, and we used them.

At two minutes after eleven something exploded in the air over my head with a sharp *whip-crack-slap*. A second later a dull thump sounded from the dark ridge to the west. Both sounds were rapidly repeated several times. At last I was hearing the real *crack-thump* I had imitated so often. At last I was under fire.

I was frightened. A dispassionate recognition of the enormous odds against being hit, an ability to measure the distance of passing bullets, a degree of stoicism — all these came later with experience and after many bullets had passed without hitting me or anyone near me. The first time, in a six-inch pit on a stony hillside, alone with the murderous

whip in the darkness, afraid to speak for fear of being thought to be afraid, my only companion the cruel necessity of lying still and doing nothing, I was frightened. I stared up at the stars and waited, hardly able to control my trembling. I wondered whether it would be my neck, stomach, legs, or eyes — what it would feel like.

Unhurriedly the sniper searched the camp, firing twenty or thirty rounds. I heard men moving about near me and called to them to be still. A mule snickered; water splashed on the dim ashes of a cooking fire. Then away to my left a voice muttered a Scottish curse, and I heard a long whistling sound, continued for several seconds.

The colonel called, "Hamish, are you hit?"

Major Hamish Mackay replied cautiously, "No, sir. I just let the air out of my Lilo."

The tension on the hillside relaxed almost audibly, and all around there was subdued laughter. I was released from fear by the picture of our quiet, far-looking Scots major sinking lower into the friendly earth while the air hissed loudly from the vent of his inflatable mattress.

The sniper killed nine mules as they stood in their tethered lines just below us on the slope.

Next day we moved on up the road to Damdil, and the day after, to Dosalli. All along I saw traces of battle. Dead mules lay in the ditch, their legs stuck out straight as children's toys. Bloodstains splashed the white stones; twigs and whole bushes lay broken in the road; and shell blasts pockmarked the ridges. On the right of the road just beyond Damdil camp stood a low knoll crowned with a *sangar*. Shreds of barbed wire lay round it. We stopped and examined it with respect, for here on the night of March 21-22 there had been a fight, small in scale but heroically great in courage. Owing to a series of the classic blunders that touch off most of war's resounding heroisms, nine Gurkhas of the 2nd Battalion, 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles (Frontier Force), had been left here, without support, to fight all night against fifty crazed Wazirs. By dawn, five of the nine were dead, and each of the other four had been wounded many times. The corporal in command fought until all his ammunition was gone. Then they struggled with *kukris* and bayonets inside the little enclosure, against outnumbering knives and daggers. Then they threw stones and kicked and clubbed men to death. They held the picquet, and when help came in the morning the corporal was found propped against the wall, still in command, still fighting. He had a broken thigh, a broken arm, a bullet through his chest, a bullet in his neck, and sixty-three knife wounds.

We went straight into the fighting around Dosalli. Two brigades began to force their way slowly up the Sre Mela toward the center of the enemy's resistance, the Sham plains. I thought back to the sleet and snow of my first visit here, that February

night with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Now it was hot, and the Sre Mela was only a trickle of cool water among the stones.

3

AT LAST the army broke the tribal will to fight, and I saw no more action. Then I fell ill with malaria, and the colonel sent me back to Bakloh to command the battalion's main depot there. In the long journey I had time to think about the campaign, as two years before I had thought about Sandhurst. All the happenings and excitements formed a mosaic pattern in a general scene, and it was too early yet to assess the true value or importance of the scene as a whole. Only the sharp-edged incidents stuck in the eye and the memory; yet I was not the same young man who had gone to Bakloh two years before.

First, I belonged — not only by title and courtesy, but by right. I could now join in any conversation, understand any allusion. Before, men had said, "Do you remember . . . ?" and gone on to chuckle over maneuvers, personalities, and battles of the past. Now this campaign was, and would obviously continue to be, the staple of our reminiscence for many years to come — among the regular officers this remained true throughout the war — and I had been there.

Every man in the battalion knew me as I wandered round with my signalers. They all knew I would slip away from the mess when I could, to have curried goat in their cookhouses. They knew I had learned to eat properly without knives or forks, using my right hand only — because they had taught me. They knew that I liked a marrow bone and a tin plate to bang it on to get the marrow out, and that for me tea must be, inexplicably, burning hot — they liked it tepid. They knew that I always brought out a notebook and recorded the words and learned the tunes of the songs they sang.

From the strictly military standpoint the campaign had taught me much that was to be of value in the coming world war. Many Aldershot-type officers maintained that we learned only bad habits in this tribal warfare against what they called "ragged-arsed barnshoots." It was not true. From the Frontier itself we learned unwinking, unsleeping alertness. From the Pathans we learned more about the tactical value of ground than any of our competitors or future enemies knew. (In 1944 after a heavy Japanese night attack on my brigade had failed, for the reason that it was mounted across unfavorable ground, my Gurkha lieutenant shook his head and said to me with a slightly disapproving cheerfulness, "If these *Japani-haru* were Pathans we'd have had a very bad time.") I also learned to respect the enemy. Whoever he was, he was only a man doing something that he believed right.

I had had two years with the battalion, three

years of total service, and I had acquired the second star of a full lieutenant. I thought it reasonable to assume that I was of at least average ability, or the colonel would not have given me both A Company and the signal platoon to command, often divergent tasks that kept me rushing from one end of the battle to the other, now checking a picquet's sentries, now mending a telephone exchange, now panting up to take A Company into the attack. He said in his annual report on me that I was a very capable young officer, had done well in the war, and must learn not to be so impetuous. This was reasonable enough, and I did my best to improve, for I was definitely of the battalion and the regiment, accepted and known everywhere as Jack Masters of the Second Fourth.

My dreams of the staff now seemed foolish and mean. Service with troops was not just a stepping-stone to higher things, nor was the only purpose of an officer's stay with a battalion that he should there learn how to be a field marshal. I still wanted to be a field marshal one day. I was still determined to go to the Staff College as soon as I could, but I began to see that the true purpose of the Staff College was to train a man to become in all ways a better commander of troops. For here, with the fighting men, was the spirit. Higher up, troops become dots on a map; there are too many of them, too much mathematics, too many graphs and maps. But I had seen the brigadiers and the generals look at us, and I could not mistake the envy in their eyes. Perhaps it was only their lost youth that made them stand beside the track as we of the regiments went by in our long, steady columns, but I do not think so. It was the spirit of the regiments that they envied, for they could never again belong with us. That was the price they had paid for the patches of red flannel on the lapels of their shirts.

It had been only a little war in which I had learned so much. In fact, from the point of view of the people in England it wasn't even war but only imperial policing. For us it was war and experience. I was sunburned to the red of old Tudor bricks from hours of waiting in shadeless picquets, on treeless mountaintops, in arid valleys. The chinstrap mark stood out like a white scar around my face. My knees were nearly black where they showed between shorts and hosetops. The sound of bullets was familiar. My eyes ached from searching the hill-sides through binoculars. Half-healed cuts and scratches covered me, and I could sleep anywhere, anytime, anyhow. My memory was bright with gallantry and sacrifice, harsh with pain and cruelty.

4.

WHEN the battalion went up to the Frontier for war or down to the plains for collective training it left behind in Bakloh its recruits, the staff needed to train them, and all the Gurkha families. This

mixed bag was collectively known as the depot. The colonel usually gave a newly married officer command of it, so that he could have a year in one place to settle down to his married life, and so that his wife could be useful in helping to administer the families. Now the colonel had selected me for the post, partly because no newly married officer was available, partly to enable me to recover from my illness.

Being almost twenty-three, I was quite confident of my ability to train up into soldiers some sixty wild boys of sixteen or seventeen straight from the farthest hills of Nepal. I was happy about the hundred or so trained soldiers, store men, clerks, instructors, and bandsmen who were also in the depot. The thought of all the buildings, stores, clothing, and equipment for which I would be held responsible did not worry me a bit. Being a bachelor, I was even fool enough to be calm about the two hundred women and four hundred children.

After three days of "handing over," my predecessor stepped into the truck that was to take him down the hill, the truck rolled off, and I was alone. The full weight of the new responsibilities settled on my shoulders so suddenly that I felt crushed. The battalion was three hundred miles away on the Frontier and liable to be called into action at any moment. The colonel could not send me detailed instructions even if he'd wanted to. He relied on me to run this complex organization well, for on its efficiency and happiness depended to a great extent the efficiency and happiness of his battalion. How could the battalion continue to fight well if my recruits joined it as ill-trained hobbledehoyes? How could the men up there keep their minds on their duty if, back in Bakloh, their wives were being seduced and their children dying of neglect? Bowed and superhumanly serious, I set to work and for a few weeks wore the mien of a very old and careworn bank president.

The recruits were comparatively easy. In a fortnight, guided by the advice my predecessor had given me, I had made out a block syllabus for the whole of their eight-month training period and translated into detailed instructions the first week's work. Then I divided the boys into squads of eight or nine and settled down to the final checking. This meant cross-referencing all lessons with the proper page of the proper Army Manual for that subject; allotting rifle ranges, parade grounds, dummy rifles, aiming rests, schoolrooms, and football and basketball grounds so that two squads did not end up trying to do the same thing in the same place at the same time; and issuing books, clothes, and weapons.

Away on the Frontier the fighting men went short of food so that the colonel could wring back from the government a small monthly cash rebate on the battalion's ration allowance. He sent this to me, with other money he allotted from our funds,

to buy extra milk for the recruits and provide them with games equipment and *nautch* clothes. Every week I weighed the recruits, since failure to gain weight was usually a sign that a boy was debilitated by hookworm or chronic malaria. The extra milk had its effect, though the recruits sometimes gave it to pet dogs or otherwise misused it. One dark, slow-witted boy was not gaining as he should, and, after weighing him, I ordered him to be given still more milk, using the idiomatic phrase, "*Aru dudh laga*" — literally, "Put more milk (into him)." The boy got his extra milk, and "put" it. Lieutenant Hotu found him alone in the barrack room, massaging it into his thighs.

A week or two before they arrived in Bakloh the recruits had been hill boys from the uttermost back of nowhere. Their hair was long and matted; they had never felt the bite of boots or the bonds of discipline; they had never seen a train, a motorcar, or a road, let alone an airplane, a radio, or a telephone. To this cheerful, shaggy crowd of half-grown puppies we gave boots at once, and they tripped over their feet in them. They laughed when they should have stood sternly silent, chattered freely in the ranks, and when on parade suggested to the NCOs that the sun was hot and they would like to rest under the trees — and of course they greeted each word of command with amused stares. Some of them did not even understand their own language, Gurkhali. These were boys from valleys on the Tibetan border so remote that the inhabitants spoke only an obscure local dialect, and I had to shift them to a squad whose instructor came from the same general area.

In those first days the recruits showed the basic qualities of the Gurkha — love of life, a warm and animal sense of humor, and fearless self-pride. I had one of them come into my office to give particulars of his home and family, and was lighting a cigarette as he entered. Hotu, standing behind him, nearly exploded when the lad too pulled out a cigarette, asked me for a light, and sat carelessly on the edge of my desk. I motioned the quivering lieutenant into silence and asked the recruit his name.

He said, "Puranbahadur. What's yours?"

The NCOs had the delicate task of superimposing on this confident self-respect, without injuring or diminishing it, the discipline that turns a brave man in uniform into a soldier. I watched Sergeant Sarbdhan, only thirty-four but mannered like a grandfather, stand patient in front of his squad for weeks on end, slowly and tenderly bringing them to heel. Then one day he suddenly spoke to a recruit in the rear rank, the one who had in the dim past suggested they would all like a rest in the shade. "Well, Birkhabahadur, *now* what would you do if you felt hot on parade?"

Little Birkhe and the whole squad, appalled at the memory of their past misdeeds, stood blush-

ingly silent — and then began working with the vicious all-out, all-together snap that later tore apart German panzers, Japanese guards, and many evil theories.

Our results were of course not perfect. It annoyed me to find that the boys, who had understood my Gurkhali well when they first came, were now so thoroughly aware of the colossal gap between an officer and an unattested recruit that they could not understand a word I said. And they were so pleased to have mastered the etiquette of military life that in the early afternoons, when we sent them to lie down and get the rest their immature bodies required, I had to creep to my office by back ways and bridle paths because whenever I used the direct road past the barrack rooms some vigilant recruit would hear my step and ruin our efforts by bawling "Squad!" from a horizontal position on his bed, bringing the whole lot of them, in one motion, crashing delightedly to their feet, out of deep sleep.

Somehow everything prospered. No recruit ran away; there was no fire; no equipment was lost; my accounts passed the audit board; no old soldier was caught in drunkenness or gambling. The weight on my shoulders began to feel somewhat less heavy.

I might have been lonely, but there was so much to do that loneliness or boredom never had a chance to creep up on me. The days were full of work, and in the evenings I read greedily and card-indexed the fine mess library. I took the opportunity to read some of the books people freely quote but seldom seem actually to have opened. With varying enjoyment but an unwavering sense of superiority I plowed through Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* and *Conquest of Peru*, Thomas Trollope's *History of Florence*, Frazer's *Golden Bough*, all of Mahan, Machiavelli's *Prince*, several of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, Froissart's *Chronicles*, Spinoza's *Ethics*, and *Battles and Leaders of the American Civil War*, besides a flood of adventure novels and all available books about exploration and mountaineering.

It was at this time that John Strickland came through Bakloh on a short visit. He found me one bitter January night, sitting alone in the large, bare room of my bungalow, reading Spinoza by the ghostly light of a single hurricane lantern. Paper lay scattered all over the uncarpeted stone floor, and I was wearing a dark brown dressing gown made of an army blanket. The wind howled in the chimney and rattled the windows; rats scurried on the ceiling cloth.

I said, "John, I can't understand more than one sentence in three of this stuff."

I must have had a mad look in my eyes. John said, "What you need, Jack, is a damned great fat woman." He shook his head and went back to Razmak.

In my spare time I made determined attempts to

understand the theory of relativity, write a sonnet in Gurkhali, and extract some admission of affection out of a girl from Dalhousie. I was not bored.

5

WHILE the recruits filled out into young soldiers, and my other multitudinous responsibilities, real and imagined, became lighter and more formal, the two hundred women and four hundred children hung heavier around my neck.

I had three main worries — welfare, discipline, and morals. The government did nothing about family welfare, did not care whether the soldiers had families or not, and certainly was not going to spend a penny or lift a finger to look after them, so we did all this ourselves. Everyone in the regiment had subscribed to build, equip, and maintain a families' clinic. The doctor, a British captain of the Indian Medical Service, gave up some of his time to work in it. Our funds paid the wages of a tiny staff and a *dhai*, or midwife, for each battalion.

It was always an uphill struggle. Gurkhas do not practice infanticide, but some of them are not averse to letting an already ailing girl-child die from lack of attention. Again, though the women had no purdah taboos, they came from so sequestered and backward a country and were so steeped in traditional and semi-religious cures that they were unwilling to bring themselves or their children to the clinic except as a last resort. Last resorts, in war and peace, produce a high rate of mortality, and the clinic's occasional helpless failures made the Gurkhas even less willing to go to it. It once took me two hours of arguing to extract from a stubborn and frightened rifleman permission for the doctor to perform a Caesarean on his wife — the only hope of saving woman or child.

The 2nd Battalion *dhai*, a pleasant and educated widow of middle age, was addressed by all of us as Didi, a respectful term meaning "elder sister." Every day she went round the family quarters and reported to me, through Hotu, each domestic occurrence there — births, scratched knees, pinkeye, measles, miscarriages, everything. Then if the matter was not being properly dealt with I went into action. First I used the small guns of cajolery, flattery, and persuasion, usually acting through the Gurkha officers. If they failed I had a big gun. Once, as an example, in a particularly willful case of child neglect that had ended in the death of a girl baby, I used it. I ordered the mother to be evicted from her quarters and sent back to Nepal. This was done next day. The woman cursed and cried, but the riflemen put her and her other children and all their little bundled belongings into a truck. The men's faces were quite wooden, and their minds, normally in close tune with mine, were now out of harmony and vaguely worried. If it had been a man-baby that had died . . . !

This power to allocate and take away quarters at a moment's notice was a brutal weapon, particularly in a case where my ideas of right and wrong did not completely tally with those of the men. But, poised on a delicate point of duty, with the soldiers far away and fighting in Waziristan relying on a general tone of happiness in the lines, I did it; and I would have done it again if there had been need.

Once a week I inspected fifty of the two hundred married quarters. I did this partly to see that they were in good repair and partly to award the cash prizes our funds gave to the woman with the best cared-for establishment. A woman with many children had to be allowed an appropriate handicap, so I spent many hours, while inspecting snotty noses and unwashed necks, in attempting to equate the relative merits of Mrs. A's unkempt brood against Mrs. B's one well-scrubbed little Lord Fauntleroy.

Officers carrying out this duty were always chaperoned by a Gurkha officer — just in case. It was as well. One spring morning I walked round the corner of a hut into the full force of a deliberately lip-parted, smoldering, hungry stare, sent burning into my eyes by a beautiful, passionate, and caged female animal. My stomach turned to water, and my masculinity tingled in my spine. The girl stared more longingly. I had only to whisper a day and a time. I looked cautiously round and saw my chaperon, Lieutenant Sukdeo, a man of unusually humorous cynicism, interestedly examining the sky, the trees, the distant view, everything but me. I was in a cage too. I turned and walked away.

I wrestled with myself at night and after many nights managed to smother the memory of that open promise under the triple blankets of duty, example, and justice. She would have come to me at a word. The whole depot would have known, but such was the relationship between us in the regiment that, reading me like a book and believing I would not do what I was able to prevent myself from doing, the men would equally certainly have done all they could to keep anyone else from knowing — especially her husband and my colonel. Nor would blackmail have entered anyone's head, even if I had severely punished one of them for precisely the same sort of activity. It was just these considerations that enabled me to pull the blankets up under my chin and keep them there.

The reactions of the women to these visits of inspection were usually "Oriental." If there had been an Englishwoman with me, especially a wife, they would all have been smilingly natural and at ease. But in most of the East, and even to some extent among Gurkhas, it is unusual for a lone male to speak to a lone married female except on definitely furtive and amatory business — so unusual that though the women of Bakloh knew I was chaperoned, on duty, and intended no harm, all those

who were still young enough to see themselves as likely targets for male libidinousness acted up in an alarmingly kittenish manner. Brown Chinese-looking dolls, they blushed and hid their heads, looked sideways at me, fluttered their eyelashes, and spoke to me but not at me in giggling whispers. The lined old grandmothers of thirty-five, on the other hand, were frank, cheerful, and, where possible, Rabelaisian. I asked one such whether the roof was leaking badly. It had poured with rain the night before, and I could see the stains on the wall and the puddle on the floor. Puzzled by her denial, I repeated the question. She shook with laughter, hands on hips, and cried. "Oh, the roof! That leaks, all right. I thought you meant him" — pointing with her chin at the youngest of a gamboling platoon of infants.

Every Wednesday I weighed babies. In the early days this was a rough blend of torture and farce. I sat there, frozen with anxiety, among giggling women and howling children, while Didi deftly popped the babies in and out of the scale and I blindly wrote down the weights in a big book. To cap all, my nervously roving eyes kept striking naked breasts, for the women suckled their children all round me. Gurkhas breast-feed children to the age of four or five and at any hour of the day or night. I was a silly young fool, still tied by one of the more prurient Western taboos, to be so disturbed by this pleasant display of an affectionate motherly duty. The British public-school creed has its handicaps as well as its advantages.

I got to worrying because I found that no one, not even Didi, and least of all the mothers, knew enough about our children's diseases — green diarrhea and conjunctivitis were the most common — to ensure their quick recognition and prompt cure. The 1st Battalion had just arrived back in Bakloh from the Malakand, so I sought out Barbara Hughes, the wife of their nicest major, and laid my problem before her. The Hugheses quickly became understanding friends to the forlorn commander of the 2nd Battalion depot. Barbara, who had two children of her own, came down to weigh babies with me and, when she had stopped laughing, gave me much practical advice. Then I went to the doctor, notebook in hand, and sat many evenings while he placed his fingers together and dictated notes on children's ailments in his powerful Scots burr. Finally I produced a forty-page pamphlet in Gurkhali on the care of Gurkha children in Bakloh, with one appendix on running a household and another on how to win the family cash prizes. It was a remarkable feat for a bachelor of twenty-three — far more remarkable than I thought at the time, though not in precisely the same way. Still, I meant well, and I dare say it was after all best to confront these responsibilities, the memory of which appalls me, with an unhesitating, self-confident ignorance.

The discipline of the families, my second worry, turned out to be very good. In spite of formidable temptations and a natural rowdiness, only once did two of the women come to blows. These two became so incensed, or were enjoying their hair-pulling contest so much, that they threw stones at Hotu when he rushed along to stop the riot. It is a terrible thing to throw stones at a lieutenant of the 4th Gurkhas, and Hotu came back, his mustaches trembling at the indignity, with the two sulky wildcats in tow. The women squatted on the office veranda and stridently shouted their stories at me through the open door, both together. A little farther along, the quarter-guard sentries, standing rigidly at ease, were shaking with laughter. It was a moment for which the army has a formula. (The army has a formula for every moment, and a good officer should know them all.) I jammed my hat on my head, said to Hotu, "Carry on, Subadar-sahib," and walked quickly down to the rifle range, which was a long way away.

The sexual problem was potentially the most serious of all. The East is not really fatalistic except about death and disease, and if a spark flies near its passion or pride there is an explosion. Gurkha men are very fond of rum, gambling, and women — especially, and sensibly, women. Gurkha women, on the whole, just like men best. Here there were two hundred women who had already been separated from their husbands for thirteen months — a parting that was to lengthen into twenty-five months before I left the depot. Not counting the recruits, who were not innocent but not forceful either, there were a hundred trained soldiers in my depot, and on the other side of the ridge the 1st Battalion, just back from four monastic years in the Malakand, contained another four hundred tough and tenacious bachelors.

What were my responsibilities, and what right did any of us have to interfere with the private lives of grown women? First, there were Regimental Standing Orders. Many years before, Gurkhas and British had combined to write them, and, in matters of behavior, they conformed to the customs of the Gurkha in his own country. They covered an enormous field, military and social, but the most important clause affecting me was one that said no man might enter a married quarter other than his own unless on the invitation of the husband, the husband being present throughout. The men on the Frontier certainly expected me to enforce this clause, as they were not present to do it themselves. We doubled the guard over the married lines — but *quis custodiet ipsos custodiet?* and, as Sukdeo said, "Sahib, if a woman means to commit adultery you can chain her to the top of a thin tree, and she'll do it — with her knees and ankles roped," he added wearily. But the East believes correctly that mankind is frail and should be protected against temptation, so we had to do our best.

There was no orgy of scandal in my depot. One case of adultery was dealt with by a court of Gurkha officers. Once the night patrol saw a dark figure slipping into a quarter. They ran up, were met by a blank-faced girl, but were in time to see a man's legs disappearing through the high back window. They failed to catch him, possibly deliberately, but brought me a cap belonging to one of my senior NCOs. After talking to the NCO and Hlotu, I returned the former to the Frontier without giving any public reason, and kept quiet, naming no names except privately to the colonel. A happy marriage, like California, is a state of mind.

6

MY YEAR with the depot did not pass without one exciting incident of the sort usually associated with India. A little after three o'clock in the afternoon of a cold and sunny February day "Poppa" Donlea, who then shared a bungalow with me, came in and said that a grasscutter had seen a leopard. We went out together to question the man. Oh, yes, he said, he'd seen a leopard, quite close. He pointed at Poppa's golden retriever and added, "About that size, it was." He had seen it first just below the squash-rackets court, and shouted at it. It had sneaked away through the long grass towards Number 8 Bungalow, which was unoccupied.

Leopards are not uncommon in Bakloh, so we had no reason to doubt his story. I went up to the lines to get a .303 service rifle and some beaters. Many men volunteered, and I selected five, including Corporal Udiram and Pfc Baliram. Turning back an eager mob of recruits, soldiers, small urchins, and the retriever, we set off to the squash court, where Poppa was waiting for us. He did not have a rifle, as we had agreed it would be safer in this crowded cantonment to keep down the number of weapons in action. The hunt began.

We spread into line across the narrow, shallow valley leading down from the squash court to Number 8 Bungalow, and moved slowly forward, throwing stones and beating the earth with sticks. Scrub and bushes dotted the valley floor, but Poppa and I moved along the right-hand slope, where it was clearer, and watched for the leopard to break cover ahead of the beaters.

We passed cautiously through the garden of Number 8. The empty servants' huts belonging to it were just down the hill in a dense thicket below us, ten yards or less away, when we heard a sudden coughing roar. An incoherent scream followed, then shouts, and the ugly crackling of leaves and twigs in the thicket. I could not get down the bank direct to the hut because it was so steep and overgrown. I ran forward and round and crept back into the thicket along a narrow, overhung path.

Nerves tensed, ears straining for the slightest sound in the scrub round me, rifle loaded, finger on

the trigger, butt in my shoulder, I stepped steadily on, looking slowly right, left, up, down. On a flat ledge in front of the servants' huts I saw Baliram, staggering about and muttering, "*Khayol!*" ("It's bitten me!")

I could see no damage to the right side of his face, which was toward me, but the corner of his mouth slowly dripped blood. I whispered urgently, "What's happened? Where's the leopard? Speak up, man!" He swung blindly to face me, and the pit of my stomach turned over as the left side of his head came into view. A blow or bite had torn half of it away, so that it hung loosely outward, laying bare the inside of his head, the convolutions of the inner ear, and a part of his brain. I saw no sign of the leopard, and Baliram could no longer speak. I shouted to Udiram to come over from the other side of the valley and help, but no one came to me.

Silence hung heavy in the little clearing by the huts, and the bushes crowded in on me. Baliram looked through me with his dull eyes fixed on something miles away. The hanging flap of skin, muscle, and bone swayed with his slow movements, and the blood dripped soundlessly out from the corners of his mouth.

I leaned my rifle against the wall of the hut. I was trembling but managed to take off my thin tweed coat and knot the sleeves over Baliram's head to hold his face in one piece. While my arms were above his head, tying the awkward sleeves together, a huge blur of black and gold *stripes* streaked across the extreme corner of my vision. I turned and saw that a tiger was charging out of the cleft between the back of the hut and the slope of the hill, nine or ten feet away. A coughing, grunting roar shattered the nerves in my head. I jerked back and to the right; a steel-tipped forearm whistled past my face and blew the hat off my head. Baliram moaned wordlessly.

Seeing the way now clear for escape, the tiger ran on down the path by which I had entered the thicket.

Udiram had never liked the look of that place. As the beaters advanced he had shouted to Baliram not to go into it but to throw stones from the shelter of the huts. Baliram had not heard, or did not heed. At the first roar Udiram looked across the valley, saw the tiger, saw it stand up and bite through Baliram's head, saw it creep into the narrow cleft between the hut and the slope. From then on he had been shouting desperately to warn me, but I had tensed my ears and brain to hear some tiny animal noise, some leaf crackling, so that they had dismissed these loud human shouts as being irrelevant. I had heard nothing. So Udiram watched helplessly while I walked up to a cornered tiger and laid my rifle down within ten feet of it.

Action blew the uneasy, crawling fears out of me. Udiram and others came running. I left one

man in charge of Baliram, sent another for the doctor, seized my rifle, and ran after the tiger. The ground beyond Number 8 sloped down steeply in broken cliffs and ledges, lightly scattered with pine trees and underbrush, to a bridle trail and then to a rifle range below that. On the right were two-storied apartment buildings occupied by married soldiers and their children. Men were firing on the range; women and children were talking and playing in the afternoon sun; and a considerable crowd had attached itself to the tail of our own small party. It was like stalking a tiger through Central Park on the Fourth of July.

I stepped rather more cautiously over the brow of the hill and saw the tiger at once, bounding down just above the trail. I dropped flat, cuddled the rifle into my cheek, and waited till he leaped onto the path. There his stripes stood out clearly against the even yellow background, and his pace became a steady trot. I was above and behind him, and a hundred and fifty yards distant. As he settled into his stride I opened fire with three rapid shots, aiming at the tip of his nose. The first bullet broke his near hind leg high up, smashing into the great bone with such force that it spun him across the trail as though he had been a cat kicked by a big boy. The second shot went through his off forepaw, and the third grazed his shoulders.

I jumped up and ran down the hill to get closer. As I ran, he dragged himself off the road into thin bushes below it. I came to the place, and the tiger roared. I backed off. Then I moved along the trail for thirty yards and went over the edge into thick thorn undergrowth. The invisible tiger watched me and accompanied each step with a sighing roar. I have never felt so anxious, keyed up, and angry, all at the same time.

I sat down with my back against a rock on the hillside and waited for my breathing to settle. I brought the rifle into my shoulder and tried to see the tiger. Steady, gasping groans came from a patch of thin scrub thirty yards away. I stared and stared, trying to pick out his form, but could see nothing. Yet a very large black and gold animal lay stretched out there. It was an extraordinary demonstration of the art of camouflage.

Suddenly a streak of gold caught my eye and, following along it, a patch of white which I hoped was his ruff. Aiming at that, I fired. The whole animal leaped into prominent focus as he started convulsively, and lay still.

I climbed up to the path and edged along it, meaning to look over above the tiger and make sure he was dead. I got to the place and raised my head slowly, the rifle pushed forward and every nerve quivering with tense alertness. Something tickled my back. A hot breath blew on the hairs at the nape of my neck. I whipped round in a convulsion and all but shot Hotu.

His hand trembled on my back; his long mus-

taches quivered on my neck; his breath blew gustily down the collar of my shirt. He was carrying a twelve-gauge shotgun loaded with Number 8 shot, which is very useful for snipe. He asked me eagerly where the leopard was. I told him to take his mustache away, brought him up to date with the facts, and again nerved myself to look over the edge of the trail. The tiger lay stretched out twelve feet below, dead. My last shot had gone in just above the left eye and out behind the right ear, killing him instantly.

I left Udiram to guard the body, particularly to see that the whiskers and claws were not taken for use as aphrodisiacs, and went off with Poppa to the hospital. The doctor was in the middle of the long and delicate operation. We waited for two hours while he put forty stitches into Baliram's head.

My excitement slackened and at last failed altogether. Who had stricken Baliram so that he lay near death — the tiger, or I? Should I not have allowed the beaters to take arms with them? As soon as I thought it I knew it was impossible. There could be only one rifle in such a hunt as ours. Had I made him come against his will? No, he had volunteered. He had not listened to Udiram's warning, so it was his fault. But neither had I, and my head was in one piece.

The doctor came out, his face drawn with the long effort. He said there was not much hope, and nothing else that anyone could do. Hotu came, looked at me, and said curtly, "It's no one's fault, sahib. Come away."

Bakloh had gone crazy while we waited in the ether stillness of the hospital. Men ran about, laughed, danced in the road, and slapped me on the back. Women kissed my knees; children brought flowers. Two hundred soldiers slung the tiger on poles and brought it up to the mess, singing as they came. Machhindra, with a touch of grim humor, put it in the guest room and surrounded it with a circle of kerosene to keep off the ants. By midnight Poppa and I were again mad drunk with excitement. We sat in my room and drank and played my seven variations of "Tiger Rag" five times each on the portable phonograph. Gurkhas brought rum and growled hilariously in time with the rhythmic roars coming out of the phonograph.

Baliram had a good night and seemed to be recovering, but in the morning he died suddenly. Hotu said he was a good man, and a squad took him to the burning *ghat*.

The tiger was a young male, nine feet four inches between pegs, in perfect condition, with an empty stomach. No one knew what he had been doing in Bakloh, where no tigers had ever been heard of before, or where he was going. He became the Bakloh Tiger, and for the rest of my service, though I achieved rank and decoration, to the Gurkhas I was the Sahib Who Shot the Bakloh Tiger.



The National Security Council came into being less than ten years ago; it is, as DILLON ANDERSON says, "a relatively new mechanism in our Government," and one which has been greatly amplified under President Eisenhower. In the article which follows, Mr. Anderson gives us an objective, reassuring account of how it functions today. A Houston lawyer who served in the Army under Secretary Stimson during World War II, Mr. Anderson is today Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. His predecessor in that office, Robert Cutler, and Charles A. Haskins helped to adapt this material from a speech delivered before the Dallas Council on World Affairs.

THE PRESIDENT AND NATIONAL SECURITY

by DILLON ANDERSON

1

IN THE "lucid view that hindsight affords," historians will one day record our country's successes and failures in world affairs during these pregnant middle years of the twentieth century. A hundred years hence, even the most superficial students of the record will be able to assess our progress toward our ultimate goal — just and lasting world peace. This hindsight, of course, is not available to those who must make the present decisions; they must trust to foresight. Hindsight discloses history's lessons, one of which is that history often repeats itself, and another that often history does not; these lessons must be blended rightly with the other elements of foresight if the true course is to be found. Only so, in our role of leader of the free world, can we make a realistic reckoning of probable future developments.

What are these other elements of a clear look ahead? Of what is foresight compounded — foresight that must enter into planning long-range national policy in the foreign field? These parts are vast and unbelievably complex. There are all the essential facts, foreign and domestic, which bear upon our posture in the presence of the world and our ability to maintain it: the economic, military, and political policies and capabilities of other nations; the ideologies and aspirations of peoples, and the varying degree of responsiveness of leaders to attitudes of their constituents; the shifts and tendencies in the never static alignments of nations; and the forces at work that presage further changes.

To these historical and factual data there must be applied the techniques of analysis, appraisal, imagination, judgment; then decision on policy objectives and planned courses of action to attain them. The test of the quality of the foresight

in such matters can be severe, since the margin for error may not always be a wide one.

Under our Constitution the conduct of affairs affecting the national security is a settled Executive responsibility, though treaties must be approved by the Senate, and enactment by the Congress of appropriate legislation is a vital coördinate. And, of course, Congress alone may declare war. Since 1947, the crucible in which Executive policy in this field has been refined has been the National Security Council.

What is the National Security Council, and what are its origins? How are matters brought before it? How does it function? What does it produce? Since the Council was organized less than ten years ago; since its meetings are not publicized; since its deliberations, and even its agenda, are usually protected for security reasons, the answers to the foregoing questions are for the most part not widely known. There is, however, no secrecy about the mechanism of the National Security Council; and no reason exists why these questions may not be answered, provided there is neither disclosure of information which would prejudice the security of the United States, nor any revelation of the intimate discussions between the President and his advisers, which for obvious reasons must be privileged.

The concept of the Council was formalized during the years which followed World War II. This was a period in which total danger was still continuing; yet it was, at the same time, a period auguring vastly increased well-being for mankind if, in more assured peace, science and technology could provide better plowshares.

Our relatively new pre-eminence in world affairs, the commensurate responsibility for leadership in

the free world, and the realization by such thoughtful and patriotic men as James Forrestal that technological advances had created another kind of world — all these combined to convince our leaders in both the Executive and Legislative branches that national policy planning and formulation needed to be brought together at a central point which had to be the peak of government. The natural participants were the heads of the departments and agencies responsible for carrying out various elements of national security programs.

2

THE use of interdepartmental committees for developing integrated policy was, of course, not a new one; many such committees had acted before, although on a more or less *ad hoc* basis. But here was a clear need for something more. In other words, no longer could appropriate military policy on the one hand or supportable foreign policy on the other be formulated in isolation one from the other; and by the same token neither military nor foreign policy could be considered adequately without taking into account the best integrated intelligence estimates of the world situation and the availability of U.S. resources to support our objectives and commitments with respect to the rest of the world. Moreover, decisions affecting related activities of several responsible departments could no longer be made safely on the ex parte presentation to the President by a single department head.

Thus, to meet the need for the integration of national security policy at the highest level, Congress enacted the National Security Act of 1947. That legislation, together with the 1949 Amendments, did four principal things: 1) it created the Department of Defense and brought together under it the Army, Navy, and Air Force; 2) it created a Central Intelligence Agency for the collation and appraisal, at one central point, of world intelligence relating to our national security; 3) it created the National Security Resources Board (now the Office of Defense Mobilization) "to advise the President concerning the coördination of military, industrial and civilian mobilization"; and 4) it established the National Security Council.

The statutory duties of the Council are, in substance, as shown in the following excerpts from the law: —

" . . . to advise the President with respect to the integration of domestic, foreign, and military policies relating to the national security so as to enable the military services and the other departments and agencies of the Government to coöperate more effectively in matters involving the national security. . . ."

" . . . to assess and appraise the objectives, com-

mitments, and risks of the United States in relation to our actual and potential military power . . . "

and

" . . . to consider policies on matters of common interest to the departments and agencies of the Government concerned with the national security, and to make recommendations to the President in connection therewith."

Thus the Congress carefully recognized the presidential prerogatives which follow his constitutional responsibility, the duty of decision. The other Council members are no more than an advisory body. As such, the Council may examine, assess, and advise, but it does not decide; it is limited to making *recommendations* to the President. Thus, with one exception noted later, the Council does not act in a corporate way as a Board of Directors; nor does it conduct operations or issue directives. Only the *President* decides.

The Council has five statutory members, beginning with the President, who presides at its meetings. The other four statutory members of the Council are: —

The Vice President

The Secretary of State

The Secretary of Defense

The Director of the Office of Defense
Mobilization.

The reasons for including these officials are readily apparent. The Vice President is there primarily to ensure Executive continuity, though he also brings to the Council the benefit of his judgment and experience, including that gained as presiding officer in the upper house of Congress. The Secretary of State is present as the President's chief adviser on foreign relations. The Secretary of Defense represents the three combined military services. And the Director of the Office of Defense Mobilization brings to the Council an appraisal of our domestic resources in connection with his responsibilities for formulating plans and programs for industrial mobilization, and for ensuring that we maintain a maximum degree of readiness for emergency in respect to materials, production, and manpower to support our military needs.

Two other statutory agencies also participate in Council affairs: the Central Intelligence Agency, which is represented by its Director, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, for whom the Chairman is usually spokesman. They are the senior presidential advisers in their respective fields.

In addition to the foregoing, others who now regularly participate in Council meetings are the Secretary of the Treasury, who is the President's chief adviser on how national security dollars are to be provided; and the Director of the Bureau of the

Budget, who brings to the President a bird's-eye view of the various claims on the Government's annual income. President Eisenhower's inclusion of these latter two officials as Council participants is indicative of his conviction that one of the most essential elements of the national security is a strong and viable economy to which defense expenditures can be geared for the long pull.

From time to time, other department or agency heads attend Council meetings, by invitation of the President, to participate in matters on the agenda in which they have a particular interest or departmental responsibility. These may include the Ambassador to the United Nations, the Attorney General, the Secretary of Interior, the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretaries and the Chiefs of Staff of the three Armed Services, the Director of the International Cooperation Administration (formerly FOA), the Federal Civil Defense Administrator, the Director of the U.S. Information Agency, and the Chairmen of the President's Internal Security Committees. Likewise one or more of the special assistants to the President attend Council meetings on the President's invitation. They include the President's Special Assistant on Atomic Energy (likewise Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission); on Disarmament; on Foreign Economic Affairs; and on Coordinated Planning.

The Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs attends all meetings in carrying out his duties toward the Council — which will be later described. The secretariat function is carried out by the attendance of the Executive Secretary of the Council and his deputy. They attend all meetings.

3

THE NSC functional structure today may be likened to a pyramid with the President and the Council at the apex. Along the base are four supporting elements — two created by statute, and two interdepartmental groups formed by executive order and presidential directive.

As above indicated, the National Security Act set up the Central Intelligence Agency, the affairs of which are managed by a Director. Here is established for the benefit of the Council the integrated Intelligence viewpoint; and through the Director, the Council keeps advised of the current world estimates by the Intelligence community. The Director reports, under the provisions of the statute, to the members of the National Security Council in the only corporate capacity in which the Council acts. In other words, the Council is a statutory Board of Directors for the CIA.

The second element at the base of the Council pyramid is an interdepartmental group which in one form or another has functioned since the organization of the Council. At present this group,

operating pursuant to presidential directive, is called the NSC Planning Board, through which policy proposals flow upward to the Council.

Proposed national security policy papers normally are originated in the various departments whose heads are Council members, though the initial stimulus may have been a presidential request for study and recommendations, a similar request made in a Council meeting and approved by the President, or a departmental proposal. After departmental staff study and the contribution there of the specialists by area and subject, the paper goes to the National Security Council Planning Board. That group duplicates, at the Assistant Secretary level, the composition of the Council itself. Thus State, Defense, ODM, Treasury, and Budget have Planning Board members; CIA and JCS have advisers; and observers from Justice, AEC, and other agencies attend as their interests may require. These participants in Planning Board affairs are appointed by the President upon the recommendations of the department heads. The Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs presides over these meetings.

It is in the NSC Planning Board that every policy proposal is tested in lengthy discussions against the views of the Assistant Secretaries of the several participating departments as a sort of preliminary to the discussion which will take place in the Council later on. In this process of distillation the papers are modified, expanded, and generally rewritten.

There may be and often are departmental differences of views. And as the work progresses each Planning Board member is able to keep current with his department's reaction to proposed revisions, and check back with his Secretary between Planning Board meetings. Thus many differences are reconciled, much common ground is found, and many disagreements prove after full discussion to be illusory and not basic differences after all. But if an irreconcilable disagreement arises between the departments represented, the Planning Board must identify clearly the elements of the disagreement and spell out the alternative policy courses and reasons therefor so that they may be presented fully to the National Security Council.

Working in the same area as the Planning Board is the third element of support. It is a small permanent staff provided for by the statute, which serves under the Executive Secretary of the NSC and performs the technical service of digesting, analyzing, and arranging the mass of material flowing in to the Council daily. The work of this staff is independent of the departments whose heads make up the NSC, and its nonpartisan services are of great importance to the Council, to the Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, and to the NSC Planning Board in crystallizing the issues to be presented to the Council.

The most recent addition to the elements of

NSC support is the formation of the Operations Coördinating Board (OCB). This is an innovation of President Eisenhower's, and it is designed to round out the policy cycle by gearing departmental action to the achievement of national security objectives. The Board consists of the Under Secretary of State, the Deputy Secretary of Defense, and other departmental representatives who parallel much of the membership of the NSC itself. This group in its regular weekly meetings seeks to ensure that agency programs in the international field are timely, consistent with each other, related each to the other, and best calculated to carry out presidentially approved policies.

The OCB is not an operating agency; its duty is to coördinate. This board receives reports and keeps under continuous review the status of national security programs being carried out by the various departments. It likewise informs the Council, by means of periodic reports, what action is being taken and what progress is being made toward the achievement of each policy objective. This fourth supporting element has provided a most meaningful adjunct to the functioning of the NSC.

What is the relation of the Council to other similar bodies which have existed in the Government from the earliest days? The answer is that they mesh well. The functions of the Council in no way impinge, for example, upon the prerogatives of the Cabinet. The NSC is no super Cabinet. Both bodies are advisory to the President and both have overflowing, but not overlapping, agenda. The degree of overlapping membership prevents conflicting actions. By and large, the Cabinet predominates in domestic affairs — matters relating to Justice; Post Office; Interior; Agriculture; Commerce; Labor; Health, Education, and Welfare; Civil Service; and the like. The Council, on the other hand, deals with national security strategy — and in a very intensive way.

Nor does the Council's work interfere with the operations of the State, Defense, or any other department having "action" responsibility in the broad field of national security. Actually the reverse is true. The result of the Council action is to broaden the base of support for the department which has primary responsibility for carrying out Administration policy. For one thing, the policy has been carefully hammered out and tested by the views of all the Council members. They have participated in its formulation, and there is the assurance that all affected departments in the Executive branch have, after full hearing, been directed by the President to coöperate in the implementation of the Executive policy adopted.

4

THE National Security Council meets regularly in the Cabinet Room at the White House on Thurs-

day mornings. The meetings normally last for about two and a half hours, although they sometimes last much longer.

The Special Assistant for National Security Affairs introduces each item on the Council agenda and gives a brief statement of its background and its relation to other existing national security policies. He states why the policy is up for revision; or, if it is a new proposal, why it has come before the Council, and how the Council has acted on it or related subjects before. He endeavors to make clear what is to be decided, what the alternatives are, any divergences of views, and what action is recommended by the NSC Planning Board.

The President always takes time to become thoroughly familiar with each subject on the Council agenda and all departmental differences which have not been resolved in the NSC Planning Board. This preparation is completed a day or so before each Council meeting in briefing sessions between the President and the Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, frequently attended by the Council's Executive Secretary. Thus, the President is able to make timely calls for additional information, as desired, and to sleep over the problems that are to be dealt with at the upcoming Council meeting. This process is duplicated in the various departments. In other words, the Planning Board members go over the agenda items with their principals who are to sit in the NSC meeting.

Every member of the Council usually speaks in the meetings, and those others who attend are always free to speak — and frequently do. In the concept of President Eisenhower, Council members are not there simply to advocate the narrow departmental view for the special interest of their particular agency; nor are they there to act as rubber stamps. Rather they act as intimate advisers of the President in the last phase of deliberation before he makes decisions of the very greatest importance to the future of our country and of the world. As the President once put it, the function of the Council members "should be to search for and seek, with their background and experience, the most statesmenlike answers to the problems of national security."

The meetings of the Council are informal, and no transcript is taken of proceedings. A Record of Action is all that is made. This is a concise statement of the exact decisions or policy directives upon which the President has settled. After the first draft of the Record of Action has been prepared, it is circulated among all departments participating in Council affairs to give each of them an opportunity to comment and make suggestions. Then it is submitted to the President for his final scrutiny. This record, with such changes as the President may make before he approves it, then becomes national security policy.

Thus when the product of the National Security

Council takes written form, it may be the adoption, after Council revision, of a policy paper brought up through the Planning Board; a directive that old policy be reviewed and that recommended revisions thereof be brought back to the Council; or recorded decisions on any one of the many and varied subjects falling in the broad field of national security as defined by the statute.

The way the Council has functioned in recent years, with its frequent and sometimes lengthy meetings, represents a technique for forward policy formulation well calculated to take into account historical experience, to assess our present risks and commitments, and to seek out sound, long-term policy objectives. This is not crystal-ball gazing in any sense; it is a highly organized effort to look ahead realistically and to lay the proper groundwork for our nation's continued ability to discharge its responsibilities to ourselves and to the free world.

The NSC, still a relatively new mechanism in our Government, has become the helm from which the President looks out toward the broad horizon ahead and charts the world course we are to follow. He has, in the process, probed the thinking of his responsible ministers, in his presence, in the presence of one other, and all together; he has assessed their own thinking in the light of their experience, wisdom, and imagination and in the course of their debate; he has made his policy determination against the background of a full and free expression of the views of every minister who has a contribution to make or who will be affected by the action

to be taken — all in a thoroughly prepared and intensive effort to bring to the reckoning a clearer foresight into the always murky future.

As a result of this process, there has been accumulated a reservoir of basic policy and forward strategy which today, though not inflexible and always subject to constant review and revision from time to time, nevertheless does represent certain fundamental concepts and contains identified guidelines for those departments in Government which are responsible for action. Such preparation seems well calculated to avoid the necessity for panic decisions.

This reservoir of policy guidance stands the nation in good stead during periods when the President must be away from his office, as President Eisenhower was last fall while recuperating in Denver. The heads of the various departments are in a position to carry on during such times with full knowledge of the continued validity of the broad policy concepts established by the President in the cumulative experience of the NSC. There continues, moreover, the momentum of the Executive team's integrated program in the field of national security affairs, forged in the case of President Eisenhower during more than a hundred weekly NSC meetings.

It might well be observed that the continued functioning of Government in such periods under a body of established policy exemplifies, in a real sense, the principle which John Adams wrote into the Massachusetts Constitution in 1780 — that ours is a Government of laws and not of men.



THE CHILD WHOSE NAME IS LOVE

by JOAN LA BOMBARD

Now the spectral moon
Rises in the thorn
The tiger will awake
The tiger-shape will come

Between three hushèd trees
That ring a sleeping child.
The fitful stars will leap
And the wind still.

The beast will velvet move
In circles round that bed
And evil's breath will hover
The child, whose name is love,
Whose name, whose name is love.

*Now spectral leans the moon
The wind cries in the thorn
The tiger's crouchèd power
Shadows the sleeping one.
O who will wake and warn?*

The child in sleep will stir
And lay Him on His side
And quietness will brood
Over that wounded bed.

Three hushèd trees will bleed.
Three hushèd trees will bleed
Great quietness will come
And the tiger kneel down.



*In the summer of 1955 EDWARD CRANKSHAW, the English author, flew over for his first visit to Russia in eight years. He had been there three times before, and from his experiences in Moscow during the war and after had come his two authoritative volumes, *Russia and the Russians* and *Cracks in the Kremlin Wall*. Now once again doors were unbarred and he was free to look about, to talk with people, and to make comparisons with the past.*

IN THE UKRAINE — 1955

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

1

SCHOOL was finished for the day, and the broad pavements under the trees were alive with children. Groups of serious little girls, groups of giggling little girls, all very neat at the end of the day's work, chattered their way home quite purposefully. Nearly always their hair was drawn back from the forehead and secured and ornamented with a black bow, worn rather high; and all wore black uniform cross-over aprons with cape-like shoulders of an almost frivolously elegant cut. They had bare legs and solid shoes, and they were happy and well. The very small children, clutching the hands of mothers or grandmothers fetching them from nursery school, wide-eyed and toddling, were chubby to bursting point.

The small boys, as everywhere, went in gangs, all neatly dressed, mostly with close-shaven heads, some in the uniforms of special schools. About their homegoing there was no purposefulness. They were, in fact, in the seventh heaven of delight, because the spined horse chestnuts were almost ready — though not quite — to split open and fall, spilling from velvety white cradles those visions of transcendental glossiness which in England we call conkers. The little boys could not wait for them to fall; and to the constant peril of passers-by they competed, hurling treasured bits of wood into the treetops to bring the conkers prematurely down. What they got was mostly leaves. Nobody took much notice. There were no policemen about. And only once in a while an irate citizen, after a narrow escape from being stunned, would call out angrily or make threatening gestures, waiting for a moment to see if the offenders would desist — which they did, until the grownup turned his back and plodded on. It was a street scene from any town in the world where horse chestnuts grow. In fact it was Kreshchatik Street in the city of Kiev, until four years ago a forbidden city. The river, far below at the foot of its dizzy cliff, was the Dnieper.

Kreshchatik Street leads to the very edge of the cliff. There, on a terrace cut in the rock, stands the flaunting baroque church of St. Andrew, one of the masterpieces of the Italian, Rastrelli, who, with his palaces and belfries, brought the elegance of the South to Catherine's Russia. On the steps leading up to the church, old women with white headscarves rested in the last of the sun. The great river below was in full light — the extraordinary waterway which took the Vikings from the Baltic to the Black Sea and by which, against the current, Christianity traveled from Constantinople to Kiev, whence it spread like a shallow sea over the whole impenetrable plain.

Kiev stands on a high bluff of heavily wooded rock. Close at hand, reached by the steep cobbled hill, winding and potholed, called St. Andrew's Descent, lies the port and the working town, the Podol, which was also the Jewish quarter and suffered much from the Tsarist pogroms. Looking away over the tangle of streets and factories, the barren surface of the strange, characteristic sand dunes, seamed with winding ravines, on the northern outskirts of the city gleamingly suggest a lunar landscape. It was here, within sound of the city traffic, that on the last two days of September, in the year 1941, 33,771 Jews, who had been rounded up for "resettlement" three days earlier, were massacred by an extermination squad commanded by a disgraced architect from Cologne, then an ornament of the S.S., Colonel Paul Blobel.

The position of the Babi Yar, the Babi Ravine, can be seen quite clearly from St. Andrew's Church on its terrace in the heart of the city; and in the late afternoon sunlight, with the children dawdling home from school and the old women sunning themselves, it required a violent effort of the imagination to transport oneself fourteen years back to that scene of desolation and terror when more than 30,000 men, women, and children were lined up

along the edges of pits sixty yards long and eight feet deep, and shot, rank after rank, the still living trampling on the bodies of the dying and the dead. Soon the snows of winter came to cover Babi Yar with its barely conceivable burden. But in March of the following year a Gestapo officer, who had come to examine the condition of religion in the Ukraine, was driving with Colonel Blobel to the country villa of Major General Thomas, the Commander of the German Security Police in Kiev. As they passed Babi Yar he remarked on a strange phenomenon. There were repeated small explosions which threw up columns of earth. "Here my Jews are buried!" Blobel proudly explained. What was happening was that the spring thaw was releasing the gases from those thousands of bodies.

But even that was not the end. For in June of that same year this remarkable butcher was required by Heydrich, who had only a few weeks to live, to remove all traces of his mass burials for fear of a German retreat. So the bodies at Babi Yar were dug up and soaked with petrol and burned. It requires, as I have said, a violent effort of the imagination even to believe these things, looking out over the dreamlike landscape fourteen years later; but it seems to me a desirable effort.

Not that German atrocity accounts for all the suffering to which the enchanting children will one day find themselves the heirs. Too often Moscow has been the enemy; and for more than twenty years, broken only by the occupation, Stalin was the scourge, one of his main instruments being Nikita Khrushchev, who is not loved by the Ukrainians. But at no time anywhere have Russians exhibited anything to compare with the positive hysteria of cruelty and villainy displayed by Germans, who have forfeited the right to speak of Russian barbarity. They have, moreover, irredeemably betrayed what we like to think of as Western civilization, because they have made it impossible for the West, so long as Germany is considered a part of it, to maintain any just pretension to superiority over a historically more barbaric people.

I am not going to dwell on the inhumanity of Russians to Russians — and Ukrainians. There is little chance of anybody in the West forgetting that. And everybody knows that Kiev, as the capital of the Ukraine, with its deep-smouldering resentment against Great Russian domination, has had more than its share of Russian inhumanity. Today that inhumanity is muted, for how long nobody knows. But watching the children so blissful in the autumn sunshine, I found myself thinking for the first time that they had a chance for a better life.

2

I HAD come from Moscow to Kiev; and although I know Moscow better than any other city in the world except, perhaps, London and Vienna, where

I spent the impressionable years, Moscow is too big, and at the same time too uncharacteristic, to base any firm opinions on. Soviet Moscow is the one city in the world whose streets are really paved with gold: the Soviet citizen who can get a foothold in Moscow is all right — so long as he can keep it and stay able-bodied. Moscow has everything: food and clothes and television, electric gadgets, theaters, and bright lights. It is no wonder that it finds itself the most chronically overcrowded city in Europe. The people prefer Moscow, even if it means a sixth share of a room, to anywhere else in the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Union is by no means as hard up as it was; and now there are other cities which can guarantee survival to those fortunate enough to live in them. Kiev is one of them. But only seven years ago, Kiev, with the whole of the Ukraine, was deep in famine; and it was not until 1951 that this lovely and most ancient monument was considered fit for foreigners to see. My own memories of the Soviet Union are wholly of the hard years: the dreadful first years of the war, the cruel years afterwards when Stalin elected to mobilize Russia against the world, and 1946 when he was forced to cope with the worst drought and crop failure since 1891. In Moscow now it is difficult to remember those hard times, the place is so slicked up; and life, except for the poorer workers, is comparatively rich and easy. But in Kiev it is easier to remember.

The city is full of peasants. It is a city of markets. In Moscow one can live on Intourist for a month, perhaps for a year, and never see one of the great kolkhoz markets, where prices find their true level and reflect the realities of life. But in Kiev they form an inescapable part of the urban landscape. The kolkhoz markets are bare, sandy spaces enclosed behind sagging wooden fences, their green paint faded, where the peasants come to sell their surplus produce. At any time of day the streets of the city are full of peasant women, mostly old and wrinkled, short-skirted above thick, gray-stockinged legs, bulked out with shawls, doing their own shopping, or resting with their baskets on the curb.

Off the main shopping center there stands the cream-colored opera house, modest and charmingly proportioned. It was here in 1911, at a gala performance, that the reforming prime minister Stolypin, who tried vainly to save the Romanovs from the deluge, was shot and fatally wounded by the social revolutionary, Bagrov. The Opera, facing Kreshchatik Street, is set back from the street behind a formal garden. At night it is a place of splendor and light. Just behind it is one of Kiev's larger food shops; and one evening, moving round the corner from the floodlit façade, I found outside the food shop a monstrous queue, stretching into the darkness for many yards, patient and scarcely murmuring. The queue consisted chiefly of peasant women who had sold their produce in the kolkhoz

market and had a little money. They were queuing to buy sugar. Kiev is still, as it was before the Revolution, the center of the sugar-beet industry; and some of those old women who now queued in the darkness weeded and singled the interminable fields of pallid roots, to be made into the sugar which they could not buy.

Russia is not the only place in the world where this sort of thing happens, but it is the only country which pretends to be above such things. Although I could not find a Russian or a Ukrainian (officials apart) to admit that life was anything like so easy as it had been in 1940, which is not saying much, I came home finally with a strong feeling that Soviet society was moving ahead now with considerable momentum. I had better say at once that I am not one of those who look forward to another Russian revolution. I do not believe that any foreigner who has genuine feeling for the Soviet people can wish them any such thing. They have had enough. At one time, during the last years of Stalin, I did not see how their society could ever be radically changed without violence; and yet it quite clearly had to be changed. But now I think that it at least has the chance of settling into a long spell of more or less steady evolution.

Under the collective system, the peasants are not producing enough food for the country's needs, and the government is casting about desperately for ways and means of ensuring greater agricultural production. The means foreshadowed in recent issues of the magazines (the transformation of the peasant from a member of a self-contained coöperative into a hired laborer employed by the state) could well run the Soviet Union into further trouble. The peasants are still enjoying the benefits of some remarkable concessions, and, in spite of certain signs which should be enough to warn them, I do not think it has yet occurred to them that they are simply not producing the goods the concessions were designed to secure. All this is to say that if evolution has to give way to revolution once again, it will not be because of the secret police or because of discontent in the great towns (discontent in the small neglected towns is another matter, and counts for next to nothing). It will be because the present rulers of the Soviet Union will have proved incapable of fitting the peasants into the Soviet economy and lifting them up from the mud.

In the cities, in Kiev scarcely more than in Moscow, one is not conscious of this. One is conscious only of an immense effort of construction which seems to be winning through. A few years ago the Krestyachik, the great main thoroughfare in the valley between the cliff and the hill behind, was totally destroyed. Now it has been rebuilt, not in a makeshift manner, but on a grand scale and designed to last. The effect, to my mind, is the last word in monumental hideousness; but some foreigners and all Ukrainians think it splendid. The drive

behind this rebuilding is, however, quite unmistakably the sort of drive that produced the early skyscrapers of the United States, the railway station architecture of Britain. And one reflects, a little sadly, on the iron law of nature which sees to it that the overweening confidence engendered by the first heady successes of an industrial revolution coincides with a collapse of taste.

In addition there are many new blocks of flats for workers, more solidly built than the average in Moscow. And above the new buildings hangs the spidery mast of Kiev Television — though there are not so many sets as in Moscow and in the countryside for fifty miles around the capital. (In some houses there is clearly a TV set to almost every room — an indication of the desperate housing shortage.) There are also new restaurants: pleasant open-air summer ones perched among brilliantly landscaped cliff-top gardens, looking out across the gleaming river and the great view; and deep in one of the great parks, the smart *Dynamo* with its imposing staircases, its dance band. The restaurants are always full, and the people who go to them give the outsider a sharp insight into the way the new Soviet society is developing, and particularly into the strength of the increasing numbers who, quite unconcerned with politics, nevertheless have a positive vested interest in the status quo.

If you go to a different restaurant each day, you are first struck by the number of times you see the same people. On the airplane from Moscow to Kiev I was interested in the number of prosperous-looking individuals who had the air of businessmen rather than of Party officials. There were seven or eight of them, and I kept on running into them again in the more expensive restaurants of Kiev. I found out who some of them were. And in fact, although they were officials of a kind, they were much closer in temperament and activity to the Western businessman, or sales representative, than to anything out of a Leninist textbook. They were officials of this or that ministry, or trust, traveling round on what is known as a *kommandirovka* — sent out from headquarters on tours of inspection, and enjoying life on a liberal expense allowance. These executives all have a very big stake in the regime.

In every restaurant there are always soldiers in uniform; and among the soldiers in uniform I was struck again and again by the emergence of a new type of subaltern, or junior officer — very smart, consciously elegant, and clearly modeled in haircut, carriage, dress, and expression (a kind of languid, moody insolence) on the pictures of subalterns of the Imperial Guards at the turn of the century.

Then there are the intelligentsia, in Kiev represented mainly by actors and actresses from the State Theater; and the children of professional men and university professors, trying very hard, and often succeeding, to look very smart and to copy Western

dances. The younger generation of this stratum merge imperceptibly into the *stilyagi* — the startlingly new type of Soviet playboy, dressed with calculated extravagance and eccentricity, and rather pathetically aping what he takes to be Western manners. His lower-class equivalent is the young spiv, or hooligan, with his costly clothes modeled, heaven knows how, on those of his English prototype, and taking up the best part of his earnings. These clothes have to be specially made in one or another of the innumerable little back-room “ateliers,” where Soviet citizens with any pretensions at all to style take their own cloth. And when one considers that a fairly good conventional man’s suit, off the peg, costs 1300 rubles, or nearly the price of a small television set, one sees how desperately strong must be the urge to achieve some sort of distinction not laid down in the Communist Party handbooks.

There are also sober citizens — decent workers, decent small officials — dressed like workers and small officials. They enjoy their night out. They too have a stake in society. And into the middle of this remarkable public there will suddenly erupt something very remarkable indeed: a group of cheerful and healthy youths encased from top to toe in sky-blue siren suits, wearing on their feet the sort of boots that boxers wear in the ring. Each has a girl with him, conventionally dressed. They are cheerful and talkative and gay, settle down with much chaff at a reserved corner table, and proceed to order a big meal.

“Who on earth are those?” you ask the waitress.

“Oh those,” she replies, with a fond look at the young men. “Those are our physiculturists. Thursday is their night.”

These youngsters who spend their Thursday evenings in the magnificent municipal gymnasium and then come to a smart restaurant for supper with their girls — these too have a stake in the regime.

3

THIS is not the whole of Kiev society; far from it. But it is an important part. It is certainly not revolutionary, and I do not think it is counterrevolutionary either, though I may be wrong. Discontented often, grumbling always, yes. But there is a deep gulf between discontent and grumbling on the one hand and active revolt on the other.

The people with the biggest vested interest of all are not seen. They do not go to restaurants. They do not queue in the big stores — though they may send their servants to do so. They live in large flats in the most modern blocks (that means they have three or four rooms to a family), and they have villas in the country outside, like the one requisitioned for S.S. Major General Thomas, in the days when the spring thaw released the gases of the corpses buried in the Babi Yar ravine.

They are the new ruling class, they and their relatives — ministers and Party chieftains and senior officers of the services. They live in their own society, as the aristocratic families of France live by themselves. They regard the masses as belonging to a different species; and they do not care to mingle with the rank-and-file citizenry, whether in the theater, the restaurant, or anywhere else. It is customary to say that they could be swept away overnight if there was a turn for the worse, if the men in the Moscow Kremlin decided to change the line, to assert themselves, to start filling the labor camps instead of slowly emptying them.

But I am not so sure of this. I am not sure, that is, that any individual in the Moscow Kremlin is strong enough to gather round him a following powerful enough to exalt him into an autocrat in the Stalin manner. Too many of them, like their inferiors, have vested interests in the status quo. They are self-made men of great ability. Many of them are ruthless and unscrupulous and have done terrible things in the climb to prominence under Stalin. But most of them today, I think, in the absence of a towering personality to cling to, find safety and security in the idea of collective rule.

There are not so many of them in Kiev as there are in Moscow — only a handful by comparison. But they are there, behind the scenes. And in a sense they are already becoming the prisoners of their own environment, which includes their families. They belong to a world apart, a close self-contained world, with much intermarriage, which knows next to nothing of the realities of life as lived by their fellow citizens. This, no doubt, is an oversimplified picture; but it is a truer picture than the normal view of Soviet high society as a poker-faced phalanx of coldly scheming revolutionaries.

The other people who never appear in public are at the far end of the scale, the very poor. But the very poor, except in small provincial towns, where they teem, are found increasingly among the old and helpless. There are very many of them; but they grow fewer, and they count for less and less.

And so we come back to the children, many of them from quite poor families, and some, through lack of ability, doomed to perpetual poverty unless the miracle happens and the transition from “socialism” to “communism” is achieved in their lifetime. But more of them will rise above the level of their parents, so tremendous is the demand for skilled and educated manpower — and womanpower too. And it seems to me they have nothing to fear unless there is some terrible and lethal fight for power in the highest tier of the leadership — or unless the dark peasants, scattered over the great plain which stretches away from the city, come once more into head-on collision with the central government. So long as neither of these things happens, their lives, though poverty-stricken and overcrowded by our standards, will steadily improve.



An Atlantic Story



An engineer who studied at Harvard and the University of Tulsa, JOSEPH WHITEHILL two years ago turned to full-time writing. Moved by his Navy memories and by his respect for the work of Joseph Conrad, Mr. Whitehill wrote a sea story called "Able Baker" which won an Atlantic "First" award and is being reprinted in the *O. Henry Prize Stories*, 1956. The following narrative is another high point in the life of Able Baker.

RAT TRAP

by JOSEPH WHITEHILL

CHIEF ENGINEER BAKER was comfortably settled in a canvas chair by the head of the gangway, peering down at the watch cap he was knitting and proudly counting to himself the rows he had just added, when the Third Mate emerged from the deckhouse and thumped down his seabag. Four minutes after that event, Chief Baker's gentle content had been irreparably destroyed, the destruction commencing with the Third Mate's light remark: "Hey, Chief, guess who I saw up in the town this afternoon."

Baker thought, *twelve — thirteen — fourteen*, nodded his heavy gray head to secure the figures, pushed his glasses back up his nose to where they had to be for seeing anything five feet away, and asked, "Who?"

"The Liar," said the Third Mate, with mischief in his grin. "You remember him. Otto Rount. He just made one trip with us, from Balboa to Shanghai. About ten years ago."

"Oh," said Chief Engineer Baker. "Oh, no. Not him."

"Sure. He asked if you were still aboard."

"What'd you tell him?"

"I told him, yes you were. He was glad to know it. I think he remembers you better than any the rest of us."

"Why me, for heaven's sake?" Chief Engineer Baker let his knitting fall to his lap.

"I dunno. I suppose because you thought to have him searched when we threw him off the ship at Shanghai. A fella don't forget that too shortly. He's the same old Liar, boy! He banged my ear about all the money he was just about going to make, but it seems he left his wallet in his other

trousers — you know the way he used to talk — so I had to buy the drinks to celebrate. What a guy." The Third Mate bent over the log desk and signed out, then moved his brass chit on the Ship's Company Board from *Aboard* to *Ashore*. As he heaved his seabag to his shoulder he said, "Well, be seein' you," and he marched down the gangway.

Baker was so stunned by the news he had just heard that he was a full minute coming aware of the Third Mate's departure. When he struggled to his feet and looked down the wharf, the man had already disappeared. Baker cried plaintively and softly into the empty air, "Hey, wait"; then he hurried off in near panic to find the Captain.

The Captain was in his cabin packing his shore clothes into a canvas suitcase. Baker knocked on the steel jamb of the open door to call the Captain's attention.

"Yes, Mister Baker?" The Captain's wan face wore an unpleasant expression, as though he grievously resented even the smallest delay in getting ashore.

Chief Baker licked his lips before he said, "I just now saw the Third go ashore with his seabag, Captain, but he's down on the watch list to stand gangway tonight. I thought you ought to know."

The Captain resumed his packing, rolling each article of underwear and each pair of socks as tightly as possible, then wedging it securely into his suitcase with nervous, hurried hands. "I was going to see you about that, Able." (By the inevitability of marine vernacular, Chief Engineer Baker had long ago been nicknamed "Able.") "Red had to leave tonight to make it to Buffalo on the train. His wife lives there, you know."

"Well, all right, but with everybody else ashore too, who's going to stand gangway watch tonight?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to do it."

"Oh, *no*, Captain."

"Why not?"

"Well, I was going ashore. Some of the men from the old *Dolly Burgess* are in town and we were going to get together."

"I'm sorry about that," the Captain said handily. "But you'll see them tomorrow. . . . Look, with the First Mate *and* the Second Mate in the hospital with the fever, you're the only one left that knows the ship's compartmentation. So you'll have to stand gangway. It's just for tonight. You'll have a couple of seamen back tomorrow morning, and then it'll be all right for them to take over. But tonight we've got to have a responsible officer of the ship aboard." The Captain laid a pair of blue cotton trousers out on the bunk and rolled each leg separately from cuff to crotch; then, pairing the two leg-rolls, wrapped them tightly in the seat material of the trousers and put the finished piece in his bag. "I'm sorry, Able, but you see how it is."

Able Baker was not one capable of altering a long-planned course so abruptly. He remarked quasi-conversationally, "We were all going to have a big steak dinner."

The Captain snapped his bag shut. "Look, Able, they'll be there tomorrow night, too. You can have your dinner then."

Able wiped his hands on the full seat of his khakis. "All right, Captain, all right. But would you do me a favor, then?"

The Captain said, "What is it?"

"Call over to Peter Mai's or drop in there and tell them I won't be able to make it tonight, but that I'll be there tomorrow night."

"All right. Glad to."

Chief Engineer Baker nodded by way of saluting and aimed his podgy bulk down the dim passageway toward the watertight door which gave on the main deck.

When the Captain emerged a few minutes later, he found Able standing by the rail holding his knitting in his hands and looking at it as though he could not understand it. After the Captain moved his brass chit across the Ship's Company Board, only Able's remained in the *Aboard* column. The Captain put down his suitcase by the head of the gangway while he worked his hands into his white dress gloves. When the gloves were on, he said, "It's all yours now, Mister Baker. The fender boards have been belayed on deck, so you won't have to tend anything except maybe the springlines. There're three men in the starboard watch whose liberties are up at eight hundred. Drunk or sober, don't let them go below."

"Aye, sir. . . . Say, Captain, did you hear about the Liar being in this town now?"

"The Liar?"

"Otto Rount. We threw him off in Shanghai."

The Captain smiled. "*You* threw him off, as I recollect. Well, if he shows up around here, send him off. He might steal the jolly boat. . . . Well, good night, Mister Baker."

"Good night, sir."

2

BAKER remained by the rail abstractedly chewing his full underlip as he watched his Captain stride briskly down the wharf swinging his suitcase. Not once, Baker saw with sadness, did the Captain look back at his ship standing high and sharply drawn in the failing smoky light of the city evening. When the Captain had disappeared around the side of the long gray warehouse at the landward end of the wharf, Able Baker, plump and lonely, shuffled to the deck station under the awning and sat down heavily in the canvas watch chair. He tipped it back against the bulkhead of the deckhouse where, just above his head, the five speaking tubes snaked down from the overhead and ended in a row of bell mouths beside the watch desk.

When you turn off everything in a ship, Baker mused, you kill it. It might just as well be hard aground or waiting for the scrappers. . . . Only at a time like this, with his ship moored in a still dock, the auxiliary shut down and the main engine silent, when the ventilators all had ceased their rushing sound and even the ticking bilge pump was dead; only at a time like this did Baker sense the fundamental deadness of a steel vessel. It isn't fair, he thought. Making me stand this watch. *Suppose the Liar comes down here tonight.*

The stillness and lack of motion made Able Baker uncomfortable without his knowing why, so he rose with a protesting grimace and fussed around his watch station doing things of little need and less consequence, just to be moving. He snapped on the floodlight which was strung up over the head of the gangway. He felt about with his blunt hand in the wedge-shaped space under the lift lid of the watch desk, shoving aside the wads of cotton waste until he found the holster and belt of the guard pistol. He withdrew these and after lengthening the belt, which some slimmer man had lately worn, he buckled on the gun. With his rigging knife he sharpened the string-hung pencil and wrote in the deck log, "Captain ashore — 2015. Set the gangway watch."

Now wait a minute. I don't want any trouble. Either giving it or getting it. And he could make me just that mad, too. Able took the guard pistol out of its holster and snapped the clip out into his palm. After only a little pause he closed his fingers over the clip and put it back in the watch desk.

With nothing further handy to do, Able Baker hitched up the lopsided weight of the heavy pistol

and strolled to the rail. The memory of that old, horrible voyage thrust itself upon him with all its earlier painful clarity. The tubby and smiling Otto Rount had appeared on board the ship at Balboa, C.Z., telling of having been set upon by bandits while leading a pack train across Nicaragua. He thus claimed to have been set adrift in Balboa penniless and without recourse, and begged the Captain for the chance to earn his passage back to the United States. When he was told the ship was headed for Shanghai, he thought a moment, then said well, it *was* rather the long way round, but never mind, he would sign on anyway. As they said of him later in the forecabin, Otto could talk an anchor clean through a hawsehole if he just set his mind to it.

Otto was put in Able Baker's division, starboard watch, and was told to learn diesel lubrication. Otto, smooth-skinned and symmetrically rounded, had for three days bustled about in the roaring, hot engine room carrying a long-spouted oilcan and, with great enthusiasm and wonderful ineptitude, had oiled everything that moved. Then he had collapsed from the heat, and Able, feeling to blame, had nursed him with sugar cubes and brine while listening in rapt fascination to the exciting tales of Otto's adventures on the Upper Amazon. For the good of the engines, the Captain had transferred Otto into the deck gang on the sixth day.

On the seventh day, the men in the deck gang hung the name "Liar" on Otto, for it was evident to them that nobody mortal could have been all those places and done all those things and made all that money and won all those fights — "without it *showed* on him someplace." Otto seemed not at all disturbed by the nickname, and continued in his tale-spinning and his regretful avoidance of work. (A rust chip flew into his eye from the edge of his chipping hammer, he said, so he was obliged to use hot compresses and wear a black patch for two days. Able Baker, sincere and believing, had heated the water for the compresses and defended Otto from the calumny of the deck apes.)

3

Otto's eye mended just in time to let him be the first to sight land as they raised Diamond Head, outside Honolulu harbor. The ship remained in port there for three days, taking on water and fuel and trading light farm equipment for pumice and soda ash. All hands had liberty and made the most of it. Otto went ashore whenever he could and, because he was not invited to buddy along with the rest, went alone about his own affairs.

It was not until the second day out on the way to China, after the crew's spirits had settled down and the men had outlived their shore-bought crapulence and had tidied up their lockers and seabags, that they came to believe that Otto's business ashore had

been more of their concern than they had believed. Among the missing items were four tax-free wrist watches the coxswain had intended to peddle in China, three carved salad forks an old seaman had bought in Cuba and forgotten to mail home from Balboa, two new pea jackets belonging to snipes in the port watch, and one solid gold fountain pen.

The fountain pen was Able's. He wandered in a hurt daze for two days, telling no one, while he tried to decide what to do. For no one aboard but Otto would have taken it. He had shown it to Otto one day while trying to persuade him to make a career of the sea. (The pen had been given him by the ship line upon completion of Able's twenty-fifth year with the company.) Able had kept it in a slim chamois bag hung from satin twine beside his bunk, where he could look at it before he went to sleep. It had never had ink in it, for Able Baker was a pencil man himself. Now just the chamois bag was left.

At length, Able had gone to the old seaman who had lost the three salad forks, and who was totting up the missing items, to report the loss of his pen. Because he enjoyed the lies so much, Able was unwilling to believe Otto was a liar; but because he enjoyed the thievery not at all, he was ready to admit that Otto might be a thief. Lying for entertainment is pleasant for both the liar and the listener; lying to avoid work is quite tolerable and customary. But stealing from one's shipmates is unforgivable.

Late that night, while the Liar was on forward lookout watch, a solemn conference was held in the forecabin and decisions were reached in rough parliamentary fashion. A Council of five were ranged before the scuttlebutt, and the rest of the crew were watching from their bunks by the time the Liar was due off watch. Able was in the Council and the old seaman was their spokesman. The Liar seemed to sense, when he came in out of the cold night wind, that something concerning him was afoot, for he made no silly diversionary maneuvers. He just took off his pea jacket and watch cap and stepped out of his waterproof overalls; then he draped his plump, womanish arm around a bunk stanchion and waited.

The old seaman made it short. He cleared his throat with a whiskery growl and said, "Otto Rount, known hereabouts as the Liar, we think you're a goddamned midnight smallstoresman. We think you stoled a bunch o' gear off'n this ship at Honolulu, which was our last port, an' tuk it ashore an' sold it. That's what we think, isn't it, boys?" The wise heads of the Council nodded together. "Therefore, Otto Rount, seein' as we think that way, here's what we expect you to do. We expect you to go to the Skipper when we get to Shanghai an' have him scratch you off'n the articles. Then we expect you to lash up an' get the hell ashore an' stay there. Isn't that what we expect, boys?"

Again the Council nodded. "An' if you don't do what we expect, Mister Liar, there's eighteen on us'll make your life hell clear from Shanghai to Frisco. That right, boys?" Nods. "All right. Liar, you got anuhtin' t' say?"

Smooth-faced Otto started, as though wakened from a bland dream of peace, and said, "Ah. . . . Well, now, boys, I just didn't do it. None of it. But okay. You got your minds made up, okay. I leave you at Shanghai. I'd like to see your faces when you find out who the real thief is, that's all." Then he turned and set about hanging up his foul weather gear. To cover their embarrassment the members of the Council formed a closed game of Reilly's Eye, playing for toothpicks.

4

A WEEK later the ship ascended the yellow, bankless Whang Pu, swung in the garbage-filled current, and moored alongside the outer wharf of the Shanghai waterfront. Inside, between the quay and the wharf, was a log jam of moored living-sampans, whose residents poked their heads out from below the mat-thatched cuddies to watch. By the time liberty was announced, virtually the whole crew of the ship was loitering promiscuously about the head of the gangway, waiting to jeer good-by to the Liar.

As the Liar emerged from the forecabin companionway lugging his hammock roll and his seabag, Able Baker said softly, more to himself than to the others, "I wonder how much of our gear he has in that bag right now." The thought spread with such malicious contagion that by the time the Liar reached the head of the gangway, eight ready pairs of hands reached out and relieved him of his duffel. Someone spread a boat tarpaulin out on the deck and the contents of the bag were shaken out on it. The Liar retreated halfway down the gangway, reluctant to leave his goods yet equally reluctant to remain within arm's reach of these angry men.

On the tarpaulin, well mixed among the Liar's own things, was a regular slop chest of his shipmates' belongings: identification bracelets, lockets, pens, pencils, a beaded belt, one earring, the ship's barber clippers, and a pair of jade cuff links. Even the poker deck was there. There were shouts of "That's mine! . . . That, too! . . . Reach me that 'ere belt," while the men scrambled about on the tarp like children at a *piñata* party. After everyone had recovered his goods, Able quietly suggested they check the lashed-up hammock too, just in case. When they unrolled it, the men found three blankets and a silk shawl that did not belong there. As the excitement died to a wondering mutter, the crew turned to the Liar, still standing undecided halfway down the gangway. The old seaman said, "You sure are a one! You oughter get hung. Come on. If you want what of this is yours, you'd better get up here an' get it."

The Liar licked his pale lips. "What're you going to do to me?"

"Nuthin'. Get on up here."

But the clever little carpenter had found a pot of red lead and a stiff little brush. When the Liar finally decided the men meant him no further harm, he came cautiously back aboard, passing through a narrow space in the line of glowering, happy men. The carpenter held up his paint pot and cried, "Look what I got, boys!" At this signal the group closed around the Liar. There was a slight scuffle at the center of the pile, and when the men parted and stepped back, the Liar was there stripped to his skivvies, wearing "THIEF" painted boldly across his firm, plump chest. His face wore a set, bored expression as he began to repack his seabag to the roars of laughter of the crew. As a period to their entertainment, one of the snipes discovered how jolly it was to toss loose clothing over the rail onto the wharf, and soon everyone joined in the game. The Chinese on the wharf held their backsides and cheered, while their children ran out and stole what they dared. Everyone had a fine time.

The Liar, with some trouble, assembled a kit of wearable clothes and, carrying his much shrunken seabag, stalked ashore in silence and disappeared in the direction of Bubbling Well Road. When he was gone and the men were beginning to sink into their separate thoughts, the carpenter giggled and held up a fat money belt. "I guess we'd better cut this up square. He don't seem t' be comin' back after it." But, though most of the men participated in the division of the money, Able Baker withdrew and went to sit alone on the Number Three hatch, wondering whether they had been too severe.

Even now, ten years later, he was still wondering. A man of peace pushed too far, Able Baker was still unaccountably disturbed by his old rage and loathing for this nasty Liar.

Able shrugged and left the rail. Having had no supper, he took his square electric lantern and entered the stuffy, tunnel-like passage to the galley. He was not very hungry, but because the Captain had made neither mention of nor provision for his nourishment, Able felt that it was his duty as an undefeated man to forage on his own initiative. At the door to the galley he snapped the light switch twice before he remembered that all the ship's electrical circuits were dead, and that even to get light over the gangway he had had to tap power from the transformer on the wharf. So, circling his light cautiously before him, Able entered the galley, treading carefully on the wooden deck gratings which were strange to his feet. He moved past the spectral Humpty Dumpty shapes of the steam cookers and around the bulk of the wooden meat block, and took from the tall, gray-painted refrigerator a quart of milk, in a waxen cardboard container, and two small, hard peaches. He broke

off a brittle chunk of margarine, shouldered the refrigerator door shut, and set everything on the greased steel top of the serving table. Going for bread, he opened the tin-lined bread drawer and shined his light inside. Crouched there in frozen terror, open-eyed and whiskers working, was a large black rat.

"Hoo!"

Hastily, and in profound revulsion, Able slammed the drawer in and backed away from it. With fumbling fingers he gathered up the food from the slippery table and hurried out along the airless passage, tripping once over a small black hose which lay on deck.

5

BACK at his watch desk, Able thought about all the rats on the ship now. He hated rats. "Comes of carrying grain," he muttered. Rats could live for years, and live fatly, on the hidden spillage in the tiny spaces around the holds. Able sighed and sat down in the watch chair with his food. He had gracefully peeled half a peach, and was about to bite into it, when a human voice of eerie nearness startled him, and the fruit fell from his hand. Before it had rolled to the scupper, Able was rising from his chair with both hands planted on its arms, his scalp taut in alarm. He went to the rail and looked down to find what he had feared. It was the Liar come to pay a call. The Liar was fatter now, and his skin looked tight and smooth and ready to split like a sausage. The Liar smiled and waved.

"Able Baker," he called. "It's me, Otto."

"The Liar," Able said stupidly.

Still smiling, the other said, "Oh, no. Not any more. I don't do that any more, Able."

"How've you been?" asked Able, for lack of anything better to say.

"Me? Fine, Able, just fine, thanks. Never better. Hey, I brought us something." Otto drew a half pint of whiskey from inside his tight suit. "They told me over at Peter Mai's you'd be here, so I brought us a little something for old times' sake." He started up the gangway.

"You can't come aboard. Nobody can come aboard." Able sidled over to bar the head of the gangway.

The Liar stopped. "Nobody? Nobody can come aboard?" He paused in thought a moment, then fished in his pocket and brought out a scrap of white paper. He waved it toward Able. "I got a note here for you, old boy. From the Skipper. I met him in Mai's and he said as long as I was coming down to see you to take this along."

Able pulled at the lobe of his ear. "A note? Well, here, hand it up to me."

Otto came part way up the gangway, then stopped to look up over Able's head at the towering

superstructure and bridge wings of the freighter. He seemed to plunge suddenly into a nostalgic reverie, and a look of sentimental sadness came over his round face. "The old ship," he breathed. "Hasn't changed hardly at all. Why, I remember every piece of her. That cargo mast there . . . those hatches . . . that fo'c'sle head where I used to stand watch. . . ." The Liar began to climb the gangway again as he spoke, walking with slow, unsure steps, as if his feet had come to a separate life of their own and were leading him on without his knowledge. "And over there in the lee of the jolly boat; that's where we used to sit around and chew the fat. . . ." Able's hand was still outstretched for the note as Otto reached the head of the gangway. But Otto, with his eyes fixed in the air on some point near the radio antenna, brushed by Able's extended arm and walked out upon the main deck.

Able said, "The note. . . . You're not supposed to be aboard, I told you. Let's have the note."

Otto's eyes came down out of the rigging. "The note? Well, now, old boy, that's just a little joke. Here's the real note. From me to you." He plopped the half pint of whiskey into Able's hand. "Go on, open it."

Able's rage was rising. "You know I can't drink on watch! You said you had a note. Now, let's see it or get off my ship!"

The Liar raised his wispy eyebrows and said softly, "*Your* ship? *Your* ship? You forget. This is partly *my* ship, too. At least, I left a good deal of money an' clothes on her when I left. Don't you think that buys me a look around?"

"That was a long time ago." Able was in anguish. "You deserved whatever you got then. Now, please, Otto, just be a good man and get on off. I don't want to have to get tough."

Otto stood by the rail in relaxed fashion, looking seriously at Able. "No, Able. You weren't ever that kind. You weren't ever one of the tough ones. You never bullied me like the rest of 'em. . . . You wanta see something? Look here. I'll show you something you can tell the rest of 'em about." Otto unbuttoned his coat, then his shirt, and pulled up the front of his undershirt. There, written faintly across his smooth, hairless chest, was the word THIEF. "Isn't that something? The brush that little carpenter used was very stiff, Able, and my skin is very thin. The red paint got in and stayed." Otto pulled down the undershirt, and as he buttoned his outer shirt, Able caught sight of a small revolver in a holster at Otto's belt.

Fear drums were beginning to beat in Able's head. He said, "Well, I'm sorry about that, Otto, but I didn't have anything to do with it."

"No, I recollect you didn't. That's what I said. You were never one of the tough ones. . . . Why, I see a big hole in the butt of your gun there. There isn't any clip in it. Did you forget to put

one in? No. You did it on purpose. You never did like a loaded gun, even, did you? You're a good man, Able. Really too good for the rest of these monkeys."

Able suddenly felt very stupid and ineffectual. "Otto, please get off the ship. I'm not supposed to let anybody aboard. Now, just go, would you?"

Otto seemed not to have heard. He said, "I've got something else to show you, too." From an inside pocket of his coat he drew a flat, Manila-bound bundle of papers. After looking around for a place to spread them out and finding none close by, he thrust the bundle out before him in his fat hands and, looking over his shoulder at Able, followed the bundle to the log desk as though it were pulling him. He untied the dirty string which held it together and spread the contents out on the open deck log.

Able stood unmoving by the rail, weakened to immobility by the horrifying course events had taken. His ears felt to him as though they were blushing at the lobes, and his stomach was watery. For want of something more positive to do, Able walked stiffly over to the log desk when the other had retreated from it, and bent over the newspaper clippings spread out on the log.

Each of the clippings detailed a wharfside ship robbery. "Mueller Lines Ship Looted — Guard Bound" . . . "Another Waterfront Looting". . . Able finally managed to arrange his throat for speech: "What's all this stuff?"

Otto smiled. "That's my references, you might say. Just like as if I was coming to you for employment, you see. I pitched all those jobs myself, Able. All by myself."

Able felt a chilling cramp in his bowels. "Is that why you came down here now?"

Otto returned to the log desk and drummed on the clippings with fluttering, ataxic fingers. "Well, in a manner of speaking, yes." He pointed at the clippings. "Look here, now. Says all them watchmen an' guards was overpowered an' tied up. Well, just between you an' I, they wasn't tied up till *after* I'd cleaned out the cabins! See? Every one of 'em helped me, more or less; then I tied 'em up afterwards to make it all look right. Now — ah — I'm no tightwad, Able. You know me. I split fair, I do. Fifty-fifty, that's what it'll be for us. Half for you an' half for me tomorrow night, after I turn the stuff. You can't be fairer than that, now can you?"

Able Baker's head felt light and he clung to the edge of the log desk while he regarded Otto with a dumbly opaque look. *I'm the biggest fool in Christendom*, he thought. *Wonder if I could get the clip out of there and in the gun in time.*

Uncannily, Otto chose that very moment to say, "By the way, Able old boy, where's the clip for that gun of yours?"

Nearly fainting, Able pointed to the log desk.

Otto reached in and found it and casually dropped it over the side. Just two men in this silent, dead world heard its soft, far splash.

Able said in a choked voice, "Uh — how much d'you make doing something like this?"

Otto's eyes quivered with anticipatory greed, and he bit his fat thumb knuckle while he speculated, "Oh, let's see. Ship like this. . . . Prolly get eight, nine hunnerd for everything; that's the navigation instruments an' the chronometer an' stop watches an' the barometer, plus all the little junk in the officers' cabins like watches an' rings an' so on. Half for you makes four hunnerd, four fifty, for not doin' nothing but watchin' while I'm inside, an' warnin' me if somebody comes by, an' then lettin' me tie you up afterwards. That's all."

How come, Lord? Able thought. *How come it's me in this fix?* "I don't like it," he said. "Suppose somebody comes. Then what? It's both our necks." Able Baker, floating as he was in a world that *had* to be unreal, marveled at how easy it was to say these things; he, an honest man until now.

"Okay, somebody comes. You ring the bell there, the one that repeats in all the compartments, an' I lay low till it's safe to get ashore again. Simple, see?"

Able went on in a strangely dull voice, "I probably would have to go up and get the instruments for you. You wouldn't know where to find them, and you'd mess the chartroom all up hunting around."

"Great! That'd be a real help. I might say that's a fine idea. I'll wait just inside this door here while you go up an' bring down all the stuff."

Able Baker turned away, then hesitated and said, "Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

"Am I sure? Whadda you think I'm here for?"

"All right," Able sighed, and he lumbered aft toward the ladder leading up to the bridge deck.

6

WHEN Able had climbed up to the wing of the bridge he leaned on the rail and paused to catch his breath. For a moment he thought he was going to be sick. No one could help him now.

He undogged the watertight door and stepped over the flange into the gloom of the wheelhouse. He switched on his lantern and walked aft through the wheelhouse, past the silent, dark radio room and into the chart room. Hunting with the beam of the light, he found a chart chest of appropriate size and emptied its contents of rolled charts onto the big, high table. Then, moving tiredly, he passed about the compartment gathering instruments as he had been told. Three stop watches, two sextants in their gumwood boxes, the polished brass aneroid barometer taken from the bulkhead; all these Able laid gently into the chart chest. Then he propped

his lantern to throw light down on the table, opened the mahogany lid of the chronometer case, slid its cover glass aside, and locked the gimbals which floated the mechanism. Then he closed it all up, and this, too, he put in the chart chest.

Lord, tell me what to do. No. Pardon me, that's not what I meant. Just tell me what I'm doing is okay. Please?

Able Baker closed the lid of this chest he had filled with the ship's instruments and, taking it by the end handles, lifted it down. As he stepped toward the door he trod on a small rubber hose which lay on the deck, and as it rolled under his shoe he heard a metallic tinkle. He set the box down and traced the hose with his lantern beam until he found the small bronze pedestal nozzle which terminated it. It had upset and was lying on its side, so he righted it, then picked up the chest of instruments again and went out the way he had entered.

Out on the wing of the bridge he had to put down the chest again while he dogged the watertight door. He put all his weight on each dog handle, wrenching it as tightly as he could to make the door take the seal. He was sweating now from his exertion and from the dead closeness of the air in the compartments he had just quitted.

Because the box was heavy, Able had to descend the ladder backwards, bringing the box down one tread at a time. When he finally reached the watch station at the gangway again, the waiting Otto slipped out of the shadows of the passageway and said, "Surely, you took long enough!"

Able Baker was panting: "I had to lock — the gimbals of th' — chronometer to keep it from spilling out in the case — and breaking."

"Hum . . . Say, what's all those little hoses doing all over the place?"

"Hoses?"

"Sure, hoses. Look there. No. Shine your light over. There. See there?"

Able's light showed numerous heaps of overlapping coils of thin black hose arranged in rough geometry by the hatch of Number Three hold. Squatting among the coils like a chromium-plated spider was a fitting-studded manifold to which all the hoses were connected. Able hesitated, then said, "Oh, *those* hoses. Ah — it's some idea of the underwriters to find out how much fuel oil fumes'll collect inside a ship when the ventilators aren't going."

"Huh . . . Well. All right, now, if somebody comes you hit that bell button three times an' I'll duck. You're not lookin' for anybody back aboard are you?"

"No officers, anyway. The men never go into the deckhouse."

"Okay, then. I'll just get going." Otto wiped his nose with the back of his hand and disappeared in the passageway.

Able Baker followed him to the watertight door. "Look," he said softly into the darkness, "I'd better shut this door just in case."

"All right," Otto said, and switched on his small flashlight.

7

ABLE BAKER swung the heavy door shut; then, with a swamper bar which he took from its mounts on the bulkhead, he tightened each of the six door dogs in turn, bearing down with all the additional leverage of the two-foot extension tool. Then, trotting nimbly and silently, he ran all the way around the deckhouse until he came to the closed watertight door at the opposite end of the passage Otto had entered. He slipped the swamper bar over each of its dog handles, bringing them up gasket-tight. When he was done he stepped back and took off his glasses and began wiping the sweat from his face with a bandana.

His hand hesitated as he gasped in the alarm of sudden remembrance; then he ran aft to the galley service door he had forgotten, and tightened all the dogs on it also.

Then, swinging the swamper bar with his stride, he strolled back around the deckhouse trying to remember the words to "Bill Bailey." Because all he had ever learned was the bass part with all its contrapuntal ellipses, he had to fumble in his memory for the proper melody — "Bill Bai — lee, won't you please come home? Bill Bai — lee, won't you please come home? I'll do . . . de cookin', I'll pay de rent-mah-honey. Dum da dum ti do dec do! Fuff!" His voice was hoarse and trembling.

As he replaced the swamper bar in its mounts his knees suddenly felt as though they were giving way, and he had to sit down quickly in the canvas chair. He straightened and leaned sideways and tugged at the chain of his heavy gold watch.

2140. Able leaned back in his chair and cocked his head to listen to the speaking tubes. Of the five tubes, one descended to the engine room, one went up to the wheelhouse, and the remaining three went into the officers' cabins. An occasional small sound of movement came from one of the latter, and by putting his ear to each in turn, Able determined that the Liar was then looting the First Mate's cabin.

Able leaned his head back against the cold bulkhead and tried closing his eyes to make the time pass more swiftly. Then, unable to resist, he looked at his watch again.

2142.

The words began to come back, and he sang them studiously: "Won't you . . . come home, Bill Bai — lee? Won't you . . . come home? She moans de whole day lo — ong."

Please, Lord, make them hurry.

Able Baker looked at his watch. 2143. He

pushed the watch back in his pocket, determined not to look at it again for five whole minutes.

A sound came over Able's shoulder. "Ssssst! Say, Able, is that you singing?"

"Yes," Able whispered.

"Well, quit it for Chrissakes. It makes me nervous."

"All right," Able answered. But, because he had made such a good beginning, and because it somehow had become very important to finish the song, he soon began again *softly*: "I know I'se to blame. Now ain't dat a sha — ame? Bill Bailey, won't you please come ho — ome?"

The Liar's voice came out of the speaking tube again. "Hey! I'm all done now. Is it all clear out there?"

Able Baker stood up and looked past the flare of the ship's bows toward the land end of the wharf. A panel truck had just turned onto the wharf from the brick street.

"Yes," Able said, watching the lights of the truck stream down the wharf. "It's all right."

The truck stopped at the foot of the gangway and three men in coveralls got out of the cab. They carried gauntlets and wore plastic skullcaps. They stood a moment by the truck conferring, while one of the men, evidently the Boss, looked from the ship to a clipboard he held on his arm.

Able Baker could hear straining and scuffling sounds on the other side of the watertight door he had dogged so tightly. Then the sounds stopped, and a moment later Otto's voice came again, breathy and hollow, from the mouth of the speaking tube. "Say, Able, what'd you do to that door, anyway? I can't get it open."

Able went to the mouth of the tube and bent down to it. "You'll have to wait, now," he whispered. "There's some men coming aboard. I think they're — uh — they're cargo net inspectors. It won't be long. I'll call you when they're gone."

"God damn."

Able Baker left the speaking tube and walked to the head of the gangway to meet the men coming up. Each carried over his shoulder a bulky red and white striped cylinder. The Boss, from whose belt swung the clipboard, said, "Good evening. You Chief Baker?"

"Yes," Able said, and he shined his light on the glittering manifold lying among the coiled hoses. "Right there, you are."

The men put down their cylinders near the manifold and straightened up to pull the load aches out of their shoulders. The Boss said, "Everything shut off below? No power on at all?"

Able Baker shook his head. "The auxiliary is shut down. We're getting power for this light off the pier there."

"Pilot lights out in the evaporators?"

"Yes."

"Anybody but you aboard?"

"N-no."

"I have to sign the deck log. That it over there?"

Able nodded and gestured weakly toward it. While the Boss went to the log desk, Able, powerless to move, remained where he was, wondering whether the speaking tube would say something. The Boss bent and examined the watch list and the Ship's Company Board. All the little brass discs save Able's were hanging in the column headed *Ashore*. The Boss initialed the deck log, noting down the time, and turned away.

The speaking tube had remained silent. Able breathed again.

The Boss went forward to the manifold where the other two men were making up hose and gage connections, and stood to windward watching them tighten the last joints. The Boss spoke over to Able, "Well, you better ring your alarm. You got power on it?"

Able nodded. "The alarm is on batteries."

"Most of them are, I guess," the Boss said. "Oh, did you get all the navigation instruments out of the ship? Your skipper called me just before we left the shop and wanted me to remind you to get the chronometer out, too. He said he had one ruined once this way."

With phlegm in his throat, Able said, "Everything is in that chest over there. It'll be all right there, won't it?"

"Sure, that'll be okay. Well, go hit the bell and we'll get started."

Able Baker walked with a stumping gait back to the log desk and pushed the alarm bell button three long times. The speaking tube said in a tiny voice, "Hey, Able. Hey. What's going on out there? What's them cans those guys brought with 'em? I seen 'em through the porthole glass. What's going on?"

Able did not answer. He again pushed the button three times. The whole ship seemed to ring, but mutely.

"Hey, Able, can you hear me?" The Liar's voice was tense and low.

Able Baker, the podgy, sad, gray-haired old man, took a big wad of cotton waste from the log desk and, tearing it into tufts, stuffed each of the five bell mouths of the speaking tubes. His shoulders sagged as he stood back to look at his work; then he turned and shuffled forward to where the three men were standing by their cylinders.

Soberly, the Boss said, "Okay," and each of the coverall-clad men turned his valve smartly. There was a hissing, and the coils of hose all stirred slightly.

It does not matter how many times they have done it before; the men in a fumigating crew always fall silent as they turn hundreds of pounds of hydrocyanic acid gas into a sealed, dead ship, out of respect for all the lives they can feel winking out beneath their feet.

Not Wanted

For some years HANNAH LEES has been conducting a quiet inquiry into the reception of Negro families who have been moving into Northern communities, and her findings as disclosed in the article which follows are disturbing to say the least. In private life she is Elizabeth H. Fetter, the wife of a Philadelphia internist, the mother of two teen-agers, a teacher of Experimental Writing at Bryn Mawr College, and one of nine unpaid members of the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations.

NEGRO NEIGHBORS

by HANNAH LEES

1

IN MOST big cities today a traditionally immovable body is anxiously eying the approach of an irresistible force, and the cities are eying both with a growing awareness that it is one of the jobs of city government to prevent explosion. The immovable body is the average white American who has a deeply ingrained resistance to accepting Negroes as next-door neighbors. The irresistible force is, of course, the Negro himself — irresistible for reasons which have more to do with arithmetic than with social progress.

Here is some of the arithmetic, courtesy of the U.S. Census Bureau. In all but two of the twelve biggest cities in the country — the two are San Francisco and Los Angeles — the Negro population during the last ten years has increased more *in actual numbers* than the white population, and usually a good deal more. In four of these cities — Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Pittsburgh — the white population has actually declined while the Negro population has jumped by tens of thousands. In New York City today one person out of every ten is Negro, in Chicago one out of seven, in Philadelphia one out of five. Philadelphia, where the change has perhaps been more rapid than in most other big cities, has something like 50,000 more families within its city limits than it had ten years ago, and about 45,000 of those are Negro families.

There is nothing sinister or mysterious about this increase in all the big cities. Most of it is due to a perfectly understandable new kind of pioneering. Almost three quarters of the new Negro residents of Philadelphia, for example, have moved there from Southern rural areas in what might be called the pursuit of happiness. But each new family must find a place to live. There is no room left in the neighborhoods where Negroes have always lived. Even if there were, more and more Negroes can afford to buy better homes, and see less and less reason why they should not buy any house they can

afford without worrying about who lives next door or around the corner. Which brings us back to the immovable body, the solid backlog of white city-dwellers who cannot move or will not move but still do not want Negro neighbors no matter what their income bracket or where they went to college. This immovable body exists today practically everywhere, even in cities which consider themselves highly enlightened, even in cities where there is no very great pressure of growing Negro population.

In Boston, which has had the smallest increase in Negro population of any of the twelve biggest cities — 17,000 new Negro citizens between 1940 and 1950, out of a total population increase of 30,000 — Mr. and Mrs. Robert Powell began last spring looking for a larger house. Mr. Powell, a young Negro physicist from Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, had a research job at one of the M.I.T. laboratories in Lexington. His wife, an unusually attractive young woman with a college degree, served on the New England committee of the United Negro Colleges. They had been in Boston four years and had been living with their one child in a comfortable two-family house in a predominantly Negro neighborhood in Cambridge. But now they had a new baby and wanted more room.

What they wanted was an unfurnished house with two or three bedrooms, at a rent between \$50 and \$100 a month. They began poring over the *For Rent* columns in the papers. They put their own advertisement in two Boston dailies. They also called on the housing registry at Phillips Brooks House, the Harvard undergraduate social service organization whose policy is to refuse to list any vacancy with reservations as to race or religion.

There seemed to be a number of satisfactory houses and apartments available but not, the Powells quickly found, available to them. Their own advertisement, in which they had frankly

stated what they call their two liabilities — the fact of having children and the fact of being Negro — turned up only two responses, both completely undesirable. All the rental agents they went to see to ask about houses listed in the papers said, as soon as they saw them, that nothing desirable was available. They referred the Powells to various run-down neighborhoods or urged them to buy an old house in an established Negro neighborhood. When they had exhausted these approaches, which didn't take long, the Powells began tracking down houses and apartments individually advertised by the owners. It turned out to be a grim hunt.

An attractive-sounding house was advertised in the *Cambridge Chronicle* with a phone number which Mr. Powell called. He was given the address and made an appointment to meet the owner there. The house would be open, he was told, and he could look around if he got there first. The Powells did get there first. While they were looking the place over, someone drove up outside and seemed about to come in, but when they went out to greet him, he had apparently changed his mind for he drove away. The man they had talked to on the phone never appeared at all.

Next the Powells made an appointment to look at another house in a small town near Boston that had been advertised in the Sunday paper. When they drove up, the owner came hurriedly out to their car and urged them not to bother even to get out. He himself, he said, had no prejudice whatever; he had lived in the South and had employed lots of Negroes. But there weren't any in this community, and if he should rent to the Powells he would lose other tenants he had in the neighborhood, and probably lose a lot of his grocery trade as well. He was sorry, but . . .

The Phillips Brooks listings had supposedly been screened for prejudice. Mr. Powell was given a friendly reception at one house listed there. He liked the house and was urged to bring his wife to see it next day. Mrs. Powell liked it too, but when they tried to rent it they were referred to an agent who told them another family had seen it first and was making up its mind. If they didn't take the house he would call the Powells. But a month later the house was still vacant and they had not been called.

Another house, a three-bedroom dwelling, was listed at Phillips Brooks House as available immediately for \$80 a month. The Powells went to look it over, found workmen putting finishing touches to the house, and got the name of the owner. But when they phoned him he said there was no knowing when it would be ready to rent and urged them not to wait for it.

The Powells finally learned, when making inquiries by phone, to say they were Negro almost before they gave their name. This usually led to a facile, reasonably polite brush-off, but it saved time

and wear and tear. One owner of a house in the Harvard-Radcliffe area, however, told the two college graduates flatly, "You wouldn't be happy here; there are none of your kind in this neighborhood."

It was five months before the Powells finally found a three-bedroom duplex apartment in a housing development for research workers which had been built out in the nest of laboratories where Mr. Powell works. It is convenient to Powell's job, but not to anything else.

2

A WHITE neighborhood may go to ludicrous lengths to preserve its status quo, as in the case of Evelyn Knuckles *vs.* Meyer Goss *et al.*, which dragged around the courts in Philadelphia a year or so ago. In May, Miss Knuckles was highest bidder at a sheriff's sale for a house on Bouvier Street in a relatively privileged residential section called Oak Lane. The house belonged, or had belonged, to a couple named Goss who had moved to California for their health, leaving debts greater than the value of the house. Miss Knuckles, a literate and spunky young woman with a good enough job so that financing her \$1900 cash bid was no problem, made settlement, she thought, and moved in. This was on Friday.

Over the weekend a hostile delegation of neighbors called on her and offered to buy her out at a handsome profit. When she declined, a series of threatening phone calls began. But she liked the house and wanted to live there. She sat tight. On Tuesday she got a letter from the title company saying that owing to a clerical error in their office she still owed \$66 in settlement charges. This didn't worry her for she had been told that the 21-day settlement limit was never held to, but she immediately sent a check to cover the deficit. When the title company took her check for \$66 along to the sheriff's office they found her property had been relisted for sale. The sale to Miss Knuckles was marked: *Void — terms of sale not complied with.*

She protested and was then told the Gosses were coming back to Philadelphia and wanted to repossess their house (which they had abandoned with a mortgage of \$7300 and three judgments amounting to \$5500), that Mr. Goss had raised the money and was prepared to pay off the judgments and clear his title, that Mrs. Goss was very ill and had to live in her old house if she was to recover — everything but why the legal time limit which was "never held to" had suddenly become inviolable. There was a court fight which Miss Knuckles lost on legal technicalities. She was evicted. Now, a year later, the Gosses are not back in their house and never have been. Another white family is living there.

Such extreme measures as in the Knuckles-Goss case have not usually been necessary. White residents have most of the time been able just to scare Negro house-hunters out of their neighborhoods. In Detroit last year two Negro brothers bought a lot with two houses on Canfield Street, a slowly changing neighborhood on the East Side. Both worked for the automobile industry and were making quite enough to buy and maintain the houses — houses in that neighborhood sell for \$10,000 to \$15,000. The brothers didn't expect any trouble though the nearest Negro neighbors were three or four blocks away. They had bought the property from a white real-estate dealer and assumed the neighborhood would be receptive to them. But they were wrong.

The night after they moved in, seven hundred of their neighbors met at a nearby Fundamentalist church, reached deep in their pockets, and raised several thousand dollars cash to buy out the brothers and take over the houses. Detroit has a Mayor's Commission on Community Relations whose job it is to handle this sort of thing, but the commission had not enough power, nor enough administration or community support, to swing the job. The brothers when they appealed to the city were told that if they decided to stay the commission and the police would try to protect them. But the implication was that they might be wise not to try. The story was aired in the papers and the brothers were championed by the NAACP and the Civil Liberties Union, but in the end they sold out. The houses are now occupied by white families.

Those last two cases are more interesting historically than immediately because a new generation of Negroes is growing up who are not easily intimidated or outmaneuvered, and public opinion in a good many places is beginning to be on their side. Sixty cities in the country today have some sort of mayor's committee or commission whose job it is to resolve interracial tensions. The basic tenet of all these commissions is that a Negro citizen has exactly the same rights as any other citizen — not just theoretically, but practically. Twenty-seven cities have commissions of this sort with full-time staffs and with budgets — paid out of taxes just like those of the police or health departments — ranging from \$5000 to \$150,000. The largest and possibly most effective of these is the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations which the city — eying its growing Negro population — wrote into its new charter in 1951. The Philadelphia Commission has a paid staff of twenty-one, fourteen of them field workers, and powers broad enough to include subpoena and the right to hold public hearings. They handle all matters of interracial or interfaith discrimination, but much of their time and energy inevitably goes into white neighborhoods where Negroes have moved for the first time, and they are usually more successful than

in the case of Miss Knuckles, where their energies were frustratingly drained away through legal loopholes.

3

Two years ago a Negro real-estate operator bought, at sheriff's sale, a house on Devereux Street, a middle-income section of Philadelphia where single or semidetached houses sell for \$10,000 to \$15,000. There were no Negroes living anywhere nearby, and when the women sitting on their adjoining porches saw Mr. Williams's dark skin as he nailed up the *For Sale* sign they felt they were seeing the devil himself. They called the police, they called the sheriff, they called the mayor. "We won't have Negroes," they all but screamed. "If you don't stop it we'll never pay another penny of taxes. We'll go to jail first." The mayor's office called the Commission on Human Relations, which assigned its top trouble shooter, a warm, relaxed, quiet woman, to phone the panicky residents.

"Hear you're upset about something," she said. That they were; she had better come right out and tell them what to do. When she got there she found seventy-five men and women jammed into a small living room and hall, waiting for her, and she was introduced as "someone from city hall who is here to tell us how to keep Negroes out."

That wasn't quite it, the trouble shooter told them. There was no way they could keep Negroes out if Williams should sell to a Negro, as he very well might. But she could help them keep a Negro neighbor from hurting the neighborhood.

"Impossible," they said.

"How were the last neighbors?" she asked.

"Terrible," they said, "always fighting, getting drunk, leaving trash around."

"Negroes?" she asked.

"No, white," they admitted, but *all* Negroes were that bad. They would buy Williams out but he was charging too much. They would run out any Negro who moved in.

The commission staff worker listened and at every pause assured them their own grass would be just as green no matter who moved into the empty house. She had to take some pretty violent abuse but this paid off, for at the end of the meeting some of the householders had begun to be ashamed of their more violent neighbors and were apologizing for them.

In the next six months while the house stood flaunting its *For Sale* sign the neighbors met three times with this worker from the commission, and each time they were a little less violent. About then a young veteran lawyer named Romero, a Negro who had a good job in Naval procurement, happened to come to the commission for advice. He had a wife and a baby and one on the way. He had wanted to buy a house in Levittown and been

turned down because of his color. He had been brushed off by two different Philadelphia real-estate men for the same reason — once obliquely, once quite frankly with the words, “I wouldn’t have wasted your time or mine if I’d known you were Negro.” He liked the house on Devereux Street. The commission, though making it clear they were not in the real-estate business and could not help him find a house, told him if he wanted to pioneer they’d back him up the whole way. The minute the staff worker knew the papers were signed she called up the next-door neighbors and told them a fine couple were moving in. “Negro?” they asked. “Well, they’re not white,” she said. A neighbor on one side wept and said she would never be able to sit on her porch again and she had so enjoyed that porch. But when the Romeros moved in in January there was no outcry, and a month later Mrs. Romero wrote the commission to say that the neighbor who had wept about her porch was just like a mother to her. Today the Romeros belong to a local social and discussion group of young married couples and go to all their picnics and parties.

The Romeros, of course, are light brown. Mr. Romero has a Spanish name. The neighborhood may have hypnotized itself into believing that that terrifying word *Negro* did not apply to them. But maybe not. Last August a Mr. and Mrs. Ajur Jackson bought a house on Slocum Street in Mount Airy, a middle-income section of Philadelphia, the first Negroes to move into the block. The very next day a dealer went to all the other householders in the block and urged them to sell before their houses became worthless. Jackson began to get a series of threatening anonymous letters. But Jackson was a real-estate man himself and not easily scared. He called the Commission on Human Relations. One of its staff workers, a deceptively mild-faced young man, went out and started the job of draining off the hostility and panic. After a couple of weeks of good-humoredly listening to irrational abuse, he got the neighbors to hold a block meeting and organize — not to drive the Jacksons out, because that they couldn’t do, but to accept them as neighbors and to work to stop a wave of panic selling in which everyone would lose. After weeks of secret meetings the street woke up one morning to see the Jacksons as quite a nice young couple, maybe a little dark but otherwise pretty desirable neighbors, and invited them to join the association. Since then another Negro family has moved into the block, but so has another white family, proof ultimate that a mixed neighborhood has settled down to amicable interracial living.

It is not, of course, always so peaceful and amicable, but a city that has taken the firm position that all its citizens have equal rights to live wherever they can buy a house can usually put its point across. So much effort has to go into each case that one is sometimes tempted to ask if any single dis-

criminated-against house-hunter is worth all the fuss. But then one might as well ask if it is worth while to carry any single minor legal case from court to higher court to see that justice is done. The Philadelphia Commission has found, moreover — and this holds even more true for fair employment practices than for housing — that each case it can resolve spreads arms of understanding that open the way for dozens or even hundreds of other Negroes looking for jobs or for better houses to live in, not to mention opening an equal number of hitherto closed minds, Negro as well as white. Undoubtedly the twenty-seven cities that have added interracial commissions to their crowded budgets originated them to prevent trouble, but Philadelphia has found that the only way to prevent bad interracial relations is to promote good interracial relations as actively as possible. Every failure, like the case of Evelyn Knuckles or the case on Canfield Street in Detroit, accentuates the total conflict, for the triumph of people who have maintained segregation is inevitably interlarded with guilt, and the logical way to get rid of the guilt is to smother it in more hate.

4

THE phrase *sheriff's sale* may seem to have come up rather often in these stories. The fact is, of course, that most white real-estate dealers still will not sell Negroes a house in an all-white neighborhood if there is any chance of finding a white buyer. Few realtors will admit to prejudice. They simply say, and most of them believe, that when Negroes move in, property values drop. There is a good deal of evidence that this is not true. The houses sold on Slocum Street after Ajur Jackson moved in sold for as much as he paid for his house or more. The simple fact is that real-estate values go down anywhere when the supply exceeds the demand.

This tying of real-estate values to the color of the householder is a hangover from the past, when Negroes were universally paid less, had less education, and lacked the means or the courage to look around for a better place to live. It is simply no longer so. When Negroes buy houses in a stable or growing neighborhood, panic may cause a brief slump if everybody tries to sell at once, but if it is a good neighborhood the values will rise again.

Values sometimes rise even when a block which was once “all-white” becomes “all-Negro.” This happened recently on Church Lane in Germantown, an old but good residential section of Philadelphia, to a block of houses which had been selling for around \$10,000. When the first Negro family bought a house there in 1953, the neighbors, scared by letters from real-estate speculators, started selling before “values dropped.” They lost money of course, but the houses were then sold, one after another, to Negro families at slightly higher prices;

Negroes will, generally speaking, pay a little more for any house simply because their choice is more limited. Result: a segregated block of overpriced houses which might much better have stayed a reasonably priced mixed block.

A lot of people cast the real-estate men as the star villains in this whole situation. Certainly those who solicit trade in a changing neighborhood are playing on prejudice, but their actions are more rooted in old-fashioned ignorance and the urge to make a fast buck than in any sinister race hatred. They are bound to be educated in time by the newly aware and confident Negro buyers.

A family by the name of Outlaw bought a house in an Italian and Irish neighborhood in North Philadelphia. Bricks were thrown through their windows and they got the usual threatening letters. "All right," said the Outlaws, "let's see how much they want us to move." They put the house up for sale at a fat profit. Nobody, it turned out, wanted to get rid of them quite that much. Now, a year later, the Outlaws are living peacefully with their neighbors, and their sixteen-year-old daughter sings in the local choir.

And the same sort of thing is happening in all the big Northern cities. A man built a new house on Dartmouth Street on the South Side of Detroit. He wanted \$10,000 for it. When his real-estate dealer couldn't find a white buyer in the course of a year — it was in a white neighborhood but the house was not FHA-financed and the mortgage terms not too attractive — he turned it over to a Negro dealer who sold it to a Negro family. After a month or so the family, worn down by the usual threats and snubs, turned the house back to him. He sold it to another Negro family, who have recently moved in and feel tough enough to stick it out.

You may have wondered what happened to Evelyn Knuckles. She simply bought another house in a mixed but largely white neighborhood in Germantown where someone else had done the pioneering a couple of years earlier.

Three times as many Negroes own their own homes in Philadelphia as did ten years ago. Thousands of others are still living doubled up in crowded segregated districts, but most of these are on the lookout for something better, and the something better is as likely as not to be where Negroes have never lived before. A good many white citizens still find this pretty frightening, but Philadelphia — the city government and a large proportion of the responsible citizens — finds it not only inevitable but very healthy, civically speaking. And the Commission on Human Relations has by now dis-

covered a good many useful facts about how to help a changing neighborhood absorb the change relatively smoothly and painlessly.

They know, generally speaking, that the first step can succeed only if the Negro family moving in is prepared to be a better than average neighbor and is well equipped with staying power. All the commission can do for anyone in the long run is to give him strong official backing in his right to live in the house he has bought — that, and to help his neighbors understand that he has this right. They know that whenever there is resistance the commission will get the blame from both sides: from the white neighbors for causing the situation and from many Negro citizens for allowing any resistance at all. This is perhaps the biggest part of their job, to absorb hostility from both sides, and they have come to take it for granted.

They know, practically, that a Negro family moving into a white neighborhood will encounter less resistance if they move in the winter rather than the summer and during the week rather than on a weekend. Women sitting on front porches and teen-agers loose on the streets seem to brew up most of the storms. They know, ironically, that white householders are more likely to accept Negro neighbors if the Negroes are a cut above them educationally and economically. This leads to the paradoxical situation where a Negro family will have to take a step down to take a step up. A Negro doctor or lawyer is more apt to be graciously received in a neighborhood where being a doctor or lawyer gives a man tremendous prestige — a neighborhood where he probably wouldn't consider living if he were white.

Many aspects of this — in fact almost all of them — must and inevitably do make the more educated Negro citizens bitter and impatient. They feel it ought not to be so slow. Actually resentment on the part of the Negroes, however natural, or on the part of the white householders, however understandable, is more or less beside the point. Integrated living is inevitable. Sooner or later white homeowners are going to wake up and find there just isn't any place left to run to. Some diehards are facing this already. A Philadelphia real-estate man who was deeply embroiled in a near riot a year or so ago when the first Negro moved into his neighborhood grinned last time he saw a field worker from the commission. "Know where I'm going when I leave you?" he asked. "I'm going to sell a house to a Negro in an all-white block. The neighbors? Sure, they know. They don't mind, but then she's a schoolteacher."



An American who was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1944 for his work in nuclear physics, I. I. RABI is today Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. It is Dr. Rabi's belief that science is no longer communicable to the great majority of educated laymen and that we cannot attain wisdom as long as the two great branches of human knowledge, the sciences and the humanities, remain separate.

SCIENTIST AND HUMANIST

Can the Minds Meet?

by I. I. RABI

1

FOR more than half a century, from the period of the Darwinian controversy till the end of the 1930s, science remained almost unchallenged as the source of enlightenment, understanding, and hope for a better, healthier, and safer world. The benefits brought by science were and are still visible everywhere one looks. Human ills are being overcome; food supplies are becoming more abundant; travel and communication are quick and easy; and the comforts of life, especially for the common man, are vastly increased. In the person of Albert Einstein science enjoyed a world-wide respect almost akin to reverence and hardly equaled since the time of Isaac Newton.

In the last decade or so we have begun to detect signs of significant change. The knowledge and techniques developed through science for the illumination of the mind and the elevation of the spirit, for the prolongation and the amelioration of life, have been used for the destruction of life and the degradation of the human spirit. Technological warfare, biological warfare, psychological warfare, brainwashing, all make use of science with frightening results.

I do not suggest that warfare and its attendant horror is a result of modern science. Ancient Greece, at the zenith of that remarkable civilization, in a land united by a common culture and a common religion, destroyed itself in a bitter and useless war more thoroughly than Europe has done in the present century even with the aid of electronics, aviation, and high explosives. What I mean is that our epoch in history, which has produced one of the greatest achievements of the human race, may be passing into a twilight that does not precede the dawn.

Science, the triumph of the intellect and the rational faculties, has resulted in the hydrogen bomb. The glib conclusion is that science and the intellect

are therefore false guides. We must seek elsewhere, some people say, for hope and salvation; but, say the same people, while doing so we must keep ahead of the Russians in technology and in the armaments race. Keep the fearsome fruits but reject the spirit of science. Such is the growing mood of some people at the present time. It is a mood of anti-intellectualism which can only hasten the destruction which these people fear. Anti-intellectualism has always been endemic in every society, perhaps in the heart of every human being. In times of stress this attitude is stimulated and people tend to become impatient and yield to prejudice and emotion just when coolness, subtlety, and reason are most needed.

We are told, and most of us believe, that we are living in a period of crisis unequalled in history. To be cheerful and proud of our accomplishment and optimistic of the future is almost akin to subversion. To be considered objective and realistic, one must view with alarm. Yet we are not living in a period of hard times and unemployment! We have, I cannot say enjoyed but, rather, bemoaned, a period of prosperity and world-wide influence for good unequalled in history. Nevertheless, despite all, we seem to be acquiring a complacency of despair. In this mood, unable to adjust to new values, we hark back to a past which now looks so bright in retrospect, and we raise the banner of "Back to the Humanities."

What is meant by the slogan "Back to the Humanities"? What are people really looking for? What knowledge, what guidance, what hope for salvation, what inspiration, or what relief from anxiety does a practical-minded people like ours expect from a knowledge of the humanities? They do not wish to re-establish the study of the Greek and Roman classics in their original tongues, or to re-create the Greek city-state in Metropolitan Boston.

I venture to suggest that what they mean is something quite different from what is meant by the humanities. The progress of civilization in the modern age, especially in our own century, has brought with it an immense increase of knowledge of every kind, from archaeology to zoology. More is known of the history of antiquity than was known to Herodotus. We have penetrated farther into the heavens and into the innermost secrets of the structure of matter than anyone could have dreamt of in previous generations. We have run through the satisfactions of representational art to the puzzling outlines of abstract art. The increase in physical comfort and in communication has brought with it a whole set of new problems. The great increase in population necessarily means further crowding and additional social and cultural adjustment. Under these circumstances, it is natural for people to look for guidance toward a balanced adjustment.

2

WHAT people are really looking for is wisdom. To our great store of knowledge we need the added quality of wisdom.

Wisdom is inseparable from knowledge; it is knowledge plus a quality which is within the human being. Without it knowledge is dry, almost unfit for human consumption, and dangerous in application. The absence of wisdom is clearly noticeable; the learned fool and the educated bore have been with us since the beginnings of recorded history. Wisdom adds flavor, order, and measure to knowledge. Wisdom makes itself most manifest in the application of knowledge to human needs.

Every generation of mankind has to remake its culture, its values, and its goals. Changing circumstances make older habits and customs valueless or obsolete. New knowledge exposes the limitations and the contingent nature of older philosophies and of previously accepted guides to action. Wisdom does not come in formulas, proverbs, or wise saws, but out of the living actuality. The past is important for understanding the present, but it is not the present. It is in a real sense created in the present, and changes from the point of view of every generation.

When change is slow, the new is gradually assimilated, and only after a number of generations is it noticeable that the world is really different. In our century enormous changes in the circumstances of our lives and in our knowledge have occurred rapidly — in every decade. It is therefore not at all surprising that our intellectual, our social, and our political processes have failed to keep abreast of contemporary problems. It is not surprising that we become confused in the choice of our goals and the paths which we must take to reach them.

Clearly a study of the Greek and Roman classics in their original tongues or even in a good transla-

tion is a most rewarding venture in itself. This literature has never been surpassed in any age. And in reading this literature one is struck by how applicable the situations are to the present day. The fact that we can still be moved strongly by this literature is an illustration not merely of the constancy of structure of the human nervous system but also of the fact that great art and profound insights have a character which is independent of any age.

The humanities preserve and create values; even more they express the symbolic, poetic, and prophetic qualities of the human spirit. Without the humanities we would not be conscious of our history; we would lose many of our aspirations and the graces of expression that move men's hearts. Withal the humanities discern but a part of the life of man — true, a vital part but only a part.

It has often been claimed that the chief justification for the study of the humanities is that it teaches us values. In fact some people go even further and claim that the humanities, in which literature, parts of philosophy, and the history and appreciation of the fine arts are included, are the *only* sources of values other than the more spiritual values of religion.

This claim cannot pass without challenge. It cannot be said that it is absurd, but rather that it is a symptom of our failure in the present age to achieve a unity and balance of knowledge which is imbued with wisdom. It is a symptom of both ignorance and a certain anti-rational attitude which has been the curse of our century. It betrays a lack of self-confidence and faith in the greatness of the human spirit in contemporary man. It is the expression of a form of self-hatred which is rationally unjustifiable although deeply rooted.

Man is made of dust and to dust returneth; he lives in a universe of which he is also a part. He is free only in a symbolic sense; his nature is conditioned by the dust out of which he is made. To learn to understand himself he must learn to understand the universe in which he lives. There is more than enough in this enterprise to engage the boldest, the most imaginative, and the keenest minds and spirits of every generation. The universe is not given to us in the form of a map or guide. It is made by human minds and imaginations out of slight hints which come from acute observation and from the profound stratagems of experiments.

How can we hope to obtain wisdom, the wisdom which is meaningful in our own time? We certainly cannot attain it as long as the two great branches of human knowledge, the sciences and the humanities, remain separate and even warring disciplines.

Why is science, even more than the humanities, as a living component of our society so misunderstood? A glance at a current dictionary definition may give us a clue.

Science: "A branch of knowledge dealing with

facts or truths systematically arranged and showing the operation of general law."

This definition brings to my mind a solitaire player or head bookkeeper for a mail-order concern. It is a partial truth which is also a caricature. It is out of harmony with the picture of Archimedes jumping out of his bath crying Eureka! or Galileo in misery and degradation during his trial and recantation, or Einstein creating the universe out of one or two deductions from observation and a profound aesthetic feeling for symmetry. Nor does this definition account for the violence of the opposition to scientific discovery which still exists in the same quarters in our own age.

It is often argued that physical science is inherently simple, whereas the study of man is inherently complicated. Yet a great deal is known of man's nature. Wise laws for government and personal conduct were known in remotest antiquity. The literature of antiquity shows a profound understanding of human natures and emotions. Not man but the external world was bewildering. The world of nature instead of seeming simple was infinitely complex and possessed of spirits and demons. Nature had to be worshiped and propitiated by offerings, ceremonies, and prayers. Fundamentally nature was unpredictable, antagonistic to human aspiration, full of significance and purpose, and generally evil. Knowledge of nature was suspect because of the power which it brought, a power which was somehow allied with evil. There were of course always men who had insights far beyond these seemingly naïve notions, but they did not prevail over what seemed to be the evidence of the senses and of practical experience.

It was therefore not until late in the history of mankind, not until a few seconds ago so to speak, that it was recognized that nature is understandable and that a knowledge of nature is good and can be used with benefit; that it does not involve witchcraft or a compact with the devil. What is more, any person of intelligence can understand the ideas involved and with sufficient skill learn the necessary techniques, intellectual and manual.

This idea which is now so commonplace represents an almost complete break with the past. To revere and trust the rational faculty of the mind — to allow no taboo to interfere in its operation, to have nothing immune from its examination — is a new value which has been introduced into the world. The progress of science has been the chief agent in demonstrating its importance and riveting it into the consciousness of mankind. This value does not yet have universal acceptance in this country or in any other country. But in spite of all obstacles it will become one of the most treasured possessions of all mankind because we can no longer live without it. We have gone too far along the direction which it implies ever to turn back without unimaginable disaster.

The last world war was started in an attempt to turn back to dark reaction against the rational faculty and to introduce a new demonology into the world. It failed as will every other such attempt. Once the mind is free it will be destroyed rather than be put back in chains.

3

TO MY mind the value content of science or literary scholarship lies not in the subject matter alone; it lies chiefly in the spirit and living tradition in which these disciplines are pursued. The spirit is almost always conditioned by the subject. Science and the humanities are not the same thing; the subject matter is different and the spirit and tradition are different. Our problem in our search for wisdom is to blend these two traditions in the minds of individual men and women.

Many colleges and universities are trying to do just this, but there is one serious defect in the method. We pour a little of this and a little of that into the student's mind in proportions which result from mediation between the departments and from the particular predilections of the deans and the president. We then hope that these ingredients will combine through some mysterious alchemy and the result will be a man educated, well-rounded, and wise. Most often, however, these ingredients remain well separated in the compartmentalized mind, or they may form an indigestible precipitate which is not only useless but positively harmful, until time the healer washes it all away.

Wisdom is by its nature an interdisciplinary quality and not the product of a collection of specialists. Although the colleges do indeed try to mold the student toward a certain ideal of the educated man of the twentieth century, it is too often a broad education administered by specialists. The approximate counterpart to this ideal of the educated man, embodied in a real living person, is a rare being on any college faculty. Indeed, in most colleges and universities the student is the only really active connecting link between the different departments. In a certain paradoxical sense the students are the only broadly educated body in the university community, at least in principle.

The affairs of this country — indeed of almost every country — whether in government, education, industry, or business, are controlled by people of broad experience. However, this broad experience rarely includes the field of science. How can our leaders make wise decisions now in the middle of the twentieth century without a deep understanding of scientific thought and feeling for scientific traditions? The answer is clear in the sad course that events have taken.

This anguished thought has impelled many scientists, often to their own personal peril, to concern

themselves with matters which in the past were the exclusive domain of statesmen and military leaders. They have tried to advise, importune, and even cajole our leaders to include the scientific factor in our fateful policy decisions. They have been successful, but only in special instances.

I am not making a plea for the scientist statesman comparable to the philosopher king. The scientist rarely has this kind of ambition. The study of nature in its profundity, beauty, and subtlety is too attractive for him to wish to forsake his own creative and rewarding activity. The scientist away from his science is like an exile who longs for the sights and sounds of his native land. What the scientist really desires is for his science to be understood, to become an integral part of our general culture, to be given proper weight in the cultural and practical affairs of the world.

The greatest difficulty which stands in the way of a meeting of the minds of the scientist and the non-scientist is the difficulty of communication, a difficulty which stems from some of the defects of education to which I have alluded. The mature scientist, if he has any taste in these directions, can listen with pleasure to the philosopher, the historian, the literary man, or even to the art critic. There is little difficulty from that side because the scientist has been educated in our general culture and lives in it on a day-to-day basis. He reads newspapers, magazines, books, listens to music, debates politics, and participates in the general activities of an educated citizen.

Unfortunately this channel of communication is often a one-way street. The non-scientist cannot listen to the scientist with pleasure and understanding. Despite its universal outlook and its unifying principle, its splendid tradition, science seems to be no longer communicable to the great majority of educated laymen. They simply do not possess the background of the science of today and the intellectual tool necessary for them to understand what effects science will have on them and on the world. Instead of understanding, they have only a naïve awe mixed with fear and scorn. To his colleagues in the university the scientist tends to seem more and more like a man from another planet, a creature scattering antibiotics with one hand and atomic bombs with the other.

The problems to which I have addressed myself are not particularly American. The same condition exists in England, France, and indeed in all other countries. From my observation we are perhaps better off than most. Our American colleges and universities, since they are fairly recent and are rapidly expanding, have not settled into complacency. They are quite ready to experiment to achieve desired ends. Our experimental methods have taught us how to impart the most diverse forms of knowledge. Although wisdom is more elusive, once the objective is clear that the ultimate

end of education is knowledge imbedded in wisdom we shall find ways to move toward that ideal. The ideal of the well-rounded man is a meaningless ideal unless this sphericity means a fusion of knowledge to achieve balanced judgment and understanding, which are qualities of wisdom.

The problems are, of course, depressingly difficult. In the secondary schools — with their overcrowding, their teachers overworked and inadequately trained, the school boards, and, not least, the powerful clique of professional educators who form a society within our society — all that is unique and characteristic of science and mathematics is being crowded out of the curriculum and replaced by a fairy tale known as general science. The colleges and universities are in much better shape, although the great population increase is about to hit them with masses of inadequately prepared students. Most people would be quite content with a holding operation in which we could maintain the quality that is already possessed.

However, it seems to me that something could be done even now with the faculty members of the colleges and the universities. Wisdom can achieve a hybrid vigor by crossing the scientist and the humanist through a more extensive and intensive interaction within the faculty. Why should not the professor of physics be expected to refresh himself periodically by taking a course in aesthetics or comparative literature or in the Greek drama? Why shouldn't the professor of medieval philosophy or the professor of ancient history take a course in modern physics and become acquainted with the profound thoughts underlying relativity and quantum mechanics? It would let in some fresh air, or at least different air, to blow away some of the cobwebs which grow in the unventilated ivory towers.

Somewhere a beginning has to be made to achieve a more architectural quality in our culture, a quality of proportion and of organic unity, and it is reasonable to start with the members of the faculties of our institutions of higher learning. Here are all the strands of the tapestry which is to represent our culture, living in close proximity but separate, adding up to nothing more than the sum of the parts. The scientists must learn to teach science in the spirit of wisdom and in the light of the history of human thought and human effort, rather than as the geography of a universe uninhabited by mankind. Our colleagues in the non-scientific faculties must understand that if their teachings ignore the great scientific tradition and its accomplishments, their words, however eloquent and elegant, will lose meaning for this generation and be barren of fruit.

Only with a united effort of science and the humanities can we hope to succeed in discovering a community of thought which can lead us out of the darkness and the confusion which oppress all mankind.



A mate and navigator on the inland waterways, a graduate of Phillips Exeter and of Harvard, RICHARD BISSELL moved out of a pajama factory in Iowa into national prominence when the musical comedy, The Pajama Game, which was drawn from his book, 7½ Cents, hit Broadway. Recently he went to London to help with the opening of the London production, and here are his impressions.

DUBUQUE TO LONDON

by RICHARD BISSELL

WELL it was a great trip and don't let anybody tell you they are not eating in England because they are hardly doing anything else. They are eating a breakfast suitable for a Missouri river deckhand plus fried potatoes on request; and in order to warm up for dinner, two hours after lunch they have tea at which each participant is required to eat six pieces of Hovis, five tea cakes, a small jar of marmalade, and a quart of tea or else go stand in a corner. An hour and a half later, after studying the latest archaeology flash in the London *Illustrated News*, they don the tweeds and call for the roast beef, Brussels sprouts, and trifle. There is another so-called vegetable called Savoy greens, which my advice on this subject is, Look Out! I just checked on the scales and I find I put on ten pounds. Maybe it was the trifle.

Trifle is a dessert made out of everything left in the icebox on Saturday night, with whipped cream on top of it, or maybe smothered in some custard or unclassifiable sweet sauce. Then after the trifle you have to eat a "savory" or get throwed out of the dining room. The savory is some melted cheese on toast or sardines on fried bread, or maybe sometimes it consists of a guessing contest and whoever guesses what is in it gets a free six months' subscription to *Britannia and Eve*.

In London, soups of all kinds can be purchased fearlessly. Once outside the city limits, however, a grim soup picture develops. Provincial soups in England bear magnificent titles: *Potage Alexandra*, *Potage Empereur*, *Potage Antoinette*, *Potage Henri IV*, *Potage Chartreuse de Parme*, *Potage Nuit d'Amour*, etc. One calls for them jovially, after a bracing afternoon out shooting gorse in the bracken, only to receive, in each case, a plate of gravy-colored, rather adhesive mix, suitable for gluing up parcels for Boxing Day. However, you don't necessarily have to eat the soup; you can have a side dish of sprouts instead.

On the other hand the beef is tremendous, and the English have mastered the art, unknown in this republic, of cooking a minute steak *rare*. And in London you can get an entire meal with nothing, absolutely nothing, dunked in *sauce béarnaise*. This may startle New Yorkers accustomed to eating in the costly gloom of the East Fifties, but I can prove it. In fact, the eating places in London are of top quality, and the best thing about it is, when you have finished a nice lunch a surly waiter does not hand you a bill for \$18.00.

Now I don't like to bring up the subject of money, as it is a vulgar American trait and very alien to my refined nature, but oh boy, you can sure live cheap over there in Albion. And in style. Even in the crummiest little country towns, the waiter that brings you that glue soup has on a white tie, and he will open your bottle of Bulmers with all the flourishes of the wine steward at the Savoy unleashing the *Moët et Chandon*.

But on that money angle again, it's really a killer. I got a first-class haircut in the Strand the other day for two shillings, or 28 cents. That alone is enough of a reason to look for a cosy flat in Belgravia.

Speaking of flats in Belgravia brings up the painful subject of English interiors. And lampshades. After two days in London I decided to get a bowler hat, a pinch-waist black suit, and an umbrella, take some voice lessons so I could be understood, and settle down for ten years of punting on the Thames and a quiet annual holiday at Bovril Regis. I visualized myself having "good talk" at my club over a cold bird (or *with* a cold bird), and even toyed with the idea of joining Her Majesty's forces and becoming a Group Captain. But after a month I began to study the Cunard sailings and wonder what was doing on 44th Street.

"What's the matter?" says the wife. "I thought you were planning to enter Eton next fall."

"It's the lampshades," I said. "I can stand the

pink ones with the lace, and the ones with colored bits of glass in them, but the ones with the beaded fringe are driving me out. A shame, too, what with the haircuts and all."

"You're too sensitive," she said. "Have another Gin and It or a lemon squash and you'll feel fit straightaway, old boy."

Well it's not only the lampshades, it's also the furniture. Two awful facts govern English furniture. One is, they have discovered how to make veneer furniture in seventeen contrasting shades of inlay, with Moorish hardware. The other is that no building in England has ever been built with a closet in it and I defy anybody to design a handsome wardrobe, especially in multicolored veneers. Add to this the fact that the average Englishman's idea of a dandy picture on the wall is a thatched cottage and a rose garden, or an old mill, or a picture called "Chums," and you can see why they had to give up India. I guess maybe I didn't get to see the right people, I don't know, but in addition to living with it I made an exhaustive study of furniture in the store windows and if anybody wants to do a show laid in the home of a prominent Peoria plumber in the year 1924 why I know where they can get the stage sets real cheap without hunting around the storage warehouses in South Chicago.

I guess I am giving England a hard time here but don't get me wrong — I just like to have a little fun.

I really love the place and I think it's a shame about Margaret, and the new budget has got me into an uproar. Nobody is shoving you around all the time over there and everybody is so polite and helpful that after a while you begin to get lonesome for a good insult. And you might live thirty or forty years in England without anybody ever telling you a joke about Brooklyn.

Their taxicabs are marvels. In the Darwinian sense of adaptation to environment they are perfection. You can get in without fracturing your skull or crushing your bowler, the seats are elegantly upholstered, the driver is separated from you by glass panels (and does not look and act as though he just graduated from San Quentin *or* talk like he was practising up for an audition for John McNulty), and they can turn around on a dime, or perhaps on a half crown.

You automobile fans, go to England and you will flip. Such elegance! These amorphous beetles that Detroit has been shoving into the craw of the American public are dry fodder indeed when compared to the classy iron you see around London. I must add, however, that at the automobile show at Earls Court it was all too obvious that in a grim play for the World Market (\$ \$ \$), almost all the European manufacturers have plunged beetlewards. But there is still an abundance of automotive glamor on the streets.

And before I went over I thought the English

were busted. Maybe they are, but I never saw anything like the Rolls-Royces, the Bentleys, the huge Daimlers. And certainly *never*, in New York or any place, have I seen so many chauffeurs. When I remark on this, everybody is giving me different explanations. It seems these cars belong to "the wrong people." (Who in hell are the wrong people?) Or it seems they belong to "movie people" (oh now, come off it, you chaps, the combined U.K. film industry only turns out one picture per annum, judging by their export business). Or to people who are "not eckshully rich in *paounds*, but . . ." (But what? lire, rubles, piastres?) So I can't figure it out; the whole bloody town is filled with hot shots putting on the dog, and they all talk with English accents too, so they can't very well be from Dallas. I wish I could figure out how to go broke like that and I'd have it made.

Strange, though, the contrasts. I had lunch with a prominent and successful businessman. He was dressed fit to kill in the English manner, the restaurant was elegant, and the bill for lunch was about three pounds, with the wine. (Boy, I'm wined up to the ears. If I never see another bottle of Moselle, hock, claret, or champagne, it will be OK with Richard. And I've heard enough for the time being about whether the 1947 is as soul-satisfying as the 1949.)

After lunch my friend asks me would I like to come back to his office. So we popped into a 1946 Austin cab with a leather Victoria top and off we went.

The building he was in resembled a rooming house in an abandoned section of Pittsburgh. A microscopic series of smudged letters painted on the door jamb so you wouldn't notice them announced that a business firm was within. The staircase was dark and quite spooky. His office was a shambles. The way you tell who is president of an English firm is, he has the desk. The others work on discarded card tables or empty tea chests. They keep the invoices in a candy box. The switchboard girl works in a closet with a twenty-five-watt bulb to cheer her on. They wash the windows for every Coronation. The toilet is in a building down the street.

Well under conditions like these, in the semi-darkness, this man and his partners conduct a famous business known to all Englishmen and even some Americans and others. That's character for you. Maybe that's how they pay for the Rolls-Royces. I'll say one thing, the electric company is not getting rich off these London offices.

This passion for low wattage appears to be a national characteristic. I was driving my taxicab around out in the country (yes, I bought a taxicab, but that is another story, which I have sold to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) — anyway I was driving my taxicab and it began to get dark so I turned on my parking lights but nobody else did. I'm telling

you it was pretty terrifying hurtling along those country roads in the deep dusk with cars zooming all around unlighted. Finally when it got pitch dark everybody turned on their parking lights and I turned on my headlights so I could see where the hell I was and spot the cyclists, dogs, road signs, holes in the road, and the Dickens characters trudging on the shoulder. Well I soon realized this was not cricket, because quite a few of the other cars used their "hooter" (klaxon) at me as they passed, to express disapproval. And when an Englishman bears down on his hooter it means his soul has been tried beyond endurance, and his most basic beliefs and dearest principles are at stake; for the English are not a nation of hornblowers any more than they are a nation of name-callers, nose-punchers, or are addicted to habitual rudeness and gratuitous insult. (Like some places I know, no names mentioned.) So I turned off my headlights and drove on. My wife says I look very distinguished with white hair.

England is a nation of shopkeepers, so some humorous lad has stated, and, I might add, the shops are always closed. That's the way it seems anyway when you want to buy something. I walked three miles the other night after the theater, trying to buy some cigarettes, and never succeeded. The pubs are one of the civilization's crowning glories but they never seem to be open when you need refreshment and companionship, and if they are, you no sooner get your mild and bitter and begin to run up a good score on the dartboard but the barmaid announces Closing Time, and you are out in the street leaning against a lamp post with nothing to do. If England wants more dollars I figure they could pick up quite a few by giving the thirsty Americans time enough to get warmed up before turning out the lights and sending them into the streets where they just obstruct the view. If you go into a tea shoppe at 3:17 P.M. and there is a house rule that they serve tea at 3:30 you could give them all the dollars in Fort Knox and not get any tea until 3:30 because it is not 3:30 yet and in fact it is only 3:17 and no tea is served until 3:30. This perplexes the crude American mind no end.

The theater is another area in which one finds oneself frequently at a loss for adjectives. I saw a musical comedy playing to a packed house in which the hero had on a blue flannel jacket and white flannel trousers, and sang love duets with a sourette who had no vocal cords against a background of paper roses. *Punch* recommends this show, which could not play twenty-four hours anyplace but in England, as the equivalent of *Current and Choice*. There was so much exposition in the dialogue that they had to cut the jokes in order to get the curtain down on time. Whimsy is applauded by the critics, and causes ecstatic giggles and

wiggles in the audience, and if you haven't got whimsy you might as well turn in your shoes and go out for the chess team. In spite of this they seem to adore our "noisy," "brash," "blatant" American charades, and the queue for *Pajama Game* extends from St. Martin's Lane down to the fountains in Trafalgar Square. And you couldn't ask for better theater in the grand style than that at the Old Vic. The theaters themselves, too, strike a more civilized note than ours, what with tea served at the intervals, a handy bar on the premises, etc. I love those prices for orchestra seats also, and there's no place in the world so wonderful as the interior of the Lyric at Hammersmith, and oh well, let's face it, I even like the paper flowers and the singers who can't sing.

So finally my wife came around to the pub and told me that our house out in Norwalk, Connecticut, had been washed into Long Island Sound and was headed for Block Island and she thought we'd better go home. The pub had been open for over an hour and was closing anyway, so I said OK.

We stopped in Shannon and I bought a necktie and some genuine Irish linen articles for which I have no need.

"I can't wait to get home," said wife.

"I am with you 100 per cent on that thought," I said. "I love England but Oh You Kid."

About three Heublein's cocktails later we were back in the land of the free at good old Idlewild.

After I had explained to the customs man that my London taxicab was not hidden in my suitcase but coming by ocean freight he let me go, and the porter took me to a cab. I gave him a dollar for his trouble. No thanks for tip.

We got to Grand Central. I gave the driver six dollars for the fare and a dollar for himself. No thanks for tip.

A colored man took my bags 150 feet to a baggage locker. I gave him a dollar (seven shillings, that is). No thanks for tip.

I stepped over to the information bureau and asked for a Burlington timetable.

"We don't keep timetables on every road in the country," he said.

Outside, I asked a handsome policeman in white gloves if he happened to know what time the Metropolitan Museum opened on Sundays.

"I ain't no information booth," he said.

"He says he's not an information booth," I said to my wife. "Funny, I'd have sworn he was one."

"Well, let's go home and see the kids," my wife said.

"OK, but I've got a call to make first," I said.

"Now what?"

"I'm going to call the Cunard Line. I wonder when the *Mauretania* is sailing," I said.



The American Cancer Society has already spent more than half a million dollars on its research on lung cancer, and the Board of Directors recently authorized a second half-million dollars with which to carry forward the investigations. In the article which follows, Dr. CHARLES S. CAMERON, Medical and Scientific Director of the Society, summarizes the important evidence thus far and gives an answer to those who still deny that an association between smoking and lung cancer does exist.

LUNG CANCER AND SMOKING

What We Really Know

by CHARLES S. CAMERON, M.D.

1

DURING the last two years, a lot has been written — and said — about the dangers of cigarette smoking, especially as a possible cause of the alarming increase in cancer of the lung. But there is still much confusion about the tobacco-cancer issue. Most of the scientists who have given thought and study to the matter appear to agree that an association between cigarette smoking and cancer of the lung does exist. Whether that association is one of cause and effect is as yet unanswered in terms of major scientific opinion.

One of my colleagues expresses the situation in this way: If it has not been proved that tobacco is guilty of causing cancer of the lung, it has certainly been shown to have been on the scene of the crime. The American Cancer Society, along with a growing body of professional and scientific opinion, has taken this position: Although the complicity of the cigarette in the present prevalence of cancer of the lung has not been proved to the satisfaction of everyone, yet the weight of evidence against it is so serious as to demand of stewards of the public welfare that they make the evidence known to all.

Most authorities on the subject agree that before the early years of the twentieth century, cancer of the lung was encountered rarely. In a monograph on lung cancer which was notable in its day — 1912 — Adler could base his review on a mere 374 cases. Today cancer of the lung takes the lives of about as many white males each year as were reported to have died of all forms of cancer combined in 1900. During the period 1930–1948, the death rate from lung cancer among men rose from 5.3 per 100,000 to 27.1 — an increase of 411 per cent. Some part of this remarkable increase can be laid to better and more widely available diagnosis, but the net impact of the factor of better diagnosis is considerably

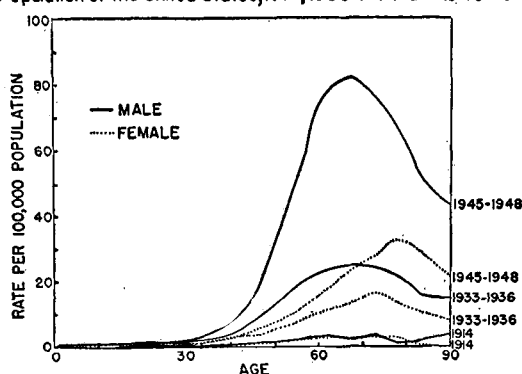
weakened by noting the trends in the post-mortem experience in large hospitals over the years. Cancer of the lung was perhaps less generally recognizable forty or fifty years ago than it is today — but that was hardly true in the autopsy room. Cancer of the lung now constitutes a substantially larger proportion of the total autopsy findings than it did thirty years ago.

There are certain curious features of this increase. In the first place, whereas the curve of the death rate from nearly every type of cancer affecting chiefly adults rises steadily with increasing age, that for cancer of the lung does not. As early as 1933–1936 the rates by age for white males showed a flattened peak between the ages of 60 and 75, after which it fell off. The peak has since become high and sharp, and for the years 1945–1948 occurs at about the ages 65 to 70, after which the rates drop abruptly. The rate curves for women show later peak death rates, tending to resemble more closely the curves for other types of cancer. The only reasonable explanation for this phenomenon is as follows: From what is known about established environmental causes of human cancer, those causes appear to require years of operation, usually not less than twenty, but sometimes longer, in order to exert their effect. The lung cancer death rate curve suggests that whatever agent (or agents) is responsible for the present increase in cancer of the lung is of recent appearance in terms of its current prevalence, did not involve men who are now beyond the age of 70, but did involve men who are 65 to 70, and in the light of the usual exposure period necessary to produce cancer, about twenty to thirty years ago. This puts the critical exposure period in the 1920s and early 1930s, when the present susceptibles were relatively young men.

The second unique feature of lung cancer death rates over the years is the growing disparity between the sexes. In the period 1933-1936, the ratio was slightly over two male deaths to one female death from this disease. In the interval 1945-1948, five men died from lung cancer for every woman dying from the same cause. In 1949 the difference had increased to six to one, and today most opinions put the male-female ratio of deaths at eight or nine to one. It would appear that more men than women have exposed themselves to whatever factors are responsible for the recent rise of this disease.

Thirdly, cancer of the lung is commoner by a factor of more than 2 among white males living in cities than it is among country dwellers. The differences are much less marked for women, but are nonetheless discernible.

LUNG CANCER DEATH RATES, BY AGE & SEX
White Population of the United States, 1914, 1933-1936 and 1945-1948



In 1945-1948 five men died of lung cancer for every woman who died of the same cause. Today the male-female ratio is eight or nine to one.

Now, why is this so? Suspicion falls first on substances which are inhaled, because almost all of the 400-odd cancer-producing substances discovered since Yamigawa provided the first demonstration of experimental cancer causation in 1915 exert their effect at the site of contact. What are we inhaling which is widespread, which is more prevalent in cities, which is recent, which is increasing, and to which more men than women are, or rather have been, exposed?

Prominent on the suspect list are industrial fumes; utility, industrial, and domestic soots derived from coal and fuel oil furnaces; exhausts from internal combustion engines (gasoline and diesel); asphalt or bituminous road surfaces; and cigarette smoke.

Industrial fumes have increased, of course; yet, because there is no satisfactory index for the amount of increase and because of their heterogeneous nature, it is most difficult to establish their relationship to the general increase of lung cancer. Coal consumption has not increased in the United States over a period of many years; therefore coal

soot would not seem to be an important factor. But fuel oil sales have increased greatly, the volume of annual consumption now being about three and one-half times greater than it was thirty years ago.

Particulate and fume exhausts from motor vehicles contribute heavily to air pollution, and the magnitude of their increase may be roughly gauged by the number of motor vehicles currently registered in the United States as compared with the figure of thirty years ago (three times greater) and by the rate of yearly motor fuel consumption now as compared with 1933 (five times greater).

Roads surfaced with asphalt and oils — bituminous products belonging to the polynuclear hydrocarbon family of chemical compounds — have been cited as sources of fine dusts which on the theoretical grounds of chemical derivation may be cancer inciters. And there is laboratory evidence which renders motor vehicle exhausts and the general atmosphere of at least one large city suspect.

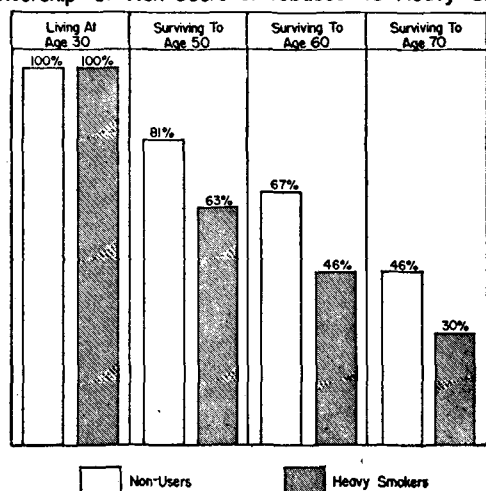
As to tobacco, for most of its long history it was employed almost exclusively in the form of pipe or cigar smoking, with snuff enjoying wide use during the reign of Victoria. It is significant that cigarettes did not begin to achieve popularity until after the turn of the present century — a fact attributed to two innovations: 1) mixture improvements making for better burning quality, and 2) mass production by machines. In the twenties, cigarettes took the inside track, and by 1935 were exceeding all other forms of tobacco use (including chewing) as measured by pounds consumed per capita. Last year in the United States 10.5 pounds of tobacco per capita were consumed as cigarettes, as against 1.25 pounds per capita as cigars and 1.19 pounds per capita in the form of pipe and chewing tobacco and snuff. Expressed another way, during the past thirty-three years there has been a 456 per cent increase in the volume of cigarettes consumed per person in the United States.

2

WHILE a number of observations leading to the same conclusion had appeared prior to 1928, properly controlled statistical studies of a possible relationship between cigarette smoking and lung cancer may be said to have begun with the investigation by Drs. Herbert Lombard and Carl Doering of the State Department of Health of Massachusetts, the conclusion of which, published in that year, was that heavy smoking appeared a good deal more often in the histories of patients with cancer than it did among those of comparable ages without cancer. Ten years later Raymond Pearl published the results of his extensive study of the effect of smoking on length of life. They may be summarized this way: Of a given number of men alive at the age of 30, 66.6 per cent of the non-smokers will be living at age 60 as compared with 46.2 per cent

of heavy smokers; at age 75, 33.8 per cent of non-smokers and 22.3 per cent of heavy smokers will be living. After 75, the differences become insignificant, indicating that there are some people so impervious to noxious influences as to remain highly durable in spite of them. In 1945, a further report of the study of smoking and cancer by the State Department of Health of Massachusetts disclosed a decided association between the use of tobacco and the incidence of cancer of the mouth and lung.

Pearl's Life Table
Survivorship of Non-Users of Tobacco Vs Heavy Smokers



Heavy smokers have a significantly shorter life expectancy than non-smokers.

The year 1950 saw the publication of four independent statistical studies, each of which established a significantly higher percentage of heavy cigarette smokers among lung cancer patients than among any other group. There have now been more than fourteen similar studies, and without exception they arrive at this same conclusion.

But there are intrinsic weaknesses in the design of retrospective studies of this kind — weaknesses which made many, including ourselves, skeptical of the results. And it was our own disbelief which led to a comprehensive statistical investigation of the prospective type.

Under the guidance of the American Cancer Society's Advisory Committee on Statistics — a group of statistical experts of acknowledged experience and competence — Drs. E. C. Hammond and Daniel Horn devised an investigation scheme in which the smoking histories of a very large number of men not known to have cancer of the lung were recorded. Histories were obtained from over 187,000 men between the ages of 50 and 70. They included men who had never smoked, those who had smoked exclusively either cigarettes or pipes or cigars, and those who had indulged in mixed smoking practices. The approximate quantities smoked were also set down. After 18 months,

the first follow-up analysis was begun and it was found that 4854 deaths had occurred in the study group.

First, it became apparent that the death rates among the men with some history of regular cigarette smoking were one and one-half times greater than the number among the non-smokers. The cancer death rate (regardless of the kind of cancer) was two and one-half times greater in heavy cigarette smokers — a pack or more a day — than in the non-smoking group. Heavy cigarette smokers died of heart disease at nearly twice the rate of those who had never smoked. The death rates from cancer of the lung were at least five times higher in the heavy cigarette smoking group than in non-smokers. Death rates were appreciably higher among men who smoked cigarettes lightly (less than one-half pack a day) than among non-smokers. In general, death rates among regular smokers of pipes and cigars were somewhat higher than among those who had never smoked, but not so high as among the cigarette smokers.

The study also revealed that a higher percentage of men in rural districts had never smoked and a lower percentage had a history of regular cigarette smoking than was found in urban centers.

These first returns confirmed the conclusions of the previous studies based on altogether different fact-gathering methodology. And since its publication, a somewhat smaller investigation using essentially the same technique with 60,000 British physicians as subjects has reported practically identical results.

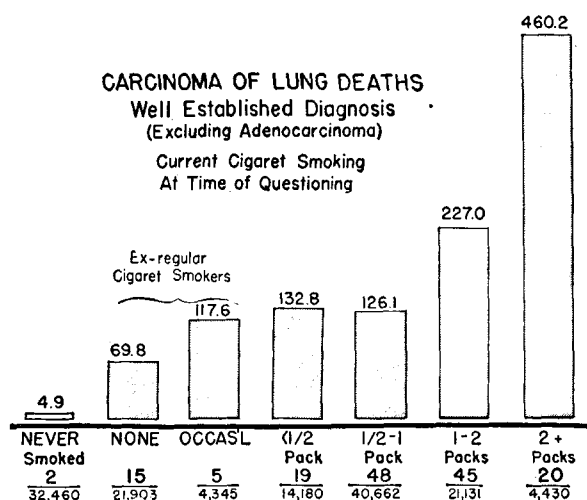
3

It is tempting to make a variety of calculations based on these and other data bearing on lung cancer incidence, but I shall confine myself to those which I believe are the most meaningful. Based on the assumption that present mortality rates for lung cancer will continue and that present over-all death rates will continue, the chance of a young adult male's developing lung cancer is about one in 50. If he never smokes, his chances of acquiring cancer of the lung are one in 170 to 190; if he smokes a pack or more of cigarettes a day routinely, he has a one in 15 to 20 chance of developing cancer of the lung. Alarming as these figures are, they are based on present rates, and those rates are rising rapidly.

A year after the analysis of the data at hand which provided the foregoing figures, a second analysis was undertaken — this one based on the 32 months accumulation of death records of the men in the original study group. The results confirmed the earlier findings. In fact, they indicated that the relationships between cigarette smoking and susceptibility to cancer of the lung are decidedly more striking than they appeared to be in the previous investigation. For instance, if attention

is restricted to the men whose lung cancers were diagnosed with reasonable certainty, it was found that only two lung cancers occurred during the study interval among the 32,460 men who had never smoked — a standardized rate of 4.9 per 100,000. By contrast, there were 152 deaths from lung cancer among the 107,978 men who had smoked cigarettes regularly at some time — a rate of 145 per 100,000, which is to say that regular cigarette smokers (regardless of amount) died from lung cancer at a rate 29 times higher than did non-smokers. The rate of death from lung cancer among regular pipe smokers was 10 times greater than that for never-smokers, while the rates for cigar smokers did not differ significantly from those of non-smokers.

By all odds, and as might be expected, the highest rates of death from cancer of the lung appeared in the group which admitted to smoking two packages of cigarettes or more a day at the time of questioning. These men died of lung cancer at a rate 90 times higher than that of men who had never smoked.



The figure over each bar indicates the age-standardized rate per 100,000 for a 32-month period. The fraction under each bar indicates the number of lung cancer deaths and the population in each smoking category.

The latest analysis produced information which goes as far as anything has to date to answer the question "If I have been smoking cigarettes for years, will it do me any good to stop?" The data suggest that it will. Among the men who had smoked cigarettes regularly at some time, but who had stopped prior to the investigation, deaths from lung cancer were 14 times more frequent than they were among never-smokers — but only about half as common as they were among men who persisted in smoking cigarettes up to the time the study began.

Thus, although the number of cases available for tabulation is not large enough to draw

unequivocal conclusions, it appears that giving up the habit — even after years of cigarette smoking — may reduce the risk of developing lung cancer.

4

THERE is in some quarters an unbecoming skepticism of statistics in general and of these remarkably consistent results in particular. By some — a diminishing band, as I see it — the findings are rejected because there is not "laboratory proof." We must remember that far less efficient statistical methods have pointed to direct and effective means of preventing illness many times in the past. The simple observation that milkmaids never got smallpox but usually acquired cowpox as young girls led Jenner to urge cowpox on everyone as a smallpox preventive — and the virtue of vaccination is today denied by no sane man. An earlier and even simpler observation — crude but basically statistical — is credited to ship officers in the days of sail, who noted that during a voyage running to many months, scurvy appeared among their crews if lemons, oranges, or limes were not provisioned, but did not occur when such fruits were consumed in even small quantities. Here, then, was a preventive for a widespread disease of economic importance, and it antedated the discovery of vitamins by a hundred years. In 1848 — well before the causative bacterium was identified — a certain Dr. Snow abated the great London cholera epidemic by the incredibly simple device of removing the handle of the Broad Street pump, after he had observed that the greatest plague concentration was in the neighborhood of the pump and that nearly everyone who developed the disease had drunk of its water.

But we are not without some laboratory evidence. By condensing the smoke of burning cigarettes and painting the brown gummy condensates or "tar" on the backs of mice, Drs. Evarts Graham and Ernest Wynder and Miss Adele Croninger produced papillomas — benign tumors regarded as precancerous — in 59 per cent of them, and these tumors progressed to true cancer in 44 per cent. It is true that inhalation experiments using smoke or smoke products have not succeeded in inducing epidermoid cancer (the kind responsible for most of the current increase) in the lungs of test animals. One reason has been that in the usual experiment using whole untreated smoke on short-lived animals, the animals die before they have a chance to show any possible cancer-inciting effects. Second, in consideration of the few inhalation experiments which have actually been carried on long enough to demonstrate any cancer-causing influence which smoke may have, it would have been astonishingly fortuitous had just the right technique been used in applying tobacco smoke in just the right amount, over just the right interval and on just the right tissue of just the right animal.

The problems of producing cancer in the research laboratory are extremely complex and far from understood as yet. What will cause cancer in one species will not necessarily cause it in another. What will cause cancer in one tissue of an animal will not necessarily cause it in another tissue of the same animal. Thus it is conceivable that if tobacco smoke does contain an agent which causes cancer in the lungs of human beings, it may not do so in the lungs or any other organs of a mouse or a guinea pig or a dog. Here it is appropriate to point out that no one has ever succeeded in producing cancer in an experimental animal with chromium or any chromium-containing compound, yet the statistical evidence that chromates can cause cancer of the lung is generally accepted.

By way of mitigating attention to the chief suspect, the statement is sometimes made that if cigarette smoking is involved in causing lung cancer, it is obviously not the only cause. This is true, but our interest at this point is not whether it is the only cause, but whether it is a cause of any moment at all. Since lung cancer affects some who have never smoked and since some smoke a lifetime with impunity, the operation of biological or constitutional factors appears likely. Atmospheric pollutants are in the picture too. But to minimize one factor because there may be many will not dispel the murk. Cigarette smoking is one of many factors under suspicion, and furthermore it is the only one over which the individual can exercise full and personal control.

What is the nature of the proof which is demanded to establish the cancer-causing effect of cigarette smoking? If it is that smoke or another tobacco product must be shown to cause cancer of the lung under conditions of experimental control using living human subjects, then I hope the experiment will never be undertaken. No standards of proof in the entire world of research demand as much as that.

If the statistical evidence cited is not enough, then what experiments may be designed to yield data which will afford proof — proof acceptable to the only judgment we can legitimately rely on: that of scientists who are familiar with the complexities of cancer causation? The smoke condensate from cigarettes has produced epidermoid cancer when painted on the skin of the mouse. With this demonstration as a starting point, a number of directions of inquiry appear to be logical. Will cigarette smoke itself produce cancer in a variety of test animals?

The answer to this question involves inhalation experiments of varying kinds. Again from the starting point, will the smoke condensate cause

cancer in animals other than the mouse? Specifically, will it cause cancer of the skin in dogs, in primates, and in man? Is the condensate carcinogenic for tissues other than skin? These questions require exposure of a number of biological systems through inhalation, application, injection, and ingestion. Efforts to identify the specific carcinogens responsible for the cancer-producing effect of the condensate should be undertaken and are indeed under way. These efforts involve fractionation experiments and efforts to demonstrate a possible cancer-causing property of the several fractions. It may well prove to be expedient, after one or more such compounds have been identified, to isolate them and, should new suspected carcinogens be involved, clinch the proof of their carcinogenicity with appropriate biologic tests. If carcinogens are identified in the smoke condensate, it would appear desirable to determine whether they are present in the smoke itself. If so, are they present in the processed cigarette, in the wrapper, in the crude leaf, in the insecticide, or in the additives?

The objectives here are definite. If they are reasonable and generally acceptable to scientists in the appropriate disciplines, what can be done to hasten their achievement? First, the resources with which interested scientists can work must be provided. Second, the scientists themselves can take active steps to create a reciprocating environment in which all investigators working in one or another sector of this frontier will be encouraged to cooperate and communicate with one another.

What shall stewards of the people's welfare do in the meantime?

The American Cancer Society has resolved to support, as its resources permit, research efforts to identify whatever cancer-inciting substances may be in tobacco and its products and to find the means of eliminating them. In the meantime it is committed to setting the facts, as they stand today and as they accumulate, before the people — all the people — of this country. It does not hold that smoking causes cancer of the lung. It does not propose to tell the public not to smoke. It does intend to equip the national conscience with the information by which it can make up its own mind fairly. If time should establish the innocence of tobacco, such a course will prove less blameworthy than failure to suggest caution to smokers and potential smokers of cigarettes today. As one of my doctor friends puts it: If the degree of association which has been established between cancer of the lung and smoking were shown to exist between cancer of the lung, and say, eating spinach, no one would raise a hand against the proscription of spinach from the national diet.



Books and Men



Author, philosopher, and hero worshiper in the Carlylean sense, LUCIEN

PRICE is a Bostonian who over the years has held a special veneration for Romain Rolland, Jean Sibelius, Gilbert Murray, Sir Richard Livingstone, and Alfred North Whitehead. In two of his books, *We Northmen* and *Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead*, he has paid tribute to this celebrated quintet. Now in the essay which follows he sends our birthday greetings to the greatest of the living classicists.

GILBERT MURRAY AT NINETY

by LUCIEN PRICE

1

YATSCOMBE is a red-brick house on Boars Hill, overlooking the towers, spires, and the one great dome of Oxford. The house is spacious, pleasant, and in the style of the 1870s. There is a gate lodge, same style, which "in the time of the troubles" was usually tenanted by some family of refugees from Central Europe. This is the home of Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek emeritus in Oxford University, and his wife, Lady Mary Henrietta Howard, eldest daughter of the 9th Earl of Carlisle.

Since multitudes have already met the Murrays unawares on the stage and in the film, it may be explained at once that Shaw, an old comrade of Fabian Socialist days, dramatized them in his *Major Barbara* — Murray as the young professor of Greek, Adolphus Cusins, and Lady Mary as Barbara Undershaft, the Salvation Army lass, granddaughter of an earl and daughter of a Machiavellian-Mephistophelean armament manufacturer.

The other principal scene is a lecture room up a stone staircase in a stone building, the main quadrangle of Christ Church, built by the ill-starred Cardinal Wolsey, where on certain days Professor Murray, robed in his scholar's gown of black, stood at a lectern, his back to a huge stone fireplace under a low Tudor arch, discoursing on Greek drama. One remembers a June morning in 1933, when he gave his last lecture of the term; it was on the closing pages in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, the grandest of tragic dramas. He had edited its Greek text, had translated the play into rhyming English verse, and had written a valuable book on the dramatist, enjoyably within the scope of the lay reader.

At the time of this glimpse he was sixty-seven years old and still in his prime, though he carried one arm in a sling. Being asked what happened, he replied with a twinkle of mischief: "I spoke disrespectfully of Apollo in his temple at Delphi." It is true, he had been there a short while before with the Thomas Lamonts, and I also knew he had no

high opinion of the Apollo in Euripides' *Ion*, but he never said just how Apollo got back at him.

Now, on January 2, 1956, he is ninety years old and the world he has labored so manfully to help civilize delights to honor him as one of its most civilized citizens. Born in Sydney, New South Wales, of a Roman Catholic family, he left Australia at the age of eleven, to be schooled first at Merchant Taylors' in London, then at St. John's College, Oxford. He was Fellow of New College in 1888, Professor of Greek at Glasgow University, 1889 to 1899, and finally in the University of Oxford he was holder of the Regius Professorship of Greek until his retirement — retirement for him being a relative term — in 1936.

Let it be said at once. This uncloistered academic scholar who, starting in frail health, is one of the forty-volume men has been voiceful in the major crises which during the present century have shaken first the Western world and finally the whole of modern so-called civilization. His was one of the first voices raised against war hysteria ("Herd Instinct and the War," *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1915), and throughout the two decades between our two greatest orgies of mass fratricide, he pitched in with all his might to make the League of Nations work: sat in the Foreign Office Committee concerned with drafting the Covenant, and attended the Assembly in 1921, 1922, and 1923 as a member of the South African delegation and in 1924 as a member of the British delegation. Meanwhile, he was one of the promoters of the League of Nations Union, its chairman repeatedly, and finally its co-president. He does not easily despair. As recently as 1948 he published his *From The League to U.N.*

For it was the learned Grecians with Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War* in their brains and veins — the Lowes Dickinsons, the Gilbert Murrays, and presently their colleagues: Livingstone, Cornford, Zimmern, Glover, Casson — who grasped at once the sinister significance of what be-

fell us in 1914, and the magnitude of the disaster. More than three decades later, at Yatscombe, Murray, being asked who started the League of Nations, thought a moment, then replied, "I should have said Lowes Dickinson." It was Dickinson who first reprinted in English in 1915 Romain Rolland's *Above the Battle*, and in January, 1916, he was in Cambridge at the Harvard president's house on Quincy Street persuading Lawrence Lowell to the League, who then persuaded ex-President Taft and Edward Filene, and it was Mr. Filene who largely financed the publicizing which President Wilson had told them would have to be done before he could openly espouse the cause.

2

A MODERN Plutarch would have in the careers of Shaw and Murray already made to hand a pair of parallel lives. Both are dramatists, but they are antithetical. Shaw, *Admirable Bashville* that he was, pugilistically told the world its errors by, as it were, bashing it on the jaw and socking it in the eye. This he did on platform, stage, and in print for sixty years. Murray has wrought more quietly. Yes, he can say exactly what he means — and what he means is often a severe jolt — yet he can do it, as he says in his book on the touchy Homeric question, "without rousing the old lions that lie wakeful behind most of the larger stones. . . . The sportsman in me would like to go gun in hand and bag a few of the most dangerous; the philosopher is resolved to do them no injury, but merely try gradually and indirectly, to make them friends to man." His is the art of putting provocative ideas into unprovocative language.

Shaw's influence is wide; Murray's is deep, a force that works in the cellarage among the massive arches of foundation thought. Shaw, in spirit, is Hebraist; Murray is Hellenist. Protagonist and deuteragonist in a classic drama of our time, they exchange places. When we are young and bellicose, Shaw is our man, head-on collision, "knock your adversary flat" (his prescription); when we mature, our man is Murray, urbane, patient, reasonable, and prepared in face of discouragement to keep at it for a lifetime. Your Hebraist wins in the short run (and, in the immense rhythms of history, the thousand years from the fall of Rome to the Renaissance is a short run); in the long run, I think, your winner is the Hellenist. Being taxed with the boldness of his thinking in three of his finest works of scholarship, *The Rise of the Greek Epic*, *Five Stages of Greek Religion*, and *The Classical Tradition in Poetry*: "You are very polite to Christianity, but that is just the trouble; you are too polite," his eyes sparkle and he says, laughing, "You know, there is more in those books than is strictly business." And yet one of his best friends, a colleague at Oxford and himself an eminent Hellenist, says,

"How surprised Murray will be to find himself, after all, in the Christian heaven! But his manners will be quite equal to the occasion."

Although Shaw did stage the Murrays, it is probable that Murray has more influenced Shaw than Shaw has Murray. Meeting Shaw in the lobby of a London theater, Murray had said, "I have an idea for a play which you should write. It is a true-to-life version of *Taming of the Shrew*; while Petruchio is hectoring Katherine, she all the while is winding him around her little finger."

"That would be good," says Shaw, "but it happens that I am already writing a play about you, which should be entitled *Murray's Mother-in-Law*."

Now Murray's mother-in-law was the redoubtable Lady Carlisle (than whom . . .) who, as Lady Britomart in *Major Barbara*, amply fulfills her imperious habit as she walked. Shaw, anxious not to offend the family, asked if he might read his play to the Murrays. A few friends were had in to tea at Yatscombe, Shaw came down to Oxford, and read. The first act went swimmingly; the second, of course, as it always does, like a house afire; but alas, the third. . . . It could not be concealed, and has never yet been concealed, not even after Shaw, three decades later, carefully rewrote it for the film.

In retaliation for the play, Murray recited an incident at the expense of the Shaws. It seems there was a Belgian Socialist, a Madame La Forge, who starred herself as the most dangerous woman in Europe. She was wont to stride out on the speakers' platform in a great black cloak, which she swept from her shoulders with the flick of a bullfighter, displaying the lining, a deep bloody crimson. She is to call on the Shaws at their London apartment, No. 10 Adelphi Terrace. Her visiting card bears portentously the single word, *Forge*. She now enters to the Shaws, prodigiously big-busted, black-browed, and elaborately gowned, gloved, and hatted. One of her preoccupations is an increased liberality in the relationship between the sexes. "As the interview went on," says Murray, "the Shaws became aware of an increasing glaciation in the atmosphere. Finally she rose, drew herself up to full height, and said icily, 'I am told I am to meet one of the leading theoreticians of English Socialism, and what do I find? Bourgeois intérieure, and Madame, who has every appearance of being your wife!'"

"Shaw," says Hesketh Pearson, his biographer, "ranked Murray's translations as being in a class by themselves, and the highest in twentieth century drama." Britannica goes so far, for it, as to say, "He brought Greek drama back to the modern stage." In May, 1915, when the First World War had been ravaging less than a year, Granville Barker produced Murray's translation of Euripides' *Trojan Women* with a notable cast in the Harvard

Stadium. The audience sat as if stunned. One of my Harvard Greek professors, with whom I went, said, "This is a knock-down for me. I have read this play time and again, and taught it. Had you asked me this morning, I would have told you, 'It is not a very good play.' And now I find it overwhelming. You never know a play until you see it acted."

Murray's translations began coming in 1902. By 1954, the number had reached two dozen, and what an event each was as it came — to memorize the stirring sea choruses of the *Iphigenia in Tauris* and the hauntingly and tenderly beautiful odes in the *Bacchae*, which are themselves one of the *Varieties of Religious Experience*. The seven surviving plays of Aeschylus (which include the three tragedies of the *Oresteia*); Sophocles' Theban trilogy, the two *Oedipus* plays and *Antigone*; two of Aristophanes' best comedies, *Frogs* and *Birds*; two comedies by Menander, and of course Murray's rehabilitation of Euripides in public favor — nine of his tragedies, among which the *Hippolytus*, *Bacchae*, *Trojan Women*, *Electra*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris* have been acted in London, mainly at the Court Theatre (1902–1927) — even for one who has read and re-read a good many of these plays in Greek, thus to meet them in vibrant English verse is an encounter almost equal to the opening of the classical repertory in music by excellent phonograph records; for both, Greek drama and the musical classics, are among the great literatures of the world.

And how this stream has broadened. For Greek drama is as haunting an art-form as the orchestral symphony; or, to speak more precisely, the sonata. Once in the blood, is there any getting it out? Poet after poet must have a go at it: Milton, Shelley, Arnold, Swinburne, and so on and on. The austerity of its form deepens a poet's thought-stream between high rock-walls. The alternation of dramatic dialogue and choric odes, the flashing cut-and-thrust line-for-line speeches, *stichomuthiae*; the Recognition Scene, the Messenger's Speech, yes, and even to us of an alien religion, the Epiphany, these seemingly rigid and wooden conventions nevertheless come to life as sure-fire theater. In 1936, Louis MacNeice produced his starkly powerful verse translation of the *Agamemnon*, then Robinson Jeffers his modernized acting versions of the *Medea* and *Hippolytus*; next come brilliant translations into English verse of Sophocles by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald, both in collaboration and separately, and, most recently, Fitts's daring and hilarious verse translations of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* and *Frogs*.

To these add modern plays touched off by the ancient ones, Eugene O'Neill's *Lazarus Laughed*, with one act almost cribbed from Murray's translation of the *Bacchae*, and *Mourning Becomes Electra* after (though a long way after) the *Oresteia* of

Aeschylus; then Maxwell Anderson's *Wingless Victory*, and, only a year ago, William Alfred's *Agamemnon*, a superb modern verse drama on the ancient theme.

There has been, first and last, a good deal of griping about Murray's translations ("not naming names") and a good deal of quiet fun is to be had at the expense of the belly-achers: "All right, Rufus; if you don't like Murray's, roll your own." So the Rufuses do roll their own, and, it may be joyfully conceded, often very well. Only remember, Rufus: Murray has done brilliantly a cool two dozen to your possible six, and knows fifty times more about them in their Greek originals than . . . well, nothing pussional of course. . . .

Aeschylus described his tragedies as "slices from the great banquets of Homer." We come now to Murray's meat course. He sets before us the great ideas which underlie Western civilization and which continue to animate the mind of Western man. "The seeds of Western civilization," says Murray, "are mostly to be found in Greece and not elsewhere. . . . The classical books are in general the books which have possessed for mankind such vitality that they are still read and enjoyed when all other books written within ten centuries of them have long since been dead. There must be something peculiar about a book of which the world feels after two thousand years that it has not yet had enough." You can make it three thousand, if you like, Professor Murray, for among our American paper-backed editions, year after year the one which outsells every other is Homer's *Odyssey*.

During the Middle Ages, Greek was lost to Europe. Its rediscovery in the fifteenth century was equal in importance to the discovery of America: both were new worlds. There followed on their discovery, and largely as a consequence of it, a great liberation of the human mind. Now for the past half century, or more, we have been living on the moral and intellectual capital inherited by us. But we have been and are using it up fast. That form of wealth, like others, becomes exhausted if it is not kept steadily replenished. This vitamin deficiency of the Greek and Latin classics in our own diet is already glaringly evident in American education and equally so in the slovenliness of much contemporary American writing: —

*What can they know of English
Who only English know?*

"To suppose," says Murray, "as I believe some people do, that you can get the value of a great poem by studying an abstract of it in an encyclopedia or by reading cursorily an average translation of it, argues really a kind of mental deficiency, like deafness or colour-blindness. The things which we call eternal, the things of the spirit and imagination,

always seem to be reached and enjoyed by somehow going through the process again. If the value of a particular walk lies in the scenery, you do not get that value by taking a short cut or using a fast motor car. . . . It is the process that matters more than the result."

This is a striking concurrence with Whitehead's dictum: "The process is itself the actuality."

In our world-welter of events, we sometimes come to with a start and realize how much virtue can go forth from a single human being, and how far it can go, how wide, and how deep. To the solitary striver his effort may, in face of what is needed, look small and puny. I dare say his own has often looked so to Murray, and yet his career is a living reminder that the individual does weigh, may prevail, and, in the final accounting, is all that does. Like Nansen and Schweitzer, he is one of the Great Europeans, world citizens, of whom we need several millions more. For not only is he a bridge-span from the nineteenth century at its best over into and on beyond the mid-point of the twentieth; he is even more a part of that greater span from the ancient world (which not to know is to be to ourselves unknown) over into our distracted epoch, and his career might be termed "Hellenist to the rescue of a world askew."

For he brings us light without heat, though not without warmth. "Man," he says, "having been on this planet, let us say, fifty thousand years more or less, spent mostly in eating and being eaten, hurting and being hurt, at last produced the *Agamemnon* or the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*, or what you will. So there was some meaning in the process after all! It led somewhere. It may even have been worth while! That, properly understood, is an historical fact of the very first importance. The fact is the beauty of the poem or statue itself and you cannot understand that fact at all unless you can feel and appreciate the beauty. Otherwise the fact does not exist for you."

The heart of Murray's work is, I suppose, in

three of his finest books of scholarship, and so beautifully written that whatever be their fate as Hellenic studies, they will live as belles-lettres. *The Rise of the Greek Epic* explains many a man to himself for the first time; *Five Stages of Greek Religion*, read and digested, leaves no room for surprise at what has turned up in the recently discovered scrolls from the Dead Sea; and *The Classical Tradition in Poetry* is a lifeline to tired swimmers in the surf of our modern confusion. Yet no sooner has one instanced these than he feels impelled hastily to add *Euripides and His Age*, which to read once is to re-read repeatedly; *Tradition and Progress* (now shamefully out of print); his *Aeschylus, Creator of Tragedy*, his *Aristophanes, a Study*; and his *Greek Studies*, cream of the cream; for even after his two dozen translations, Murray is still a twenty-volume man in his own right.

When he speaks of the great Greek centuries up to the end of the fifth B.C. as a "white-hot centre of spiritual life," it is like a description of himself. Let him, in complete unself-consciousness, make it more precise: —

"Every Greek community was like a garrison of civilization amid wide hordes of barbarians, — a picked body of men, of whom each individual had in some sense to live up to a higher standard than can be expected of the common human animal. . . . It was everywhere a handful of men holding an outpost, men who wrought their wonderful day's work in political and moral wisdom, in speculation, in beauty of outward form and inward imagining, with an ear ever open to the sternest of life's calls, and the hated spear and shield never far out of reach."

I often think, sometimes whimsically, and again quite seriously, that a man who wanted to make himself a genuinely civilized human being might do so by reading all that Murray has written from 1897 to 1955, and trying to put the ideas into daily practice. Of course it would take him the rest of his life; but then, these ideas have already been occupying Western man for three thousand years.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For ten years the *Atlantic* has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that prizes would be awarded to those two which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction.

1955 PRIZE WINNERS

First Prize of \$750 awarded to

JOSEPH WHITEHILL
for "*Able Baker*" in the
April issue

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to

NATHANIEL LAMAR
for "*Creole Love Song*" in the
June issue

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

I WAS taken to see Buffalo Bill by my Uncle Renny. He was seventeen and he wore a derby, a high stiff collar whose rounded points came together concealing the knot of his striped cravat, and a Brooks suit that buttoned up close under his chin. Uncle Renny was very sensitive to appearances and to girls. He did not seem to share my anticipation of the Wild West Show, and I was too young to realize that my shrill presence was the cause of his embarrassment. I was eight.

Temporary bleachers had been erected enclosing the arena, and I remember that we climbed up to our seats at the very top. My legs were too short to reach the plank which formed the next row below us; my toes simply dangled in the menacing opening, but after one look down I had eyes only for the portal through which Uncle Renny said Buffalo Bill would soon make his appearance. Then the cowboy band struck up, and he did. He was on a white horse, and in his immaculate buckskins and gleaming boots, his flowing hair which reached to his shoulders, white goatee, and beautiful Stetson, he was the most romantic Westerner I had ever seen, or ever shall. He rode slowly around the enclosure, and a cowboy went ahead tossing blue glass balls into the air which he casually shot to smithereens. The spectators rose, shouting and applauding; I piped up, "Yea, Buffalo Bill!" — and swiftly disappeared into the chasm between the seats. I descended in a sitting position, missed the crossbars — which was lucky — and thumped into the soft earth with the solidest part of my anatomy. It took Uncle Renny a few seconds to discover my absence, and longer than that to thread his way down through the excited audience. "Stay where you are!" he shouted. I had no impulse to do otherwise. After he brushed me off, the unbuttoning — "to see if there was anything wrong" — must have mortified him far more than

it did me. There seemed to be no good reason why we shouldn't go back, so he produced our stubs again and we returned to our seats just in time to see the holdup of the Deadwood Coach.

Because Will Cody was a master of the art of self-glorification, it is very difficult to separate the facts about him from the fiction. In *Buffalo Bill and the Wild West* (Oxford University Press, \$6.95), Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright have presented a lively, affectionate, and very picturesque account of Buffalo Bill's fantastic success and his grandiose, but sad, decline. From the boy's youth, which is already encased in legend, a few facts emerge. Isaac Cody, his father, was an outspoken abolitionist who was knifed in a rally on the Kansas border; and at the age of eleven young Will, with his melting brown eyes, fine features, and blond curls, became the chief support of his widowed mother and his sisters. He was first employed, at forty a month, as messenger on the great wagon trains then opening the West; he learned the trails leading out of Fort Laramie, and as a crack horseman he carried the mail in the famous Pony Express; he learned to scout from Kit Carson and Jim Bridger; and from Wild Bill Hickok he learned how to be swift and deadly with firearms — all this before he was seventeen.

Cody proved himself again and again as a daring, dependable scout in the Indian fighting, and his killing of Yellow Hand with his famous cry "First scalp for Custer!" was probably his most celebrated exploit. But it was as a hunter that he first caught the imagination of the East. The railroad crews needed meat, and Cody, working on contract, supplied them with buffalo, 4280 killed by his own hand in seventeen months. The dudes wanted to hunt with him, and when they came, they found Buffalo Bill irresistibly charming and they carried him back with them to New York. That six weeks' visit in 1872 projected Will Cody into a part he was to play for the rest of his life.

It is in the build-up of the great Show that the biographers provide their most authentic and enjoyable materials: the corralling of the famous Indians, the starring of Annie Oakley, the command performance before Queen Victoria, the record-breaking year of 1893 when in Chicago alone he played to more than six million — all this reaped a fortune which Buffalo Bill spent with both hands. His forty-thousand-acre ranch near North Platte, his lavishness abroad, his courtship of Katherine Clemmons, the English actress, his huge gifts to his

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sisters, his building of the Irma Hotel in Cody, his greenbacks for any beggar, were all part of the living legend. One gathers that he could not have been an easy husband to live with, and Louisa Cody, had she survived, might have helped to make this a less adulatory book. But why be critical? The old photographs and programs, the woodcuts, and even the Remingtons attest to this man's glamour. Let him glitter!

Insight into Thackeray

In *Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity (1811-1846)* (McGraw-Hill, \$7.00) Gordon N. Ray has carried to eloquent completion his affectionate study and research of more than a decade. This is the best biography of Thackeray that has yet been written: it is understanding and objective; it is appreciative and critical; it places him sensitively and naturally in his own surrounding, and judges him by nineteenth-century standards, not ours. The preparation for such a biography has been arduous. It began with a study of Thackeray in Paris; it was broadened during the Blitz by Professor Ray's editing of the four volumes of *The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray*, unpublished material entrusted to him by the family; and it was further amplified in 1952 by the publication of *The Buried Life: A Study of the Relation Between Thackeray's Fiction and His Personal History*. Out of such assimilation and scholarship has grown this vital, full-length portrait.

In his aspiration and early struggles I find Thackeray singularly appealing. I like him for his size (he grew to be six foot three) and for his modesty; I like him for his gusto (he was devoted to painting and literature, to the theater and wine); I like him for his temptations (gambling was in his blood), for the way he had to confide in women, and for the generosity of his ideals. I come closer to him than I could ever come to Dickens, and much of this, I am sure, is Mr. Ray's doing.

We shall all dwell on favorite passages in a biography as capacious as this. As an editor I have always been curious about the false starts, the blundering and groping which a writer of talent commits before he finds his true course. Thus I followed with special interest Thackeray's years at Cambridge, from which he was sent down for gambling; his brief flirtation with law; and his bachelor years in London where he made his first uncertain excursions into illustrating and journalism. Indeed he had squandered most of the tidy fortune inherited from his father when in 1836 he fell in love with Isabella Shawe. From this time forward he had to support himself by his pen.

Thackeray's domestic life which began so happily on Great Coram Street was destined not to last. Isabella was an indifferent housekeeper and quite incapable of coping with her infant daughters who were born in quick succession. Her mother

was a troublemaker and before long the free-lance writer was seeking the sanctuary of his clubs. The more difficult things became with Isabella the more strenuous was the schedule he set himself, and not until too late did he realize that she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown — from which, in fact, she never recovered. These chapters of his middle life — "A Year of Pain and Hope"; "Bachelor Life" (after Isabella has been sent to an institution); and "Free-lance" — show the disillusion, the testing, and the developing of a major novelist who could not be deterred. The subtitle of Professor Ray's book, "The Uses of Adversity," has been well chosen.

The final judgment on Thackeray's work will be presumably given in a sequel. But by placing his writing in its historical setting Dr. Ray has very effectively reminded us of why Thackeray's accomplishment is out of fashion with modern critics. "For many years," he writes, "the pattern novelist has been James Joyce, who repudiated his family, his country, and his religion in order to devote himself wholly to his art. Thackeray's way was very different . . . he was content to work out his literary destiny within the limits imposed by the common life of his age, to share existence as it must be lived under the normal conditions of middle-class society." The difference is worth pondering.

Men against the sea

All along the New England coast are rocky teeth, tiny islands with no more vegetation than seaweed and their only inhabitants the gulls. One of these, north of the Isle of Shoals and to the east of Portsmouth, is the site of **Kenneth Roberts's** new novel, *Boon Island* (Doubleday, \$3.75). Here in December, 1710, an English merchant vessel bound for Portsmouth was smashed to bits in a matter of hours. The northeaster flung the captain and crew to sodden safety on the rocks, and here in stark misery they survived until the audacious rescue from the mainland. So much is history.

It seems to me that Mr. Roberts has described the castaways' cruel, bitterly cold struggle in the only way that the stay-at-home can take it in. He tells the story through the eyes of an Oxford undergraduate, a supercargo who records the ordeal with compassion: we see the self-discipline and restraint imposed by Captain Dean; we see the patience with which he controls his vexing, wrong-headed mate, Christian Langman, a man whose temper is only subdued by the common misery; we share in the painfully won protection of canvas and cave, and can even imagine how the survivors adjusted themselves to the cannibalism without which they would have perished. This novel with its bleak courage and fortitude reminds me of that narrative by Nordhoff and Hall, the story of Captain Bligh's famous trip in the open boat, *Men Against the Sea*.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



HE LOOKED — at the three parties at which I met the late Dylan Thomas — like a debauched cherub: a plump cherub who had climbed out of a Rubens painting and had incongruously become a habitué of skid row. What struck me most forcibly about him was a quality of childishness which was touching and at the same time rather horrifying in a man of over thirty-five. But there was another Dylan Thomas whom I knew better through the printed word — one of the great lyric poets of the century. And there was the inspired Thomas of the lecture platform, who, whatever his condition before facing the audience, came through with spellbinding readings which are remembered all over America. There were many other aspects to Thomas's personality, and some day a sufficiently gifted biographer will give us a synthesis of this kaleidoscopic-faced genius.

Meanwhile, the poet **John Malcolm Brinnin** has published an account of his intimate association with Thomas — as lecture-planner, business manager, and friend — during the last four years of Dylan's life. Mr. Brinnin's *Dylan Thomas in America* (Atlantic Little, Brown, \$4.00) is certain to arouse sharp controversy. Some will feel that to chronicle Thomas's alcoholic *dégringolade* was a betrayal of the loyalty due to a hugely gifted friend. Others will applaud Mr. Brinnin's decision to set down what he knows of the record before the facts become hopelessly blurred by gossip and myth-making. What is certain, to my mind, is that Brinnin has written out of the deepest regard for Thomas; and further, that he has written a compelling and extremely moving book.

Mr. Brinnin describes two visits to Laugharne, the Welsh fishing village where the Thomases lived; and there we see the poet in a different light — as a man devoted to his father and mother, and one who cared deeply about his three small children. But even here he betrayed signs of a gnawing restlessness; and his meetings with Brinnin in London revealed a long-established pattern of orgiastic drinking which effectively refutes the charge — voiced in some quarters after his death — that it was American hospitality which "killed him."

Mr. Brinnin's brief attempts to clarify the sources of Thomas's guilt, unhappiness, and compulsive drinking did not seem to me particularly

enlightening. What is valuable and arresting in his book is the precision, candor, and feeling with which it describes Thomas's turbulent last years — his triumphs and his disgraces; his stormy relationship with his wife; his three love affairs in America; his moments of relaxed, cheerful enjoyment; and his final terrible tailspin.

Great lady

"How fortunate," wrote Pascal, "is a career that begins with love and ends with ambition." The sequence of passions which the great moralist prescribed was curiously reversed in the career of a princess who was his contemporary, and who is now the subject of a captivating biography by **Francis Steegmuller**: *The Grand Mademoiselle* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.75). The lady's name was Anne-Marie-Louise D'Orléans, Duchesse de Montpensier; and her life spans the period 1627–1693. She was the daughter of Monsieur, younger brother of Louis XIII, and was known as *La Grande Mademoiselle*. Mr. Steegmuller is to be congratulated on having spotted the fact that this lady, who could hardly be called a major figure in French history, is a really magnificent subject for a biographer. His book is based on the courageously candid volume of memoirs which his heroine started writing at twenty-five, and it seems to me in every respect an admirable job.

The Grand Mademoiselle was the richest princess in Europe. Early in life she concluded that she had no taste for *galanterie*, and for her the question of marriage reduced itself to securing "an establishment" that would improve her already glittering station. Among the succession of grandees who figured as possible husbands for her were the then thirteen-year-old King of France, Louis XIV, eleven years her junior; Philip IV of Spain; the Hapsburg Emperor, Ferdinand III; and Charles Stuart, later Charles II of England. For one reason or another, all of these prospective matches and many others failed to materialize.

The most troublesome fact in the Grand Mademoiselle's quest for the perfect establishment was the behavior of her worthless father, to whom she was fanatically loyal. Monsieur repeatedly took part in doomed conspiracies against his brother, supposedly to liberate the king from the evil influence of Richelieu; and later he carried his daughter with him into the revolt known as *La Fronde*, which was directed against young Louis XIV's minister, Mazarin. The Grand Mademoiselle personally won over the city of Orléans for the Frondeists; and shortly afterward there occurred in Paris the incident for which she is remembered in the textbooks of French history — she ordered the guns of the Bastille to fire on the army of Louis XIV which was besieging the city.

But the Fronde collapsed; the Grand Mademoiselle was exiled, at twenty-five, to a remote

country château; and after she was permitted to return to court, she remained for many years in eclipse. Then, on the verge of forty, she fell desperately in love—and with a mere Captain of Dragoons; a dashing, headstrong gallant, so reckless that he once hid under the king's bed to eavesdrop on a conversation between the monarch and his mistress. The drama between the Grand Made-moiselle and the Comte de Lauzun was later described by Madame de Sévigné as the perfect subject for a Racine tragedy; and it makes the last part of Mr. Steegmuller's biography the high point of an altogether remarkable story.

Gibbsville, Pa.

John O'Hara's *Ten North Fredrick* (Random House, \$3.95) is another fictional chronicle of life in Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, the small town which was the setting of *Appointment in Samarra* and *A Rage to Live*. Three generations of Chapins—one of Gibbsville's first families—appear in the story, but it is essentially a biography of Joseph B. Chapin, who dies in 1945 at the age of about sixty. Opening with his funeral, the novel first presents to the reader the public image of Chapin as a singularly fortunate and exemplary citizen. Then the author proceeds to unfold the subtly different truth about Chapin's life—the lofty political ambitions which he secretly cherished and the bitter humiliation they brought him; the painful stresses and disappointments within his home; his hopeless (and to this reader improbable) love affair with a beautiful young friend of his daughter; and finally, his discreetly handled decline into alcoholism.

Mr. O'Hara works into this narrative a keyhole report on Gibbsville's sex life; he quotes ream upon ream of dialogue, gossip, and small talk; and he anatomizes Gibbsville snobbery with encyclopedic thoroughness and a great deal of repetition. There is something excruciatingly parvenu in the relentless way in which O'Hara points up the minutest social distinctions; and his mesmerized immersion in small-town snobbery—however accurate his findings may be—becomes a bit of a bore.

To my mind, Clifton Fadiman was right when he predicted two decades ago that O'Hara would end up in a blind alley. What Fadiman said then applies perfectly to O'Hara's new

novel: "Here . . . is the ripe fruit of the nonspeculative, perceptive American newspaperman mind. A precise and conscious talent devotes itself to a tale from which is extracted all possible point, even the point of pointlessness. . . . [O'Hara] can draw you a map of Gibbsville's social strata . . . he knows [everything about] the décor of country-club civilization. But about all these things he deliberately has no ideas . . . his particular effect . . . is to produce no effect at all."

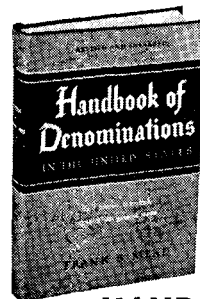
The band played on

"God himself couldn't sink this ship," one of the deck hands assured a passenger on the maiden voyage of the *Titanic*. At 11:40 P.M. on April 14, 1912, the "unsinkable" *Titanic* struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic, and two hours and forty minutes later it went to the bottom. That legendary disaster, in which some 1500 persons lost their lives, has been vividly and meticulously reconstructed in **Walter Lord's *A Night to Remember*** (Holt, \$3.50). The author has been fascinated by the tragedy of the *Titanic* ever since he was a boy, and he has been collecting data about it for more than twenty years. Insofar as it is humanly possible to separate fact from fancy in the story of that April night, Mr. Lord's book does it. It is a magnificent job of re-creative chronicling, enthralling from the first word to the last.

In many parts of the ship, the side-long collision with the iceberg (which rapidly vanished into the night) was felt only as a slight, grinding jar; and it was quite some time before the passengers grasped that their lives were in danger. The first boats lowered were not one-quarter filled, many people still believing that they were safer on the ship. When it became quite clear that the *Titanic* was doomed and that there was lifeboat space for only half of those on board, many male passengers began to fight their way in with the women and children. But there were many, too, who behaved with exemplary discipline and courage. Benjamin Guggenheim even contributed a seigniorial touch to the tragedy by changing into his evening clothes and making good his resolution to "go down like a gentleman." And the band, which lustily went on playing ragtime, was at its post when the ship nose-dived.

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one made a determined effort to pick up survivors. Although a number of the remaining seventeen were only half-filled, they stood off, fearful of being swamped, while hundreds drowned in the freezing waters a short distance away.

The sinking of the *Titanic* — in which Second Class and especially Steerage suffered the severest losses — played a part in the social revolution in the twentieth century: never again would the Western world take it for granted that class discrimination was normal in the sphere of safety precautions and rescue work.

If the *Titanic* had heeded any of the six ice warnings she received; if there had been a moon or if she had hit the berg in any other way; if the wireless operator of the *Californian*, which was less than ten miles away, had not packed up for the night — if any one of half-a-dozen “ifs” had turned out right, every life would probably have been saved. But fate conspired against the *Titanic*; the disaster had the aspects of a classic tragedy.

In the course of his research, Mr. Lord made a curious discovery. Fourteen years before the sinking of the *Titanic*, an obscure author published an uncannily prophetic novel entitled *Futility*. He invented a fabulous Atlantic liner, the *Titan*, almost identical in specifications with the *Titanic*; he loaded it with wealthy and complacent passengers; and he wrecked it on an iceberg on a cold night in April.

One survived

A Book Society Choice in England and a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in the United States, *We Die Alone* by David Howarth (Macmillan, \$3.95) is one of the most extraordinary escape stories of World War II. In March, 1943, a small group of Norwegian saboteurs trained in Scotland landed in their home country with the intention of destroying the great German airfield near the Arctic convoy route. Alerted by a Quisling, the Nazis trapped the party on a small island and annihilated it with the exception of one man, Jan Baalsrud, who, though wounded in the foot, swam across the icy fjord to the mainland. Relentlessly hunted by the Germans and heroically aided by a network of patriotic Norwegians, Baalsrud eventually escaped to Sweden after breath-taking adventures and unimaginable sufferings. At the very outset he was caught by an

avalanche, and was left concussed, frostbitten, snow-blind, and delirious. Later, he lay for twenty-seven consecutive days on a storm-swept mountain plateau where one by one he amputated his gangrened toes with a blunt penknife and no anesthetic other than a swallow of brandy.

Ten years after the event, the author of this book and Baalsrud revisited each and every scene of the drama; talked to the people who helped to engineer Baalsrud's escape; and pieced together this amazing story, many details of which had remained unknown to its hero. It is truly an epic of human endurance; and Mr. Howarth's telling of it is taut, vivid, and precise — a stirring example of British understatement.

Briefly noted

Not having read, I'm afraid, the more recent works of **James Branch Cabell**, I was somewhat surprised by the tone of his latest book, *As I Remember It* (McBride, \$3.75), subtitled “Some Epilogues in Recollection.” The style has not changed — it is still convoluted, on the precious side, and quite often tellingly witty. But as I remember Cabell, he was world-weary and fashionably disillusioned. Now he affirms that life is in the main an enjoyable affair — and so, I'm happy to report, is his book. It contains a long sketch of his first wife (who died in 1948), composed with candor, affectionate irony, and a genuinely moving devotion; a short account of his second marriage, which he embarked upon at seventy-one; and amusing, sometimes catty, reminiscences about his literary friends.

The Easy Chair (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00) contains a selection of the highly charged essays which the late **Bernard DeVoto** contributed to *Harper's* magazine. In an age in which most polemical writing is shoddy journalese, Mr. DeVoto had the rare distinction of being a commentator whose artistry and learning were as impressive as his firepower. He included in this volume his withering pieces on the pretensions of the ex-Communists; on the Reece Committee's shameless “investigation” of the tax-exempt foundations; and on the doctrine of guilt by association. There is a wonderful satire describing the “ordeal by chic” of a girl called Gloria who is learning to live up to the gospel according to *Vogue*. And there are a couple of memorable essays on American history.

ACCENT ON LIVING



OF ALL forms of radio and television entertainments, the crime show — barring its rather complicated commercials about the behavior of the digestive tract — must be the easiest to write. There was a time when the crime show was believed to need much the same kind of underpinnings as a mystery story. Its writers had to know how to be in two places at once or how to get out of a room with everything left locked on the inside. They were experts on rare poisons, and they knew all about the sciences. Nowadays the scientific stuff is all in the commercials. The crime show is intended “to assist American police in their war against the underworld,” but it is also intended to assist the sale of a pill, a wonderful pill containing “a new citrus bio-flavinoid.” The pill will ensure Regularity for the crime-show audience, we learn, and enough is said on this count of an evening to make us wonder how long the members of the Sherlock Holmes cult can, without misunderstanding arising, continue to call themselves the Baker Street Irregulars. What concerns us

more is this business of assisting the American police, for that is what sets the modern crime show apart from the old-time puzzlers and mysteries. What does the crime show do about it?

The answer lies in the word education. The pill company is out to teach the public all about police work. It wants the public to realize that most police work is plain, routine drudgery. Hard work, long hours, a hastily gobbled sandwich — that’s what police work is like in the crime show of 1956. And if cracking the case calls for no great amount of brains, it does require much patience, especially on the part of the crime-show audience. Filling in the middle twenty minutes of the half-hour show is what counts, and this has become a straightforward interval of drudgery. No tricks, no short cuts. (A writer gets nowhere in these circles if he insists on solving in ten minutes a case budgeted for twenty.)

Thus the drudgery interval is simplicity itself. All the writer need do is select the drudgery and put his characters to work on it.

The crime itself is not important. It can be any old thing — murder, robbery, embezzlement, kidnaping — and it has already been committed when the crime show begins; in fact the squad cars are just reaching the place. Clomp, clomp, clomp. (No clomping if it’s an F.B.I. show. Clomping is just for cops.) Clomp.

Over here, Lieutenant.

Hm-m-m. Looker, wasn’t she . . .

We got two people saw the man get away. Green Chevy ’55 sedan.

Anyone see the number?

Nah. Just the first three digits: 9-U-J. Too bad.

Rafferty.

Yessir.

Get some pictures of that girl and take them to every bar and joint in town. Find out her name and where she lived. Mulligan.

Yessir.

You and I have a little job to do at the Registry of Motor Vehicles. The Registry of Motor Vehicles?

Right. *I'm going to find the driver of that car if I have to track down every license plate in California that begins with 9-U-J!* (Clomp, clomp, clomp.)

The screen-out at the Registry of Motor Vehicles is one of those elastic episodes that can stretch or shrink to any desired bulk. Mulligan and the lieutenant find, at the outset, that they are up against 7000 registrations beginning with 9-U-J, and these are reduced to 733 issued to green Chevvies. This takes eighteen hours of steady plugging — about six minutes of crime-show time — before Mulligan is allowed to go out for egg sandwiches and coffee.

Gee, Lieutenant, you mean we got to see all 733 of these Chevvie owners? How can —

Get going, Mulligan. We've still got lots to do. (Clomp, clomp.)

There is no need for the crime-

show audience to become restive at the prospect of 733 police interviews to come. Rafferty — we had almost forgotten about Rafferty — has been hard at it, meanwhile, touring the bars and night spots in *his* drudgery episode. He has been drawing blanks right and left. But stay — Rafferty is about to make a strike.

Nah, I never see no dame like dat. Sure?

Nah. Hey — wait a minute. Could be she was in here last week.

Yeah?

Yeh. You leave me outa this, copper?

Sure.

She was wit' Fingers Spagoni.

Okay. You're clean, and — thanks.

Comes a blast of the leaden-footed musical theme, all groans and dissonances, with which the pill companies like to surround their commer-

cials. An authoritative voice barks staccato questions about the pills we are now taking. Give them up, it commands, and try the new citrus bio-flavinoid. More music. And now — back to Precinct 87!

That about wraps it up. Spagoni gives up quietly, doesn't even come out shooting. Amid a good deal more clomping, the lieutenant even retrieves from a trash can the telltale license plate 9-U-J, etc. More of the dolorous music, more about the great new pill. Fingers Spagoni, the authoritative voice informs us, paid for his crime in the gas chamber at San Quentin.

And next week, another treat, another full half-hour with *This Is Your Precinct 87*.

Just good, solid routine. Not a puzzle in a carload.

CHARLES W. MORTON

GENIUS WANTED

by JEAN THRASHER

JEAN THRASHER is a young Atlantan who got her degree at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, in 1954 and is now doing graduate work at Northwestern University.

THE tyger had roamed the jungle for many centuries. Then one day he said to himself, "I've been a primitive long enough. Everyone else is going urban, so I'll just brush up my striped leggings and make a stab at it too. I'll start with London."

London it was, but no one noticed him — not the high society, the middle society, or the rock-bottom, not-a-shilling-in-the-breeches-pocket society. Everyone was too busy with the Empire and the cost of mutton.

Then one day the tyger was strolling down by the Thames. He spotted a man sitting on the bank. The tyger straightened his shoulder pads and sauntered right up to Mr. William Blake. "Rraaww," he said in his best tiffin manner.

Blake dropped suddenly out of his mystic meandering and nearly toppled into the Thames. "Egad, don't burn quite so bright in my direction, would you," he said to the tyger. "You're certainly a handsome chap. You're a symbol. I would have spotted you anywhere."

The tyger vibrated appreciatively.

"What am I a symbol of?" he asked proudly.

"Oh, almost everything. That's the way it is with symbols, you know. You are the universal type. If I had a lamb to match you with, you could be contrasted as experience and innocence, good and evil. In fact, I think I'll write a poem about you."



When the tyger read Blake's poem, he growled happily because it caught the beauty in his ferocity. It went like this: —

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry? . . .

Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make
thee? . . .

The tyger and William Blake caused many a carriage jam on their daily promenades around London. And everyone looked at him and exclaimed, "That's William Blake's tyger. Isn't his fearful symmetry just the glass of fashion!"

Then one day in 1827 Blake said to the tyger, "Look here, old fellow, I hate to be a promenade-pooper, but I'm just a little tired." The next day Blake died, and the tyger was rudely pushed out of his little nest of notoriety. No one recognized him any more.

The tyger finally went to the library and curled up in *Songs of Experience*. He was determined to hibernate.

One day a man named Mark Schorer came in and nudged the tyger with his fountain pen. "My dear Mr. Blake's tyger, would you mind disclosing the secret of your longevity?"

"Certainly not," answered the tyger, pulling his right eyebrow down like a tassel. "'The Tyger' can be read in many ways — as the simple opposition of innocence and experience; as the paradox of the creation and of Christianity, the antithesis of love and wrath, good and evil; as the expression of delight and awe before the magnitude and variety of creation . . ."

Schorer scribbled down the tyger's

comments. It's all in *William Blake, The Politics of Vision* on page 251.

When the book came into the library, the tyger almost fractured the binding laughing. He knew Schorer had a collaborator, but "William Blake's Tyger" would have looked silly on the title page.

Another man checked out Blake's poems. The tyger peeped at the card. The name was T. S. Eliot.

When Mr. Eliot got home, the tyger crawled out and yawned. Eliot rubbed his back. "Nice pussy." Thereupon the tyger nipped him gently on the forefinger.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or a goblin
damn'd."

(*Hamlet*, Act I, sc. iv, lines 39-40)

"Be thou T. S. Eliot, as I think you are, or William Shakespeare, as I'm sure you're not?" the tyger answered.

"Thomas Stearns Eliot," the man answered hollowly. "I intend to write an essay on Blake showing how the lack of religious tradition in his environment hampered . . ."

"Look, you write the essay. I'll just sit here by the grate and sweat some of this yellow fog out of my system."

The tyger listened to the first draft of the essay, later published in *The Sacred Wood*, but he wasn't as cultured as he had pretended. Eliot was a genius, and who can argue with geniuses? Everyone knows they have sharper teeth than tigers.

Then one day Eliot was writing a



"Did you have one too many mixed metaphors before dinner?" asked the tyger.

"I need a symbol."

"Well, here I am burning straight at you."

"All right, you'll do."

And the tyger did do. Eliot ended the line "... Came Christ the tiger . . ." The tyger was the symbol of Christ and his redemptive fire. Of course, Gerontion was lost anyway because he could not reach the life-giving fire.

The tyger smoothed his sideburns proudly. Once again he was an active symbol.

Then one day the tyger ambled in with tears running down his plump jowls.

"Now don't you look ridiculous," Eliot said.

"All my burning will tarnish in this London fog," the tyger whimpered.

Eliot was certain the California sunshine would restore the tyger's bright personality. He booked passage for him on the *Queen Mary*.

Now the captain wasn't accustomed to having tigers in pin-striped suits pacing the decks. He gave the tyger all the travel folders on California, conducted him to his stateroom, and locked the door.

During the voyage the tyger decided Beverly Hills was the place for a celebrity of his caliber.

When he got to Beverly Hills, he took a bus tour. A man on a bicycle rode up beside the bus, saw the tyger in the window, and nearly fell in front of an ice cream truck.

The tyger got out and dusted off William Saroyan with his tail.

Saroyan said, "I'm a genius and you're a symbol. We could write such a beautiful book together."

"You don't look like a genius," said the tyger, flicking his ears suspiciously. "What's a genius doing riding a bicycle?"

"That's why I'm a genius. Balance, you know."

"In that case, I'll be glad to cooperate."

Saroyan told the tyger about William Tracy, a character who would just love to have an invisible tyger, that was really a black panther, except Tracy thought it was a tyger.

The tyger unraveled himself from the syntax and informed Saroyan that he didn't know what else he was talking about, but he would only half consider being invisible. So they agreed. The tyger was invisible for only half of the book.

The tyger loved people. In *Tracy's Tiger* he gave them love, and love gave them happiness—that is, if they recognized love and were not afraid of it. The psychiatrist says on page 73 just what the tyger would have said.

"... Where is fun, where is play, where is imagination, where is magic? Psychiatry I hate. People I love. Mad people, beautiful people, sick people, broke people, in pieces people. I love, I love. Why? Why is lost from people fun, play, imagination, magic? What for? Ah ha. Money? ... I think so. ... No more fun. Work now. Tiger. Tiger."

One hot afternoon the tyger went to the drugstore with Saroyan's son, Aram. He ambled over to the lunch counter and perched himself nonchalantly on a stool.

The man beside him looked around terrified. Then the man laughed and said, "You'd make a perfect epitaph for an explorer. You know. 'Tiger, Tiger, my mistake. I thought that you were William Blake.'"

The man laughed and the tyger laughed, and the man's name was Ogden Nash. He published the couplet in *Versus* on page 82.

The last episode in the eventful life of Mr. Blake's tyger is explained by a want ad in several metropolitan newspapers:—

WRITER WANTED

Reputable writer wanted. Must be genius or near genius and adept in using symbols. Excellent opportunities for advancement. Write Box 153, this newspaper.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S TYGER



poem called "Gerontion." He had gotten as far as lines 17-20.

"'We would see a sign!' The word within a word, unable to speak a word, Swaddled in darkness. In the juvenescence of the year Came Christ . . ."

He stopped writing.



OTTO

by GEORGE STEVENS

An editor for J. B. Lippincott Company, GEORGE STEVENS divides his time between Philadelphia and New York, and has contributed to our *Accent on Living* pages in the past.

IN CONSEQUENCE of events too complex to trace here, I recently came into possession of the private papers of an obscure contemporary literary figure, and was given full discretion regarding what to offer for publication and what to withhold. Most of the papers are fragmentary and quite without interest (except to psychiatrists: some of them do provide a clue to the unfortunate writer's present whereabouts and how he comes to be there). To spare the feelings of the writer's family — the poor man himself is past caring — I shall conceal his identity. He may appropriately be called Otto.

The text which follows is one of the few which Otto came close to finishing. No doubt he intended to put the introductory notes into acceptable grammatical form, but they are clear enough as they stand. And the body of the material is obviously in no need of retouching, though there is no telling how much Otto might have added if he had remained in possession of his faculties, such as they were.

Here it is.

"Why are there so few palindromes? Madam, I'm Adam. Eve a palindrome herself. Able was I ere I saw Elba. Not many others well known. Once saw a honey in the New York *Herald Tribune*: 'Knight, I ask nary rank, saith gink.' Deserves preservation. Wish I could reconstruct another from same source; contained word 'trolley'; can't recover it, damn. Do recall, however, from *Time* letters to editor column, years ago: 'Live on,

Time; emit no evil.' Contributed by a clergyman.

"Speaking of *Time*, remember immortal sentence in Wolcott Gibbs's parody: 'Backward ran sentences until reeled the mind.' Try in reverse: 'Reeled the mind until backward ran sentences.' Can't beat that to describe process of palindrome construction. Anyhow better think about collecting mine, now if ever. All flesh is grass. The iceman cometh.

"If I try to publish these things, better explain not intended to mean what they say. One or two inadvertently suggestive of prejudice in sensitive quarters, but too good to suppress. Caveat emptor. Honi soit. A palindrome should not mean, but be.

"Stop! Murder us not, tonsured rum-pots!

Zeus was deified — saw Suez.
Wets demand a lad named Stew.
Norah's foes order red rose of Sharon.
No cab, martyr? Try tram. — Bacon.
Sums are never even. — Erasmus.
Red now on level; no wonder.
Semite, be glib, erupt pure bilge be-times.

Draw nine men in ward.
Pa's mistress asserts I'm sap.
Shahs reign at Tangier. Shahs.
Eve saw diamond; no maid was Eve.
Revolt, lover!
Nurses run.
Sue us!
Eros Roman? Amor sore.
Snug satraps eye Sparta's guns.
Madame, not one man is selfless. I name not one, madam.

Egad, an adage! (Was a saw.)
O, render gnostic illicit song, red Nero!
Serves no salad, alas, on Sevres.
Sages use gas.
A slut nixes sex in Tulsa.
Delia ailed.
Diana can aid.
I'd revel in Nile. — Verdi. (Si, si, Isis!)
Yale don sees no delay.
Bosses sob.
Dora tosses sot a rod.
Deb noted a cadet on bed.
Top step Sara's pet spot.
Emil, asleep, peels a lime.
Max: I stay away at six A.M.
Yo! Bottoms up, U. S. motto, Boy!"

Those are all that Otto seems to have finished. Elsewhere in his effects, on old envelopes for instance, I found fragments which he evidently intended to develop. "Diaper repaid." "Dairyman a myriad." "Too far afoot." "Lion in oil." "Made Edam." "SOS." "Wow!" Lots of others, but especially attempts to fill in that lost palindrome containing "trolley." He never got anywhere with it. Or, I am afraid, on it.



MY OWN WAR MEMOIRS

by T. S. WATT

T. S. WATT gave up banking for journalism and now devotes full time to his writing. Although he served in the Royal Air Force during the war, he reports that his only excitement of that period came when he sat down on an Air Vice-Marshal in the darkness of a movie theater.

I AM one of those people who throw themselves into literature with more zest than into life, and I think I throw myself farther and sink deeper than most. In life, I am content to mind my own business and keep my opinions to myself, but in literature I speak out boldly. "You're making a fool of yourself, Othello," I say, slapping him on the back. "She's innocent, man!" "You come right away from the edge of that platform," I tell Anna Karenina. In life, I am tolerant of bores, but not in literature. On one occasion I pushed Mr. Peggotty and Ham off the end of Yarmouth pier, and on another, I am sorry to say, I strangled Little Nell.

Occasionally, of course, I have to be content with a less masterful role. In the last few weeks, for example, I have found myself embroiled in a world war, trying to act as a good general should, and at the same time to deal with a fusillade of exhortation and advice from the celebrated statesman into whose memoirs I have rashly ventured. It has all been pretty worrying, as I hope to show: —

Prime Minister to General Watt

1. You take up your command at a period of crisis. The eyes of the whole nation are turned toward you in this memorable hour.

2. All now hangs upon the sullen menace of the Northern Bulge, and you will no doubt seek every opportunity of hurling yourself in the path

of the wicked men and making them fire off their ammunition.

3. We are in your hands, but it seems that you must choose between

a. Striking a massive blow at Von Schulenberg's rear, and

b. Flinging General Soames across the Platero.

4. I have no doubt that you will maturely but swiftly consider the whole position. Hack me out a scheme on one sheet of paper.

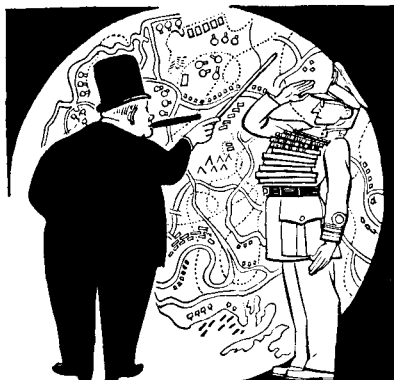
5. What is this I hear of Bailey? Best wishes.

General Watt to Prime Minister

1. I arrived here yesterday and things seem to be in a bit of a mess.

2. No one here knows anything about the Northern Bulge you mention, but they say that there is a Southern Bulge and that they don't like the look of it.

3. I shall assume that there are in fact two bulges, and I enclose a plan for a double-pronged thrust to puncture both. The paragraph beginning "General Howell will shout 'Forward!'" has run on to the second



sheet, but I had to choose between that and squeezing it on to the margin of the first. I hope it's all right.

4. We have no Bailey, but there is a *Booley* in the H.Q. cookhouse. His grandfather passed away about six weeks ago, but he seems in good heart.

Prime Minister to General Watt

1. A grim prospect now gapes upon us all. Is it not possible that Panther should be Namsossed by Acrobat?

2. You have not replied to my message beginning "Beware."

3. Pray let me have a model of Jerusalem.

Best wishes.

General Watt to Prime Minister

1. Really, some of the chaps here seem to take things pretty casually.

2. I had completed all the prepa-

rations for "Bulgo" yesterday, and we were just ready to start, when suddenly everyone began to shout "Where's General Soames?" I found him eventually, buying a carpet in a bazaar. I said pretty sharply, "In just under an hour we'll be Namsossing Panther, and here you are, buying a carpet." He replied, "There's plenty of time to buy this carpet and to beat the Germans too."

3. I had him put under close arrest, but it seemed best to take him along with us, because no one else knows anything much about "Puncture" (Bulgo + 3). I thought he could be freed for the battle and then arrested again immediately afterwards. Is that more or less all right, do you think?

Prime Minister to General Watt

1. You must now turn to the East.

2. We have all watched with admiration your resolute and resourceful prosecution of the campaign, and have exulted in the startling originality and unexpectedness of your maneuvers.

3. We feel, however, at this moment when so much is molten, and when you yourself, judging by your recent message beginning "At times I hardly know whether I'm coming or going," are staggering momentarily under the burden of these somber responsibilities, that it may well be that the time has come to make a change in this command.

4. We have therefore decided to ask you to assume supreme control of the Eastern theater, upon which the foe may at any moment turn his evil

glare, and in which we have long felt the need of a leader of real force and fire. "Thou art the man" (2 Samuel xii. 7).

5. Depart at earliest.

Best wishes.

General Watt to Prime Minister

1. I don't want to be a nuisance, but where do I go exactly?

2. As you say, everything's pretty molten, and I'm afraid I've got a bit out of touch as to who's on our side and who's not. What I particularly want to avoid is trying to set up my H.Q. in some neutral country and getting interned — or, worse still, blundering into the hands of the enemy. I hate to trouble you, but I should be glad of a few details. "Behold, the half was not told me" (1 Kings x. 7).

Prime Minister to General Watt

1. We have been gravely concerned by the recent reports of carelessness and inefficiency in the handling of War Office correspondence. Envelopes have been wrongly addressed and even sent out empty, wasting time and energy and thus assisting the enemy.

2. The situation calls for vigorous action under dynamic and forceful leadership, and we have therefore decided . . .

It all has a sort of horrible fascination, but I can't say that I shall be sorry to get back to something a little less exacting — reprimanding Lady Macbeth, perhaps, or warning King Arthur about Lancelot.

EVEN IN YOUR DOGGEREL

by IRENE WARSAW

To WRITERS of humor this offers a hint:

If you wish to see your effusions in print

Don't ever make fun of a dog.

Your neighbors and friends are legitimate prey;

For them your most venomous wit is o.k.,

But never disparage a dog.

Attack your physician or preacher or banker

Or mother-in-law with illusory rancor,

But spare from your sallies the dog.

Deride, if you wish, the musician or painter

Or earnest professor (than whom none is quainter)

But never belittle a dog.

Employ to the limit your startling acumen

So long as your subject is merely a human —

He's grist for your quill. Epilogue:

If you would be published, respect the libido,

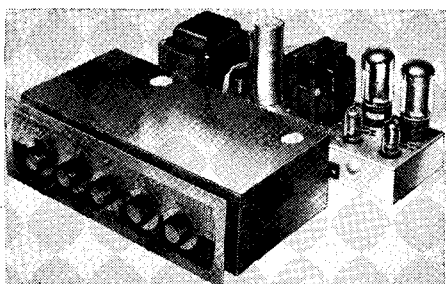
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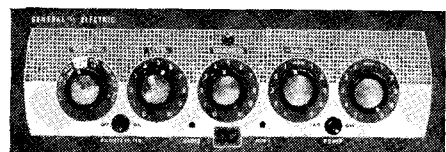


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GENERAL ELECTRIC



by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Four Suites for Orchestra (Hermann Scherchen conducting English Baroque Orchestra; Westminster WN-2201: two 12"). There are other good versions of the Suites on records, but none I like nearly so well as this. Scherchen can bring out instrumental voices without sacrificing integration, and impart verve without mangling rhythms; throughout there is an exciting freshness and rightness about the performance, and the engineers have done their part excellently also.

Beethoven: Violin Concerto (Nathan Milstein, violin; William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol P-8313: 12"). Thoughtful and strong, this probably now is the best all-around recording of the concerto on the market. Its only real deficiency is in tonal beauty. Milstein is all right, but the orchestral sound is a little raw, and I do not think it is the engineers' fault; it may be the hall's, in part.

Beethoven: Sonatas No. 23, "Appassionata," and No. 8, "Pathétique" (Artur Schnabel, piano; RCA Victor LM-1908: 12"). Except when I have just played this "Appassionata," I cannot believe that it's as good as it is. But it is. Schnabel's technical virtuosity and thunderous power would be astounding by themselves; when they are applied with such utterly unerring musical aim to Beethoven's mighty purposes, the result is something almost overpowering. Performances like this are not heard often in a lifetime. Even Schnabel himself, in the "Pathétique" on the overside, sounds a little pale by contrast, though this, too, is a fine performance. Astutely, Victor's technicians have eschewed subtlety and shoved the piano right into your living room. An extraordinary experience for any man's \$3.98.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A (Erich Leinsdorf conducting Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia-Entré RL-6622: 12"). Perhaps

for \$1.98 one shouldn't complain, but I will, for this came within an ace of being the best Beethoven Seventh on records. With less fire and a lesser orchestra than Toscanini's, Leinsdorf still contrives a fine, fond, driving performance, and his Rochesterians reflect the exhilaration. But the record has some of the worst pre-echo ever to deface an LP, though the sound otherwise is good. If the botch resulted from hasty processing, contingent on the low price, I think someone at Columbia showed abominable judgment and small consideration for music lovers.

Debussy: Twelve Etudes (1915); D'un Cahier d'Esquisses (Walter Gieseking, piano; Angel 35250: 12"). It has become fairly common doctrine that Gieseking can play Debussy as no one else can, when he is of a mind to, and here he obviously is. The Etudes, usable as exercises by virtuosi, are really little fantasies of enormous charm and stinging vitality, and I cannot imagine them executed to greater effect than here. Further, and I mean no slur on Angel's earlier efforts, Gieseking's piano in this disk is done full justice by the microphones: it is as rich and subtle as it ought to be. In truth, a memorable recording, which becomes more impressive each time it is played.

Mozart: The Abduction from the Seraglio (Ferenc Fricssay conducting Ernst Häfliger, Maria Stader, Josef Greindl, other soloists; RIAS Chorus and Orchestra; Decca DX-133: two 12" with libretto). A cleverly truncated version of this piece of jollity, handsomely done, even to snatches of dialogue that keep the plot afoot. Clever editing, a good pace, and some particularly fine singing by the Swiss Ernst Häfliger. More Mozart bicentennial lagniappe.

Rachmaninoff: Four Piano Concertos; Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini (Serge Rachmaninoff, piano; Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy; RCA Victor LM-6123: three 12"). All of these but the Third Concerto have been transcribed to

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LP individually earlier. The original recording dates range from 1929 (No. 2), through 1934 (the Rhapsody), 1940 (No. 1 and No. 3), and 1941 (No. 4). To my ear, the 78-rpm sets sounded just as good, but if you don't own them, buy these by all means. Nobody ever played Rachmaninoff like Rachmaninoff, and the microphones always treated him well. Good notes by Abram Chasins.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 5; Night Ride and Sunrise (Anthony Collins conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London LL-1276: 12").

Sibelius: Symphonies No. 4 and No. 5 (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5045: 12"). Both these disks, celebrating Sibelius's ninetieth birthday, are good, but they present a problem. Collins's Fifth Symphony overweighs Ormandy's, wherein the granite is almost smothered in tone-color, but Ormandy's Fourth is superb (tone-color being appropriate here) and of much more value than *Night Ride*, though the latter is well played. Well, you'll like either if you don't hear the other. (Meanwhile, what preoccupies today's two best Sibelius interpreters, Sir T. Beecham and Thomas Jensen?)

Walton: Troilus and Cressida — Scenes (William Walton conducting Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Richard Lewis; Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35278/L: 12"). Walton seems to have gone back for his style to Handel, or the Mozart of *Idomeneo* — recitatives, and tuneful, oratorical arias. The almost Byronic libretto of Christopher Hassall fits this structure handsomely, and we have as the outcome a dark purple melodrama quite psychologically sophisticated enough for any modern ears. Fine stuff, and magnificently recorded.

Josef Hofmann: Golden Jubilee Concert, 1937 (Josef Hofmann, piano; Columbia 5ML-4929: 12"). Here was (he is living, but in retirement) probably the greatest pianist, *qua* pianist, of our century. In his later career, he would release no recordings. We owe this one, excellently clear for an amateur endeavor, to sundry of his friends and to Goddard Lieberman of Columbia Records, who persuaded him to let it be printed. For piano enthusiasts it is an absolute must, if only for the six Chopin selections (including the "Minute" Waltz and the "Butterfly" Etude) that comprise its main fare. But it will serve to enlighten and amaze any who listen.

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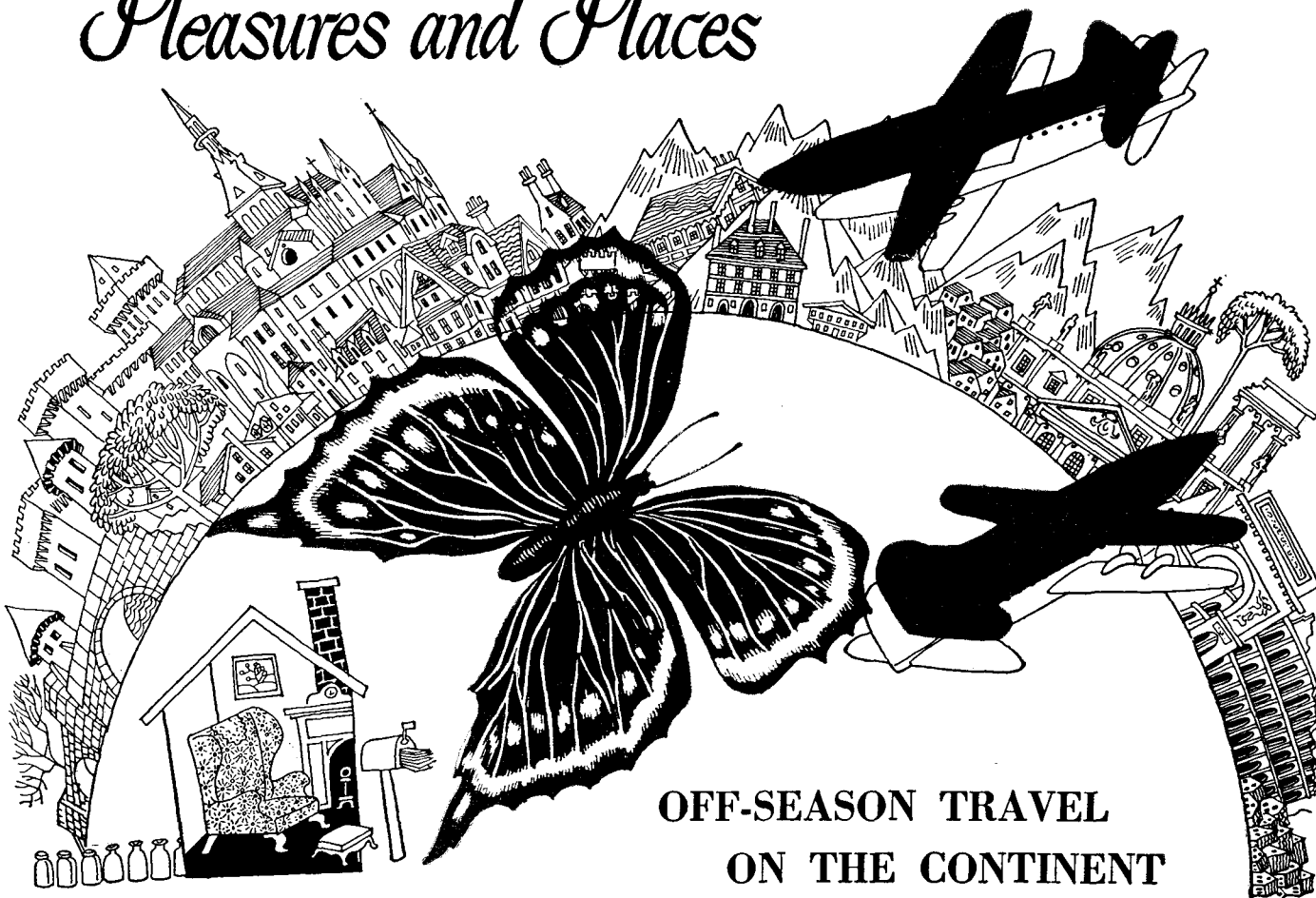
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Pleasures and Places



OFF-SEASON TRAVEL ON THE CONTINENT

THE wise man travels light and out of season. There are so many advantages that I've often wondered why anybody would want to travel in July and August. (I won't wonder next year when our daughter will start going to school and my wife and I will join the regular army of parents, schoolteachers, and employees who have to take their vacations in summer.)

For the past years we've been traveling either before or after the season. We would go in May when room clerks were relaxed; we always got good rooms without having to use pull or bribery. Or we would go in September and October, after the hordes of tourists had left. Business was getting quiet, and hotel owners and garage proprietors were thinking of closing up their places for the November lull. They were delighted to see us and gave us their best rooms, best tables, and best service. Waiters, no longer overworked, took our orders correctly. *Sommeliers* didn't carry a bottle in each hand like fumbling jugglers. The chef didn't mind pre-

paring a special dish which would have been unheard-of during the rush season. Sometimes he would come out of his kitchen and ask us for our wishes. When we left, they told us to come again, and the bill was considerably lower than in the summertime.

In spring and fall, airplanes are uncrowded and waiting lists are short. Transatlantic boats offer you better staterooms, and there is always a vacant berth on the Orient Express sleeping car. In the big cities, you get a taxi without waiting half an hour on the curb. And I've heard of a man who walked into a good hotel in Paris one day in April and got a choice room, without reservation; but the story sounds too good to be true.

Better all around

A different group of people travel in the off season. You won't see noisy caravans of guided tourists who collect sights and souvenirs, try to "make" Italy in 72 hours, and have no time to spend an evening on the Acropolis. Absent are the forceful-

looking ladies and snobs who go to see and be seen at the right places at the right time; naturally, the off season is not the "right" time. Instead there are quiet couples who have saved for their trip a long time and savor every moment of it; scholars on sabbatical leave; people who are less hurried and more dedicated. They know that in order to see more one should travel slowly. Hotel lobbies are quiet and promenades deserted. There is time for leisure and enjoyment and reflection.

Every year since the end of the war, more Americans have come to Europe and the "season" has become longer. The biggest travel year was 1955; 600,000 Americans were in Europe. Officially, transatlantic shipping lines now have a summer season to Europe (April 13 to August 1) and from Europe (June 29 to October 17). Fares are about \$30 higher than during the rest of the year, which is called "thrift season" by the press-agency. Airlines charge less between November 1 and March 31.

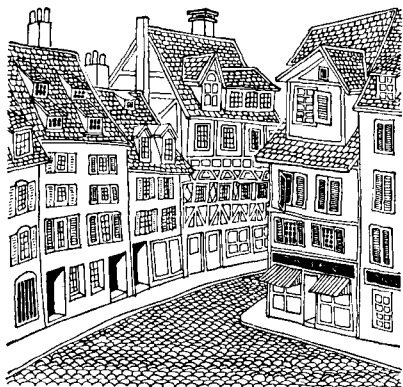
Practically every self-respecting re-

sort in Austria, Germany, Belgium, France, Italy, and Switzerland has its "high season," featuring 30 per cent higher prices and 30 per cent worse rooms and meals. Service is bad. Mysterious extras (sojourn taxes, music supplement, *Kurtaxe*, etc.) appear on the bill. High seasons start at different times and are longer or shorter, depending on tradition and climate. In some places the season lasts only eight weeks during which the innkeepers, taxi drivers, and merchants have to make enough money to pay for a whole year's overhead, mortgages, and other fixed payments, and to make a profit besides. The unfortunate guest who comes during the high season is supposed to foot the bill.

Alps and Riviera

In some Alpine resorts, the short peak season lasts from July 15 to August 25. The Suvretta House in St. Moritz usually closes around September 1. Though September can be lovely in St. Moritz, people just don't go there any more after the first week in that month. Don't ask me why. In Badgastein, the famous Austrian spa, the season ends on August 18, a nostalgic leftover from the Hapsburg days when court councilors, dignitaries, and generals' widows had to report to the Imperial Court on August 18, the birthday of Emperor Franz Josef I. Italy's most crowded two weeks are the last two in August when practically the entire populace closes up shop and celebrates *fer'agosto*. Roads are crowded, people sleep in bathtubs, and spaghetti is undercooked.

The French Riviera has its own



timetable. There are several "high seasons" — between Christmas and New Year's Day, from February to April, and during the summer. Dutch and Belgian channel resorts have "economy prices" in May and in

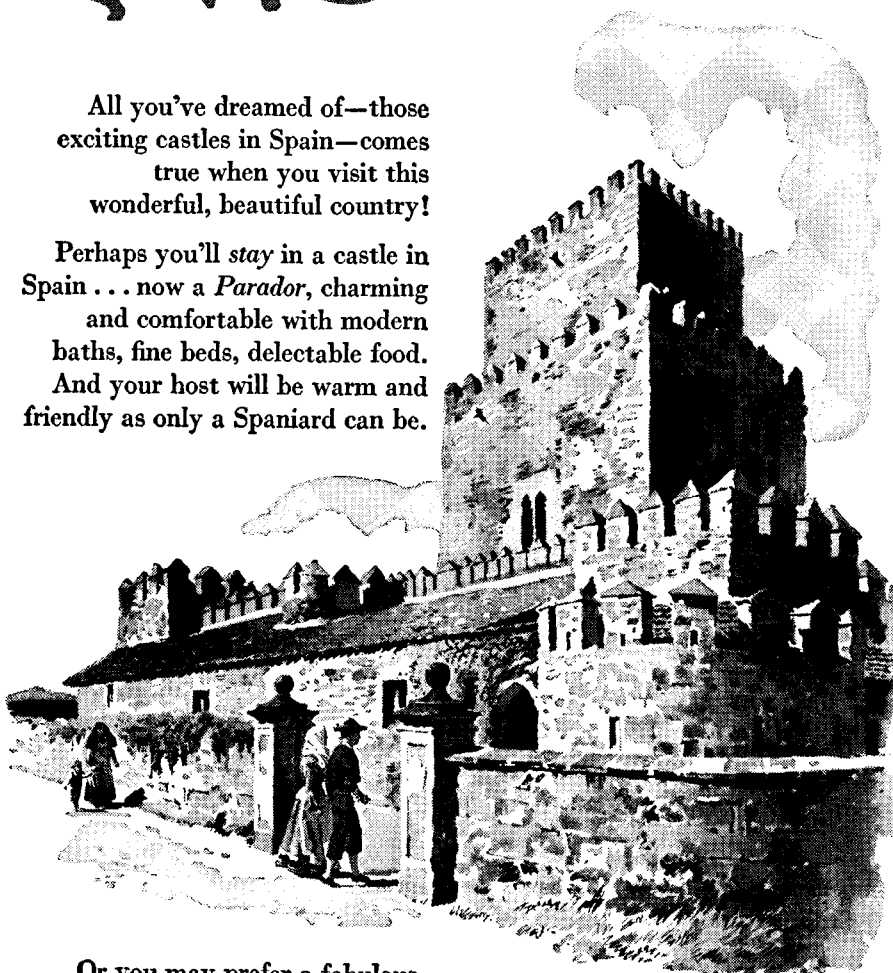
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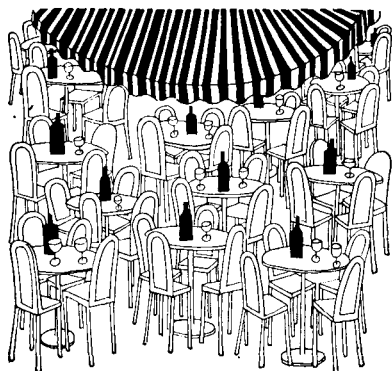
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September. Normandy and Brittany are much cheaper in spring and autumn, and often much nicer. The great winter sports resorts — Davos



and Arosa, Lech and Zürs (Arlberg) — are sold out completely around Christmas and again in February and March, but for some strange reason there are always free rooms in January and again in April, when there is sun as well as snow.

The finest months for off-season travel are April-May-June and September-October. Spring is lovely in the valleys of South Tyrol where the orchards form oceans of blossoms; in the Dolomites, the Engadine, and the Bernese Oberland, where the green meadows with spring flowers almost touch the glaciers; near the Italian lakes (Como, Garda, Maggiore), in the Swiss Tessin (Lugano, Locarno), and in the valley of Aosta. And late autumn with its silky Indian-summer afternoons can be the perfect season in the Alps, in the valleys of France and Italy, in Scandinavia,

along the Rhine and Rhone and other great rivers. The days are getting short, but they're clear and bright and never too hot for comfort. The uninhibited traveler who doesn't like to be told where to go when, who hates schedules and deadlines, is always certain to find a nice room and a good meal no matter where he pulls up.

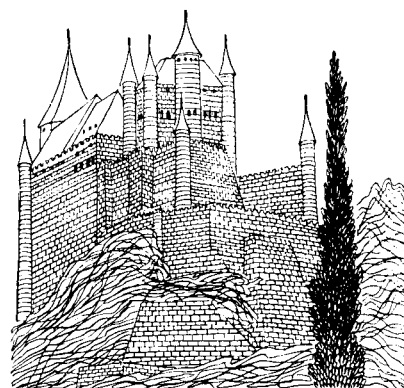
The ideal month

The guidebook lists September and October as the ideal travel months for Alsace, the Côte Basque, Paris; May and June are particularly recommended for the Vosges, the Jura, the Côte d'Azur, Corsica, the Côte Vermeille, Normandy, the Auvergne, Brittany, and — Paris. October and November are wonderful in Burgundy and around Bordeaux and along the Côte-du-Rhône when harvest starts in the vineyards and the winegrowers get ready to celebrate.

Gastronomically, spring and fall are peak seasons. Spring with its varieties of fresh vegetables, young asparagus, the first strawberries, and the tenderest *poulet de Bresse*. Fall offers a wide choice of fish and game, of truffles and *foie gras*. French chefs are fond of autumn, when appetites are large and there is plenty of fine butter, heavy cream, and ripe fruit. Sensible eaters retreat from terraces where they've dined in summer; they go indoors where the sound of distant thunder comes from the kitchen, not from the skies.

Although summertime is now called

festival time in Europe, some of the finest festivals take place early or late. (Surely the worst time to see the lovely Mozart city of Salzburg is July and August, when headwaiters and hotel cashiers make out bills by multiplication instead of addition; when room clerks, porters, and ticket scalpers start commando raids upon innocents from abroad.) April offers Barcelona's Festival; in May there are Wiesbaden's International Festival, the *Maggio Musicale* in Florence, *Mai Musical* in Bordeaux, the Baroque Festival in Bayreuth, the Grieg Festival in Bergen, and Copenhagen's Music and Ballet Festival. June features the Vienna *Festwochen*, festivals in Glyndebourne, Helsinki, Strasbourg, Dubrovnik, Baden-Baden, An-



gers, Zurich, Granada, Coblenz; September includes the festivals of Montreux, Venice, and Perugia, and *Festwochen* in Berlin.

Next time, go early — or late.

JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THE OFF MONTHS IN ENGLAND

THERE is no such thing as an off season in Britain. The phrase, with its undertones of the unfashionable and the "not quite nice," is frowned on by the British Travel Association and others whose business it is to lure foreigners over here all the year round. We offer, instead, a Thrift Season. The Thrift Season has been fixed by the transportation companies to run from November 1st through March 31st; so that another name for it, among the brutally-minded, could be Winter.

The touring season proper, when hotels are full and prices reach a maximum, runs from May through September. July is the absolute peak for foreign visitors; in August and September the British themselves

emerge from their homes and greatly complicate the accommodation problem.

There remain two months, the semithrifty, off-and-on months of April and October, to which no special seasonal title seems to have been given. They have, as I hope to show, peculiar advantages and attractions for visitors.

For a family, or any mixed party, Britain in winter seems to me to mean London. In London, thrift is not a seasonal, or non-seasonal, benefit. It is an art that can be exercised, with very little loss of pleasure, summer and winter alike. It is perhaps worth saying that the big hotels like the Savoy, the Dorchester, or Grosvenor House are not the only places fit for

Americans to live in. There are plenty of smaller hotels in the West End or near it (Fleming's, the Goring, Grosvenor Court, the Howard, the Royal Court, the Rubens — to pick a few at random) where a man may sleep and eat breakfast and even have a bath in perfect comfort at \$4.00 to \$6.00 a day. The problem for Americans is that, with the dollar where it is, *everything* over here seems reasonably priced. Finding good food in pleasant surroundings and at what *we* call reasonable prices is a matter of asking an English friend for advice; or buying some helpful book, such as the recently published *London and the British Isles*, by "Bon Vivreur."

Let's see what inducements there are that might apply to, say, a couple

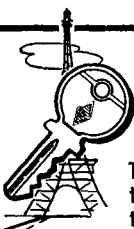
of American men having a look-round over here in November or March. An all-male party could make a good thing of the liberty of action that the off season affords. Long evenings are no great problem when you can sit by the fire in the bar of the "Crown" at Chiddingfold, or the "Old Swan" at Minster Lovell, and swap beer and conversation with the natives.

The first step, I think, is to hire a "drive-yourself" car — and here the thrift motif makes a momentary re-appearance. The brochure I have in front of me shows that a six-cylinder car at Unlimited Mileage Rates can be hired for \$44.80 a week from November to March, against the \$70 of June to August. Twenty-five dollars will buy you a thousand miles of gas, so that for an all-in car expenditure of about \$70 you can go to the ends of Britain and back. We are always glad, in our objectionable way, to stress the fact that we are a tiny country.



It is no use pretending that the English countryside is at its best in winter, though it has its charm. But the roads are less encumbered, and the inns more welcoming. Many additional consolations occur to me. We British are better, on the whole, at cold weather than at warm, having had perhaps more practice at it. We build good log fires. The temperature of our beer is right for days with a little bite in them. Great English institutions like steak-and-kidney pie, apple dumplings, and buttered crumpets come into their own. Too, the visitor is secure from pressing invitations to go and watch a cricket match.

The strongest of all arguments for avoiding the touring season proper, wherever you are going, lies in the achievement of what may be called the four freedoms of travel — freedom from crowds, freedom of choice, freedom from planning, and freedom



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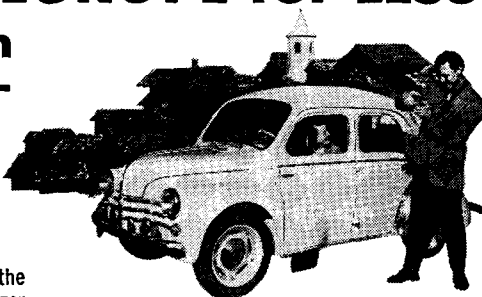
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of movement. To many tourists it is bearable, indeed it is preferable, to be herded about, to be told what to look at and when, to have a firm schedule ("Friday at Oxford, dear, and *then* the two nights at Stratford; the man said so"), to proceed resolutely to Edinburgh in a sleeper booked six months ahead.

But to others, the essence of a holiday is to do what you like when you like it, to make few plans, to move from place to place and stay a day or a fortnight as you feel inclined, to mooch about cathedrals alone or in chosen company rather than with fifty compatriots.

Such a leisurely vacation is not impossible in England at any time of the year; but in winter it is easy. Apart from London — where booking ahead is always helpful — the country is yours.

April or October?

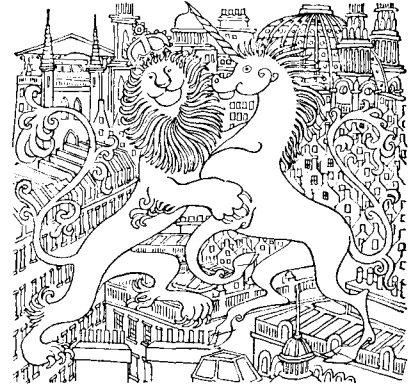
The months of April and October are the pick of the year, offering the best of both worlds. Freedom of choice and movement is not, except at the Easter weekend, seriously imperiled. The days are long enough, and the weather can be glorious;

October indeed is our most dependably serene month. In late April when the new leaves are at their freshest green and not yet grown enough to hide the bone-structure of the trees, England has a beauty I would not trade for all the high mid-summer pomps. The colors of October are famed enough to need no additional clichés from me. Thrift, it is true, is at a discount. The air and sea rates are back to normal, and many hotels (though not all) include April or October in the "season," or adopt an in-between rate. Still, country hotel rates are reasonable enough; and the car-hire figure, I notice, though higher than in the winter, remains throughout April, May, September, and October an appreciable \$14 a week below the full summer charge.

The Welsh countryside

These two off-and-on months are pre-eminently the months for getting out into the country. In April, I would take the road for Worcester and the Welsh border, seeking a headquarters in Herefordshire or thereabouts. Perhaps the Royal Hotel at Symonds Yat on the river Wye

(about \$6.00 a day, including meals) would be right, or the ancient half-timbered Feathers at Ludlow (much the same price, but with no salmon river on the doorstep). This is a perfect area for an early spring visit.



The Wye valley, deep and wooded, is superb; the Welsh mountains are adjacent. Castles lie all about on these Marches, at Chepstow and Goodrich, Hereford and Ludlow, Raglan and Stokesay; and the great cathedrals of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford are within easy reach.

I could suggest other districts: the Weald of Kent (where the famed "Leicester Arms" at Penshurst will look after you for a week for around \$35), or the Sussex Downs (\$4 for a night and breakfast at "Shelleys," in Lewes).

But the whole point of coming in April is to roam freely about and make your own choice, to be able to stop at an inn because you like the look of it and move on quickly if it proves a whited sepulchre.

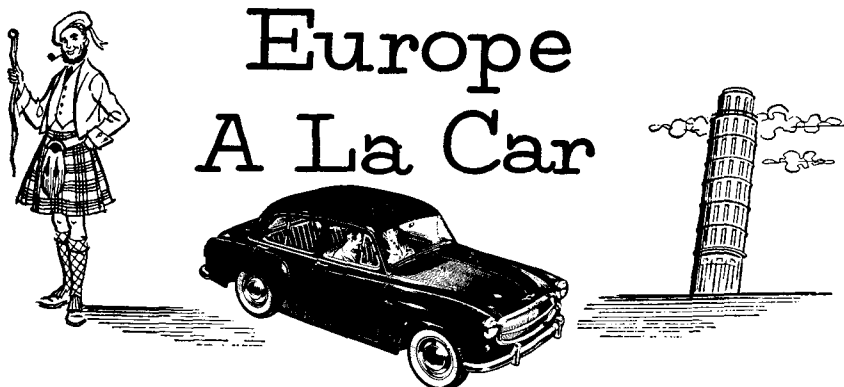
Scottish hotels

In October the West Coast of Scotland has better weather and greater beauty than any other part of Britain. Sea and land, inlet and island, loch and mountain, merge and marry under a pale blue sky in a gentle kaleidoscope.

Some Scottish hotels are very very good, but they need to be known and marked down. Seek advice from the natives and telephone ahead from hotel to hotel as you go. A Scotsman's opinion will be worth more than mine; and he will be just the man, whether you wish it or not, to guide you in the matter of thrift.

London, then, in winter, for the family; almost anywhere for anyone in April; and Scotland in October. We could talk the thing over in more detail when you all come to Oxford, as usual, in July.

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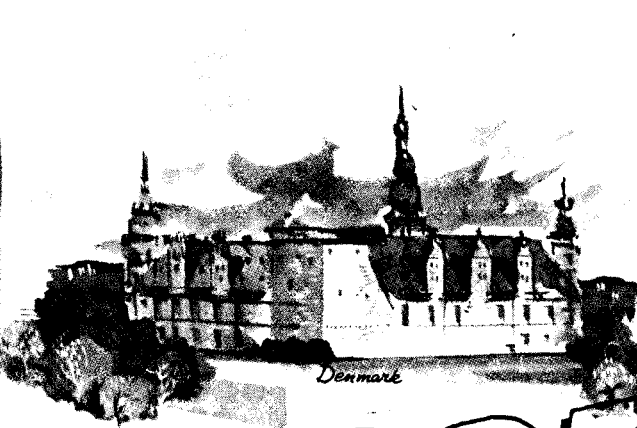
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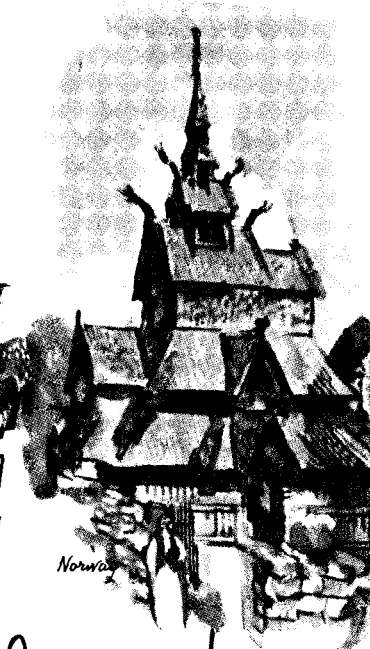
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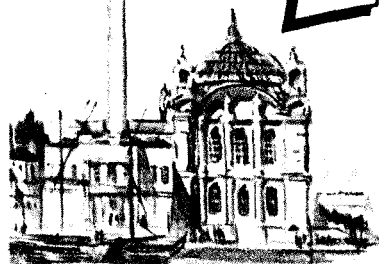
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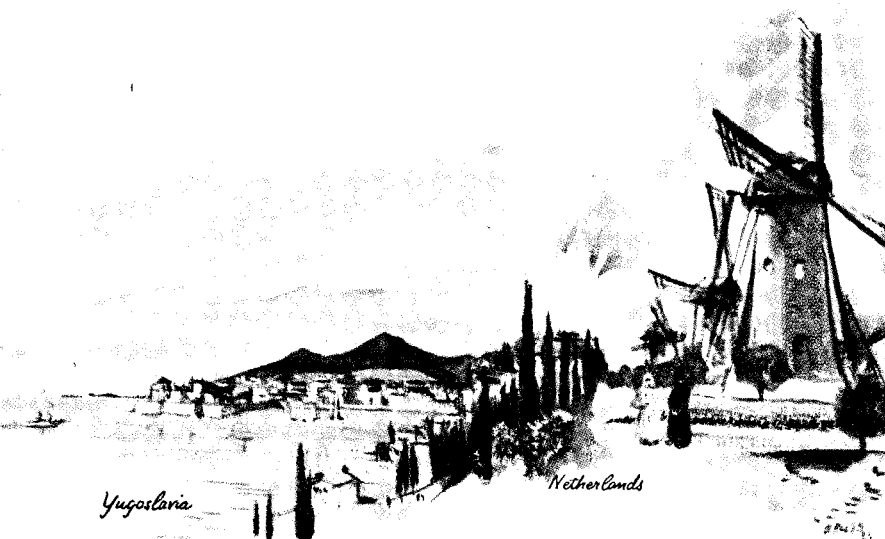


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